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THE

MIRROR.

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THE

MIRROR.

N° 37. TUESDAY, *June* 1, 1779.

——— *Credula vitam*
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore ſemper ait.
TIBUL.

THE following eſſay I received ſome time ago from a Correſpondent, to whom, if I may judge from the hand-writing, I was once before indebted for an ingenious communication.

THE experience which every day affords, of the mortifying difference between thoſe ideal pleaſures which we conceive to flow from the poſſeſſion of certain objects of our wiſhes, and the feelings conſequent upon their actual attainment, has furniſhed to moſt moraliſts a text for declaiming on the vanity of human purſuits, the folly of covetouſneſs, the madneſs of ambition, and the only true wiſdom of being humbly ſatisfied with the lot and ſtation which Providence has aſſigned us.

It will not appear extraordinary, that thoſe moraliſts have hitherto laboured in vain,

when it is conſidered that their doctrine, taken in the latitude in which they uſually preach it, would cut off the greateſt ſource of our happineſs, overthrow every ſocial eſtabliſhment, and is nothing leſs than an attempt to alter the nature of man. It may be a truth, that the balance of happineſs and miſery is much the ſame in moſt conditions of life, and conſequently that no change of circumſtances will either greatly enlarge the one, or diminiſh the other. But, while we know that, to attain an object of our wiſhes, or to change our condition, is not to increaſe our happineſs, we feel, at the ſame time, that the purſuit of this object, and the expectation of this change, can increaſe it in a very ſenſible degree. It is by hope that we truly exiſt; our only enjoyment is the expectation of ſomething which we do not poſſeſs: The recollection of the *paſt* ſerves us but to direct and regulate thoſe expectations; the *preſent* is employed in contemplating them: It is therefore only the *future* which we may be properly ſaid to enjoy.

A philoſopher who reaſons in this manner, has a much more powerful incentive to cheerfulneſs and contentment of mind, than what is furniſhed by that doctrine which inculcates a perpetual warfare with ourſelves, and a re-

ſtraint upon the ſtrongeſt feelings of our nature. For, while he feels that the poſſeſſion of the object of his moſt earneſt deſires has given him far leſs pleaſure than was promiſed by a diſtant view of it, he is conſoled by reflecting, that the expectation of this object has, perhaps, brightened many years of his life, enabled him to toil for its attainment with vigour and alacrity, to diſcharge, with honour, his part in ſociety; in ſhort, has given him in reality as ſubſtantial happineſs as human nature is capable of enjoying.

Though ſeveral years younger than *Euphanor*, I have been long acquainted with him. He is now in his fifty-ſecond year; an age when, with moſt men, the romantic ſpirit and enthuſiaſm of youth have long given place to the cool and ſteady maxims of buſineſs and the world. It is, however, a peculiarity of my friend's diſpoſition, that the ſame ſanguine temperament of mind which, from infancy, has attended him through life, ſtill continues to actuate him as ſtrongly as ever. As he diſcovered, very early, a fondneſs for claſſical learning, his father, at his own deſire, advanced his patrimony for his education at the univerſity. At the age of twenty he was left without a ſhilling, to make the beſt of his talents in any way he thought pro-

per. Certain concurring circumſtances, rather than choice, placed him as an under-clerk in a counting-houſe. His favourite ſtudies were here totally uſeleſs; but, while he gave to buſineſs the moſt ſcrupulous attention, they ſtill, at the intervals of relaxation, furniſhed his chief amuſement. It would be equally tedious and foreign to my purpoſe to mark minutely the ſteps by which *Euphanor*, in the courſe of thirty years application to buſineſs, roſe to be maſter of the moderate fortune of fifteen thouſand pounds. My friend always conſidered money not in the common light, as merely the *end* of labour, but as the *means* of purchaſing certain enjoyments which his fancy had pictured as conſtituting the ſupreme happineſs of life.

In the beginning of laſt ſpring I received from *Euphanor* the following letter:

" My dear SIR,

" You, who are familiar with my diſpoſi-
" tion, will not be ſurpriſed at a piece of in-
" formation, which, I doubt not, will occa-
" ſion ſome wonder in the general circle of
" my acquaintance. I have now fairly begun
" to execute that reſolution, of which you
" have long heard me talk, of entirely with-
" drawing

" drawing myſelf from buſineſs. You know
" with what ardour I have longed for that
" period, when Fortune ſhould bleſs me with
" a competence juſt ſufficient to proſecute my
" favourite ſcheme of retiring to the country.
" It was that darling proſpect which made the
" toils of buſineſs (for which, God knows, I
" never was intended by nature) light, and
" even pleaſant to me. I have acquired, by
" honeſt induſtry, a fortune equal to my
" wiſhes. Theſe were always moderate; for
" my aim was not wealth, but happineſs. Of
" that, indeed, I have been truly covetous;
" for, I muſt confeſs, that, for theſe thirty
" years paſt, I have never laid my head to
" my pillow, without that ardent wiſh which
" my favourite Horace ſo beautifully ex-
" preſſes:"

" *O rus! quando ego te aſpiciam, quandoque licebit*
" *Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno et inertibus horis,*
" *Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!*"

" Or the ſame ſentiment in the words of the
" penſive moral Cowley:"

" Oh fountains! when in you ſhall I
" Myſelf eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts eſpy?

"Oh fields! oh woods! when, when ſhall I
"be made
"The happy tenant of your ſhade?"

"That bliſsful period, my dear friend, is at "length arrived. I yeſterday made a formal "reſignation of all concern in the houſe in "favour of my nephew, a deſerving young "man, who, I doubt not, will have the entire "benefit of thoſe numerous connections with "perſons in trade, whoſe good opinion his "uncle never, to his knowledge, forfeited.

"I have made a purchaſe of a ſmall eſtate "in ———ſhire, of about 200 acres. The "ſituation is delightfully romantic;"

"*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata,*
"——— *hic nemus* ———"

"My houſe is ſmall, but wonderfully com- "modious. It is emboſomed in a tall grove "of oak and elm, which opens only to the "ſouth. A green hill riſes behind the houſe, "partly covered with furze, and ſeamed with "a winding ſheep path. On one ſide is an "irregular garden, or rather border of ſhrub- "bery, adorning the ſloping bank of a ri- "vulet; but intermixed, without the ſmalleſt "injury to its beauty, with all the variety of

"herbs

" herbs for the kitchen. On the other ſide,
" a little more remote, but ſtill in ſight of
" the houſe, is an orchard filled with excel-
" lent fruit-trees. The brook which runs
" through my garden retires into a hollow
" dell, ſhaded with birch and hazle copſe,
" and, after a winding courſe of half a mile,
" joins a large river. Theſe are the outlines
" of my little paradiſe.—And now, my dear
" friend, what have I more to wiſh, but that
" you, and a very few others, whoſe ſouls are
" congenial to my own, ſhould witneſs my
" happineſs? In two days hence I bid adieu
" to the town, a long, a laſt adieu!

" Farewel, thou buſy world! and may
" We never meet again!——

" The remainder of my life I dedicate to thoſe
" purſuits in which the beſt and wiſeſt of men
" did not bluſh to employ themſelves; the
" delightful occupations of a country-life,
" which *Cicero* well ſaid, and after him *Colu-*
" *mella*, are next in kindred to true philoſo-
" phy. What charming ſchemes have I al-
" ready formed; what luxurious plans of
" ſweet and rational entertainment! But theſe,
" my friend, you muſt approve and participate.
" I ſhall look for you about the beginning of

" May; when, if you can ſpare me a couple " of months, I can venture to promiſe that " time will not linger with us. I am, with " much regard, yours," &c.

As I am, myſelf, very fond of the country, it was with conſiderable regret that I found it not in my power to accept of my friend's invitation, an unexpected piece of buſineſs having detained me in town during the greateſt part of the ſummer. I heard nothing of *Euphanor* till about nine months after, when he again wrote me as follows:

" My dear SIR,

" IT was a ſenſible mortification to me not " to have the pleaſure of ſeeing you laſt ſum- " mer in ——— ſhire, when I ſhould have " been much the better for your advice in a " diſagreeable affair, which, I am afraid, will " occaſion my paying a viſit to town much " ſooner than I expected. I have always had " a horror at going to law, but now I find " myſelf unavoidably compelled to it. Sir " *Ralph Surly*, whoſe eſtate adjoins to my little " property, has, for the purpoſe of ſupplying " a new barley-mill, turned aſide the courſe " of a ſmall ſtream which ran through my " garden and incloſures, and which form-

" ed,

" ed, indeed, their greateſt ornaments. In " place of a beautiful winding rivulet, with a " variety of fine natural falls, there is now " nothing but a dry ditch, or rather crooked " gulph, which is hideous to look at. The " malice of this procedure is ſufficiently con- " ſpicuous, when I tell you, that there is " another, and a larger ſtream, in the ſame " grounds, which I have offered to be at the " ſole expence of conducting to his mill. I " think the law muſt do me juſtice. At any " rate, it is impoſſible tamely to bear ſuch an " injury. I ſhall probably ſee you in a few " days. To ſay the truth, my dear friend, " even before this laſt mortification, I had be- " gun to find, that the expectations I had " formed of the pleaſures of a country-life " were by far too ſanguine. I muſt confeſs, " that, notwithſtanding the high reliſh I have " for the beauties of nature, I have often felt, " amidſt the moſt romantic ſcenes, that lan- " guor of ſpirit which nothing but ſociety can " diſſipate. Even when occupied with my " favourite ſtudies, I have ſometimes thought, " with the *bard of Mantua*, that the eaſe and " retirement which I courted were rather ig- " noble. I have ſuffered an additional diſ- " appointment in the ideas I had formed of " the characters of the country-people. It is

" but a treacherous picture, my friend, which " the poets give us of their innocence and " honeſt ſimplicity. I have met with ſome " inſtances of inſincerity, chicane, and even " downright knavery, in my ſhort acquaint- " ance with them, that have quite ſhocked and " mortified me.

" Whether I ſhall ever again enter into the " buſy world (a ſmall concern in the houſe, " without allowing my name to appear, would " perhaps be ſome amuſement), I have not " yet determined. Of this, and other matters, " we ſhall talk fully at meeting. Meantime " believe me, dear Sir, yours,

EUPHANOR."

Euphanor has been, for this month paſt, in town. I expected to have found him peeviſh, ſhagrined, and out of humour with the world. But in this I was diſappointed. I have never ſeen my friend in better health, or higher ſpirits. I have been with him at ſeveral convivial meetings with our old acquaintances, who felt equal ſatisfaction with himſelf at what they term his *recovery*. He has actually reſumed a ſmall ſhare in trade, and purpoſes, for the future, to devote one half of the year to buſineſs. His counſel have given him aſſurance of gaining his law-ſuit: he expects, in a few months,

months, to return in triumph to ——— ſhire, and has invited all his friends to be preſent at a *Fête Champêtre* he intends to celebrate, on the reſtoration of his beloved rivulet to its wonted channel.

The life of *Euphanor* muſt be a ſeries of diſappointments; but, on the whole, I muſt conſider him as a HAPPY MAN.

N° 38. SATURDAY, *June* 5, 1779.

THE following letter I received only yeſterday; but, as I am particularly intereſted in every project of ingenious men, I poſtponed another Eſſay which was ready for publication, and put my printer to conſiderable inconvenience to get it ready for this day's paper. I was the more ſolicitous, likewiſe, to give it a place as ſoon after my 35th Number as poſſible, in order to ſhew my impartiality. This paper (as the London *Gazetteer* ſays) *is open to all parties*; with this proviſo, however, which is exactly the reverſe of the terms of admiſſion into the *Gazetteer*, that my Correſpondents do *not* write politics.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN a late paper, you ſhowed the neceſſity of accommodating ourſelves to the temper of perſons with whom we are particularly connected, by ſometimes ſubmitting our own taſte, inclination, and opinions, to the taſte, inclination, and opinions of thoſe perſons. I apprehend, Sir, you might have carried your idea a good deal farther, and have preſcribed

to

to us the ſame receipt for happineſs in our intercourſe not only with our wives and children, but with our companions, our acquaintance, in ſhort, with all mankind.

But, as the diſpoſition to this is not always born with one, and as to form a temper is not ſo eaſy as to regulate a behaviour, it is the buſineſs of maſters in the art of *politeneſs*, to teach people, at leaſt the better ſort of them, to counterfeit as much of this complacency in their deportment as poſſible. In this, indeed, they begin at quite the different end of the matter from you, Sir; complacency to huſbands, wives, children, and relations, they leave people to teach themſelves; but the art of pleaſing every body elſe, as it is a thing of much greater importance, they take proportionably greater pains to inſtil into their diſciples.

I have, for ſome time paſt, been employed in reducing this art into a ſyſtem, and have ſome thoughts of opening a ſubſcription for a *courſe of lectures* on the ſubject. To qualify myſelf for the taſk, I have ſtudied, with unwearied attention, the letters of the immortal *Earl of Cheſterfield*, which I intend to uſe as my *text-book* on this occaſion, allowing only for the difference which even a few years produce in an art ſo fluctuating as this. Before I lodge

I lodge my *ſubſcription-paper* with the book-ſellers, I wiſh to give a ſpecimen of my abilities to the readers of the MIRROR; for which purpoſe I beg the favour of you to inſert in your next Number the following ſubſtance of a *lecture* on *Simulation*. Our noble author, indeed, extends his doctrine the length of *Diſſimulation* only, from which he diſtinguiſhes *Simulation* as ſomething not quite ſo fair and honeſt. But, for my part, I have not ſufficient nicety of ideas to make the diſtinction, and would humbly recommend to every perſon who wiſhes to be thoroughly well bred, not to confuſe his head with it. Taking, therefore, the ſhorter word as the more gentlemanlike, I proceed to my ſubject of

" SIMULATION.

" SIMULATION is the great baſis of the " art which I have the honour to teach. I " ſhall humbly endeavour to treat this branch " of my ſubject, though much leſs ably, yet " more ſcientifically than my great maſter, by " reducing it into a form like that adopted by " the profeſſors of the other ſciences, and even " borrowing from them ſome of the *terms* by " which I mean to illuſtrate it.

" This *rule of falſe* (to adopt an algebraical " term) I ſhall divide into two parts; that

" which

" which regards the external figure of the man " or woman; and that which is neceſſary in the " accompliſhment of the mind, and its ſeeming " developement to others.

" *Faſhion* may be termed the regulator of " the firſt, *decorum* of the latter. But I muſt " take this opportunity of informing my au- " dience, that the ſignification of words, when " applied to perſons of condition, is often quite " different from that which they are under- " ſtood to bear in the ordinary ſtandard of " language. With ſuch perſons (if I may " be allowed ſo bold an expreſſion) it may " often be the *faſhion* to be *unfaſhionable*, and " *decorum* to act againſt all propriety; *good* " *breeding* may conſiſt in *rudeneſs*, and *polite-* " *neſs* in being very *impertinent*. This will " hold in the *paſſive*, as well as in the *active* " of our art; people of faſhion will be pleaſed " with ſuch treatment from people of faſhion, " the natural feelings in this, as in the other, " fine arts, giving way, amongſt connoiſſeurs, " to knowledge and taſte.

" Having made this preliminary obſervation, " I return to my ſubject of *Simulation*.

" It will be found, that *appearing what one is* " *not*, is, in both diviſions of my ſubject, the " criterion of politeneſs. The man who is rich " enough to afford fine clothes, is, by this *rule*

" *of*

" *of falſe*, intitled to wear very ſhabby ones;
" while he who has a narrow fortune is to be
" dreſſed in the *inverſe ratio* to his finances.
" One *corollary* from this propoſition is obvious:
" He who takes off his ſuit on *credit*, and has
" neither inclination nor ability to pay for it,
" is to be dreſſed the moſt expenſively of the
" three. The ſame rule holds in houſes, din-
" ners, ſervants, horſes, equipages, &c. and is
" to be followed, as far as the law will allow,
" even the length of bankruptcy, or, perhaps,
" a little beyond it.

" On the ſame principle, a ſimple *Gentleman*,
" or *Eſquire*, muſt, at all places of public re-
" ſort, be apparelled like a *Gentleman* or
" *Eſquire*. A *Baronet* may take the liberty of
" a dirty ſhirt; a *Lord* need not ſhew any
" ſhirt at all, but wear a handkerchief round
" his neck in its ſtead; an *Earl* may add to
" all this a bunch of uncombed hair hanging
" down his back; and a *Duke*, over and a-
" bove the privileges above mentioned, is in-
" titled to appear in boots and buck-ſkin
" breeches.

" Following the ſame rule of inverſion, the
" ſcholar of a provincial dancing-maſter muſt
" bow at coming into, and going out of, a
" drawing-room, and that pretty low too.
" The pupil of *Gallini* is to puſh forward with

" the rough ſtride of a porter, and make only " a ſlight inclination of his head when he has " got into the middle of the room. At going " out of it, he is to take no notice of the com- " pany at all.

" In the externals of the female world, from " the great complication of the machine, it is " not eaſy to lay down preciſe regulations. " Still, however, the *rule of falſe* may be traced " as the governing principle. It is very *femi-* " *nine* to wear a riding-habit, and a ſmart " cocked hat one half of the day; becauſe that " dreſs approaches nearer to the maſculine ap- " parel than any other. It is very *modeſt* to " lay open the greateſt part of the neck and " boſom to the view of the beholders; and it is " incumbent on thoſe ladies who occupy the " front row of a box at the play, to wear high " feathers, and to wave them more unceaſingly " than any other ladies, becauſe otherwiſe the " company who ſit behind might be ſuppoſed to " have ſome deſire of ſeeing the ſtage. Since " I have mentioned the *theatre*, I may remark " (though it is foreign to this part of my diſ- " courſe), that, in the moſt affecting ſcenes of " a tragedy, it is polite to laugh; whereas, in " the ordinary detail of the two firſt acts, it is " not required that a lady ſhould make any

" greater

" greater noiſe than to talk aloud to every one
" around her.

" *Simulation of Perſon*, which is only, in-
" deed, a ſort of dreſs, is alſo neceſſary among
" ladies of faſhion. Nature is to be *falſified*,
" as well in thoſe parts of the ſhape which ſhe
" has left ſmall, as in thoſe ſhe has made
" large.

" The *Simulation of Face*, I am happy to
" find, from an examination of the books of
" ſome perfumers and colour-men of my ac-
" quaintance, is daily gaining ground among
" the politer females of this country. But it
" has hitherto been regulated by principles
" ſomewhat different from thoſe which govern
" other parts of external appearance, laid down
" in the beginning of this paper, as it is gene-
" rally practiſed by thoſe who are moſt under
" the neceſſity of practiſing it. I would, there-
" fore, humbly recommend to that beautiful
" young lady, whom I ſaw at the laſt aſſembly
" of the ſeaſon, with a coat of *rouge* on her
" cheeks, to lay it aſide for theſe three or four
" years at leaſt; at preſent, it too much re-
" ſembles their natural colour to be proper for
" her to wear—though, on ſecond thoughts, I
" believe I may retract my advice, as the laying
" it on for a little while longer will reduce her

" ſkin

" ſkin to that dingy appearance which the *rule*
" *of falſe* allows to be converted, by paint, into
" the complexion of lilies and roſes."

The ſecond part of my obſervations on this ſubject I ſhall ſend you at ſome future period, if I find you ſo far approve of my deſign as to favour this with a ſpeedy inſertion.

I am, &c.

SIMULATOR.

N° 39. TUESDAY, *June* 8, 1779.

Non mihi res, ſed me rebus ſubmittere conor.

HOR.

AS it is the buſineſs of the politician to beſtow his chief attention on the encouragement and regulation of thoſe members of the community who contribute moſt to the ſtrength and permanency of the ſtate; ſo it is the duty of the moral writer to employ his principal endeavours to regulate and correct thoſe affections of the mind, which, when carried to exceſs, often obſcure the moſt deſerving characters, though they are ſeldom or never to be found among the worthleſs.

It is vain to think of reclaiming, by human means, thoſe rooted vices which proceed from a depraved or unfeeling heart. Avarice is not to be overcome by a panegyric on generoſity, nor cruelty and oppreſſion by the moſt eloquent diſplay of the beauties of compaſſion and humanity. The moraliſt ſpeaks to them a language they do not underſtand; it is not therefore ſurpriſing, that they ſhould neither be convinced nor reclaimed. I would not be underſtood to mean, that the enormity of a vice ſhould free it from cenſure: on the contrary, I hold ſuch glaring deviations from rectitude the moſt proper objects for the ſevereſt laſh

of

of ſatire, and that they ſhould frequently be held up to public view, that, if the guilty cannot be reclaimed, the wavering may be confirmed, and the innocent warned to avoid the danger.

But it is a no leſs uſeful, and a much more pleaſing taſk, to endeavour to remove the veil that covers the luſtre of virtue, and to point out, for the purpoſe of amending, thoſe errors and imperfections which tarniſh deſerving characters, which render them uſeleſs, in ſome caſes hurtful, to ſociety.

An honeſt ambition for that fame which ought to follow ſuperior talents employed in the exerciſe of virtue, is one of the beſt and moſt uſeful paſſions that can take root in the mind of man; and, in the language of the *Roman* poet, "Terrarum dominos evehit ad eos;"——"Heroes "lifts to gods." But when this laudable ambition happens to be joined with great delicacy of taſte and ſentiment, it is often the ſource of much miſery and uneaſineſs. In the earlier periods of ſociety, before mankind are corrupted by the exceſſes of luxury and refinement, the candidates for fame enter the liſts upon equal terms, and with a reaſonable degree of confidence, that the judgment of their fellow-citizens will give the preference where it is due. In ſuch a conteſt, even the vanquiſhed have no inconſiderable ſhare of glory; and that virtue which

which they cultivate, forbids them to with-hold their reſpect and applauſe from the ſuperiority by which they are overcome. Of this, the firſt ages of the Grecian and Roman republics are proper examples, when merit was the only road to fame, becauſe fame was the only reward of merit.

Though it were unjuſt to accuſe the preſent age of being totally regardleſs of merit, yet this will not be denied, that there are many other avenues which lead to diſtinction, many other qualities by which competitors carry away a prize, that, in leſs corrupted times, could have been attained only by a ſteady perſeverance in the paths of virtue.

When a man of acknowledged honour and abilities, not unconſcious of his worth, and poſſeſſed of thoſe delicate feelings I have mentioned, ſees himſelf ſet aſide, and obliged to give way to the worthleſs and contemptible, whoſe vices are ſometimes the means of their promotion, he is too apt to yield to diſguſt or deſpair; that ſenſibility which, with better fortune, and placed in a more favourable ſituation, would have afforded him the moſt elegant pleaſures, made him the delight of his friends, and an honour to his country, is in danger of changing him into a moroſe and ſurly miſanthrope, diſcontented with himſelf, the world, and all its enjoyments.

This

This weakneſs (and I think it a great one) of quarrelling with the world, would never have been carried the length I have lamented in ſome of my friends, had they allowed themſelves to reflect on the folly of ſuppoſing, that the opinions of the reſt of mankind are to be governed by the ſtandard which they have been pleaſed to erect, had they conſidered what a ſtate of languor and inſipidity would be produced, if every individual ſhould have marked out to him the rank he was to hold, and the line in which he was to move, without any danger of being joſtled in his progreſs.

The Author of Nature has diverſified the mind of man with different and contending paſſions, which are brought into action as chance or circumſtances direct, or as he is pleaſed to order in the wiſdom of his providence. Our limited faculties, far from comprehending the univerſal ſcale of being, or taking in at one glance what is beſt and fitteſt for the purpoſes of creation, cannot even determine the beſt mode of governing the little ſpot that ſurrounds us.

I believe moſt men have, at times, wiſhed to be creators, poſſeſſed of the power of moulding the world to their fancy; but they would act more wiſely to mould their own prepoſſeſſions and prejudices to the ſtandard of the world, which may be done, in every age and ſituation, without tranſgreſſing the bounds of the moſt rigid

rigid virtue. A diſtaſte at mankind never fails to produce peeviſhneſs and diſcontent, the moſt unrelenting tyrants that ever ſwayed the human breaſt; that cloud which they caſt upon the ſoul, ſhuts out every ray that ſhould warm to manly exertion, and hides, in the boſom of indolence and ſpleen, virtues formed to illumine the world.

I muſt, therefore, earneſtly recommend to my readers to guard againſt the firſt approaches of miſanthropy, by oppoſing reaſon to ſentiment, and reflecting on the injury they do themſelves and ſociety, by tamely retreating from injuſtice. The paſſive virtues only are fit to be buried in a cloiſter; the firm and active mind diſdains to recede, and riſes upon oppoſition.

The cultivation of cheerfulneſs and good-humour will be found another ſovereign antidote to this mental diſorder. They are the harbingers of virtue, and produce that ſerenity which diſpoſes the mind to friendſhip, love, gratitude, and every other ſocial affection; they make us contented with ourſelves, our friends, and our ſituaton, and expand the heart to all the intereſts of humanity.

T

N° 40. SATURDAY, *June* 12, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

ACCORDING to my promiſe, I ſend you the ſecond diviſion of my lecture on SIMULATION, as it reſpects the *internal* part of the ſcience of politeneſs.

" AMONG barbarous nations, it has been " obſerved, the emotions of the mind are not " more violently felt than ſtrongly expreſſed. " *Grief*, *anger*, and *jealouſy*, not only tear the " heart, but diſfigure the countenance; while " *love*, *joy*, and *mirth*, have their oppoſite " effects on the ſoul, and are viſible, by op- " poſite appearances, in the aſpect. Now, as " a very refined people are in a ſtate exactly " the reverſe of a very rude one, it follows, " that, inſtead of allowing the paſſions thus " to lord it over their minds and faces, it be- " hoves them to mitigate and reſtrain thoſe " violent emotions, both in feeling and ap- " pearance; the latter, at leaſt, is within the " power of art and education, and to regulate " it is the duty of a well-bred perſon. On " this truly philoſophical principle is found- " ed that eaſe, indifference, or *nonchalance*

" which is the great mark of a modern man of " faſhion.

" That inſtance of politeneſs which I men- " tioned (ſomewhat out of place indeed) in the " firſt part of this diſcourſe, the conduct of a " fine lady at a tragedy, is to be carried into " ſituations of real ſorrow as much as poſſible. " Indeed, though it may ſeem a bold aſſertion, " I believe the art of putting on indifference " about the real object, is not a whit more " difficult than that of aſſuming it about the " theatrical. I have known ſeveral ladies and " gentlemen who had acquired the firſt in per- " fection, without being able to execute the " latter, at leaſt, to execute it in that maſterly " manner which marks the performances of an " adept.—One night, laſt winter, I heard *Bob* " *Buſtle* talking from a front-box, to an ac- " quaintance in the pit, about the death of " their late friend *Jack Riot*.—" *Riot* is dead, " *Tom*; kick'd this morning, egad!"—" *Riot* " dead! poor *Jack!* what did he die of?"— " One of your damnation apoplectics—kill'd " him in the chucking of a bumper; you " could ſcarce have heard him wheazle!"— " Damn'd bad that! *Jack* was an honeſt fel- " low!—What becomes of his grey poney?"— " The poney is mine."—" Yours!"—" Why, " yes; I ſtaked my white and liver-coloured

" bitch

" bitch *Phillis* againſt the grey poney, *Jack*'s " life to mine for the ſeaſon."——At that in- " ſtant, a lady entering the box (it was about " the middle of the fourth act) obliged *Bob* to " ſhift his place; he ſat out of ear-ſhot of his " friend in the pit, biting his nails, and look- " ing towards the ſtage, in a ſort of *nothing- " to-doiſh* way, juſt as the laſt parting ſcene " between *Jaffier* and *Belvidera* was going on " there. I obſerved (I confeſs, with regret, " for he is one of my favourite pupils) the pro- " greſs of its victory over *Bob*'s politeneſs. He " firſt grew attentive, then humm'd a tune, " then grew attentive again, then took out his " tooth-pick caſe, then look'd at the players in " ſpite of him, then grew ſerious, then agi- " tated——till, at laſt, he was fairly beat out " of his ground, and obliged to take ſhelter " behind Lady *Cockatoo*'s head, to prevent the " diſgrace of being abſolutely ſeen weeping.

" But, to return from this digreſſion.—— " The *Simulation* of indifference in affliction is " equally a female as a male accompliſhment. " On the death of a very, very near relation, " a *huſband*, for inſtance, cuſtom has eſta- " bliſhed a practice, which polite people have " not yet been able to overcome; a lady muſt " ſtay at home, and play cards for a week or " two. But the deceaſe of any one more

" diſtant ſhe is to talk of as a matter of very " little moment, except when it happens on " the eve of an aſſembly, a ball, or a ridotto; " at ſuch ſeaſons ſhe is allowed to regret it as " a very unfortunate accident. This rule of " deportment extends to diſtreſſes poignant in- " deed; as, in perfect good-breeding, the fall " of a ſet of *Dreſden*, the ſpilling of a plate of " ſoup on a new *brocade*, or even a *bad run of* " *cards*, is to be borne with as equal a counte- " nance as may be.

" *Anger*, the ſecond paſſion above enume- " rated, is to be covered with the ſame cloak " of eaſe and good manners; injury, if of a " deep kind, with profeſſions of eſteem and " friendſhip. Thus, though it would be im- " proper to ſqueeze a gentleman's hand, and " call him *my dear Sir*, or *my beſt friend*, when " we mean to hit him a ſlap on the face, or to " throw a bottle at his head; yet it is perfectly " conſiſtent with politeneſs, to ſhew him all " thoſe marks of civility and kindneſs, when " we intend to ſtrip him of his fortune at play, " to counterplot him at an election, or to ſe- " duce his wife. The laſt-mentioned particu- " lar ſhould naturally lead to the conſideration " of *jealouſy*; but on this it is needleſs to inſiſt, " as, among well-bred people, the feeling itſelf " is quite in diſuſe.

" *Love* is one of thoſe paſſions which politeneſs lays us under a particular obligation to " diſguiſe, as the diſcovery of it to third perſons is peculiarly offenſive and diſagreeable. " Therefore, when a man happens to ſit by a " tolerably handſome girl, for whom he does " not care a farthing, he is at liberty to kiſs " her hand, call her an angel, and tell her he " dies for her; but, if he has a real *tendre* for " her, he is to ſtare in her face with a broad " unfeeling look, tell her ſhe looks monſtrous " ill this evening, and that her *coiffeuſe* has " pinned her cap ſhockingly awry. From not " attending to the practice of this rule amongſt " people of faſhion, the inferior world has been " led to imagine, that matrimony with them " is a ſtate of indifference or averſion; where- " as, in truth, the appearances from which " that judgment is formed, are the ſtrongeſt " indications of connubial happineſs and af- " fection.

" On the ſubject of *joy*, or at leaſt of *mirth*, " that great maſter of our art, my Lord *Cheſter-* " *field*, has been preciſe in his directions. He " does not allow of *laughter* at all; by which, " however, he is to be underſtood as only pre- " cluding that exerciſe as a ſign, common with " the vulgar, of internal ſatisfaction; it is by no " means to be reprobated as a diſguiſe for cha-

" grin, or an engine of wit; it is, indeed, the " readieſt of all repartees, and will often give a " man of faſhion the victory over an inferior, " with every talent, but that of aſſurance, on " his ſide.

" As the paſſions and affections, ſo are the " *virtues* of a polite man to be carefully con- " cealed or diſguiſed. In this particular, our " art goes far beyond the rules of philoſophers, " or the precepts of the Bible; they enjoined " men not to boaſt of their virtues; we teach " them to brag of their vices, which is cer- " tainly a much ſublimer pitch of ſelf-denial. " Beſides, the merit of diſintereſtedneſs lies al- " together on our ſide, the diſciples of thoſe " antiquated teachers expecting, as they con- " feſs, a reward ſomewhere; our conduct has " only the pure conſciouſneſs of acting like a " man of faſhion for its recompence, as we " evidently profit nothing by it at preſent, and " the idea of future retribution, were we ever to " admit of it, is rather againſt us."

Such, Mr. *Mirror*, is the ſubſtance of one of my lectures, which, I think, promiſe ſo much edification to our country (yet only in an improving ſtate with regard to the higher and more refined parts of politeneſs), that it muſt be impoſſible for your patriotiſm to refuſe their encouragement.

ragement. If you inſert this in your next paper (if accompanied with ſome commendatory paragraphs of your own, ſo much the better), I ſhall take care to preſent you with a dozen admiſſion tickets, as ſoon as the number of my ſubſcribers enables me to begin my courſe.

I have the honour to be, &c.

SIMULATOR.

V

N° 41. TUESDAY, *June* 15, 1779.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui. VIRG.

PASSING the Exchange a few days ago, I perceived a little before me a ſhort plump-looking man, ſeeming to ſet his watch by *St. Giles*'s clock, which had juſt then ſtruck two. On obſerving him a little more cloſely, I recogniſed Mr. *Blubber*, with whom I had become acquainted at the houſe of my friend *Umphraville*'s couſin, Mr. *Bearſkin*. He alſo recollected me, and, ſhaking me cordially by the hand, told me, he was juſt returned ſafe from his journey to the *Highlands*, and had been regulating his watch by our town-clock, as he found the ſun did not go exactly in the Highlands as it did in the Low-country. He added, that, if I would come and eat a Welſh-rabbit, and drink a glaſs of punch with him and his family that evening, at their lodgings hard by, they would give me an account of their expedition. He ſaid, they found my deſcription of things a very juſt one; and was pleaſed to add, that his wife and daughters had taken a great liking to me

ever

ever ſince the day we met at his friend *Bear-ſkin*'s. After this, it was impoſſible to reſiſt his invitation, and I went to his lodgings in the evening accordingly, where I found all the family aſſembled, except Mr. *Edward*, whom they accounted for in the hiſtory of their expedition.

I could not help making one preliminary obſervation, that it was much too early in the ſeaſon for viewing the country to advantage; but to this Mr. *Blubber* had a very ſatisfactory anſwer; they were reſolved to complete their tour before the new tax upon *poſt-horſes* ſhould be put in execution.

The firſt place they viſited after they left *Edinburgh* was *Carron*, which Mr. *Blubber* ſeemed to prefer to any place he had ſeen; but the ladies did not appear to have reliſhed it much. The mother ſaid, "She had like to "have fell into a fit at the noiſe of the great "*bellows*." Miſs *Blubber* agreed, that it was *monſtrous* frightful indeed. Miſs *Betſy* had ſpoiled her petticoat in getting in, and ſaid it was a naſty place, not fit for genteel people, in her opinion. *Blubber* put on his wiſeſt face, and obſerved, that women did not know the uſe of them things. There was much the ſame difference in their ſentiments with regard to the *Great Canal*; Mr. *Blubber*

took out a bit of paper, on which he had marked down the *lockage-duty* received in a week there; he ſhook his head, however, and ſaid, he was ſorry to find the ſhares were *below par*.

Of *Stirling*, the young ladies remarked, that the view from the caſtle was very fine, and the windings of the river very curious. But neither of them had ever been at *Richmond*. Mrs. *Blubber*, who had been oftener than once there, told us, "that from the "*hill* was a much grander proſpect; that the "river *Thames* made two twiſts for one that "the *Forth* made at *Stirling*; beſides, there "was a wood ſo charming thick, that, un-"leſs when you got to a riſing ground, like "what the *Star and Garter* ſtands on, you "could ſcarce ſee a hundred yards before "you."

Taymouth ſeemed to ſtrike the whole family. The number and beauty of the *temples* were taken particular notice of; nor was the trimneſs of the walks and hedges without commendation. Miſs *Betſy Blubber* declared herſelf charmed with the ſhady walk by the ſide of the *Tay*, and remarked, what an excellent fancy it was to ſhut out the view of the river, ſo that you might hear the ſtream without ſeeing it. Mr. *Blubber*, however, objected

jected to the vicinity of the *hills*, and Mrs. *Blubber* to that of the *lake*, which ſhe was ſure muſt be extremely unwholeſome. To this circumſtance ſhe imputed her rheumatiſm, which ſhe told us, "had been very trouble-"ſome to her the firſt night ſhe lay'd there; "but that ſhe had always the precaution of "carrying a bottle of *Beaume de Vie* in the "chaiſe, and that a doſe of it had effectually "cured her."

The ladies were delighted with the *Hermitage*. Mrs. *Blubber* confeſſed, "ſhe was ſome-"what afeard at firſt to truſt herſelf with "the guide, down a dark narrow path, to "the Lord knows where; but then it was "ſo charming when he let in the light upon "them."—"Yes, and ſo natural," ſaid her eldeſt daughter, "with the flowers growing "out of the wall, and the *Bear-ſkins* ſo pure "ſoft for the *Hermit* to ſleep on."——"And "their *garter-blue* colour ſo lively and ſo "pretty," ſaid Miſs *Betty*; "I vow I could "have ſtay'd there for ever.——You wa'nt "there, Papa."——"No," replied he, rather ſullenly, "but I ſaw one of them ſame things "at *Dunkeld*, next day."—The young ladies declared they were quite different things, and that no judgment could be formed of the one from the other; upon which Mr. *Blubber* be-

gan to grow angry; and Mrs. *Blubber* interpoſing, put an end to the queſtion; whiſpering me, at the ſame time, that her huſband had fallen aſleep, after a hearty dinner at the inn near *Taymouth*, and that ſhe and her children had gone to ſee the *Hermitage* without him. I was farther informed, that Mr. *Edward Blubber* had left their party at this place, having gone along with two *Engliſh* gentlemen whom he met there, to ſee a great many curioſities farther off in the *Highlands*. "For "my part," ſaid *Blubber*, "though I was told "it was a great way off, and over terrible "mountains, as indeed we could perceive them "to be from the windows, I did not care to "hinder his going, as I like to ſee ſpirit in a "young man."

The reſt of the family returned by the way of *Dunkeld*, which the ladies likewiſe commended as a *monſtrous* pleaſant place. Mr. *Blubber* diſſented a little, ſaying, "he could "not ſee the pleaſure of always looking at "the ſame things; hills, and wood, and wa"ter, over and over again. The river here, "he owned, was a pretty rural thing enough: "but, for his part, he ſhould think it much "more lively if it had a few *ſhips* and *lighters* "on it." Miſs *Blubber* did not agree with him as to the ſhips and lighters; but ſhe confeſſed,

ſeſſed, ſhe thought a little *company* would improve it a good deal. Miſs *Betſy* differed from both, and declared, ſhe reliſhed nothing ſo much as ſolitude and retirement. This led to a deſcription of a ſecond *hermitage* they had viſited at this place, from which, and ſome of the grottoes adjoining, Miſs *Betſy* had taken down ſome *ſweet copies of verſes*, as ſhe called them, in her memorandum-book. The fall of water here had ſtruck the family much. Mrs. *Blubber* obſerved, how like it was to the *caſcade* at *Vauxhall*; her eldeſt daughter remarked, however, that the fancy of looking at it through panes of different coloured glaſs in the *Hermitage-room*, was an improvement on that at *Spring-gardens*.

The bridge at *Perth* was the laſt ſection of the family-journal that we diſcourſed on. The ladies had inadvertently croſſed it in the carriage to ſee the palace at *Scone*, at which they complained there was nothing to be ſeen; and Mr. *Blubber* complained of the extravagance of the *Toll* on the bridge, which he declared was higher than at *Blackfriars*. He was aſſured, however, that he had paid no more than the legal charge, by his landlord, Mr. *Marſhall*, at whoſe houſe he received ſome conſolation from an excellent dinner,

dinner, and a bed, he ſaid, which the *Lord Mayor of London* might have laid on. "I "hope there is no offence (continued Mr. "*Blubber*, very politely), as I underſtand the "landlord is an *Engliſhman*; but, at the *King's* "*Arms*, I met with the only real good *butter'd* "*toaſt* that I have ſeen in *Scotland*."

But however various were the remarks of the family on the particulars of their journey in detail, I found they had perfectly ſettled their reſpective opinions of travelling in general. The ladies had formed their concluſion, that it was *monſtrous pleaſant*, and the gentleman his, that it was *monſtrous dear*.

I

N° 42. SATURDAY, *June* 19, 1779.

WHEN I firſt undertook this publication, it was ſuggeſted by ſome of my friends, and, indeed, accorded entirely with my own ideas, that there ſhould be nothing of religion in it. There is a ſacredneſs in the ſubject that might ſeem profaned by its introduction into a work, which, to be extenſively read, muſt ſometimes be ludicrous, and often ironical. This conſideration will apply, in the ſtrongeſt manner, to any thing myſtic or controverſial; but it may, perhaps, admit of an exception, when religion is only introduced as a feeling, not a ſyſtem, as appealing to the ſentiments of the heart, not to the diſquiſitions of the head. The following ſtory holds it up in that light, and is therefore, I think, admiſſible into the MIRROR. It was ſent to my editor as a *tranſlation from the French.* Of this my readers will judge. Perhaps they might be apt to ſuſpect, without any ſuggeſtion from me, that it is an original, not a tranſlation. Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that it contains in it much of that picturesque deſcription, and that power of awakening

the tender feelings, which ſo remarkably diſtinguiſh the compoſition of a gentleman whoſe writings I have often read with pleaſure. But, be that as it may, as I felt myſelf intereſted in the narrative, and believed that it would affect my readers in the like manner, I have ventured to give it entire as I received it, though it will take up the room of three ſucceſſive papers.

S

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MORE than forty years ago, an *Engliſh* philoſopher, whoſe works have ſince been read and admired by all *Europe*, reſided at a little town in *France*. Some diſappointments in his native country had firſt driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect ſeclusion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abſtract ſubjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the ſtructure of ſuch a mind as Mr. ——'s, the finer and more delicate ſenſibilities are ſeldom known to have place; or, if originally implanted there, are in a great mea-

ſure extinguiſhed by the exertions of intenſe ſtudy and profound inveſtigation. Hence the idea of philoſophy and unfeelingneſs being united, has become proverbial, and, in common language, the former word is often uſed to expreſs the latter.—Our philoſopher has been cenſured by ſome, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildneſs of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that, if he was not eaſily melted into compaſſion, it was, at leaſt, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he ſat buſied in thoſe ſpeculations which afterwards aſtoniſhed the world, an old female domeſtic, who ſerved him for a houſekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to ſome diſtant country, and that the father had been ſuddenly ſeized in the night with a dangerous diſorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that ſhe had been ſent for, as having ſome knowledge in medicine, the village-ſurgeon being then abſent; and that it was truly piteous to ſee the good old man, who ſeemed not ſo much afflicted by his own diſtreſs, as by that which it cauſed to his daughter. Her maſter laid aſide the volume in his hand,

and

and broke off the chain of ideas it had inſpired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the ſick man's apartment.

'Twas the beſt in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithſtanding. Mr. ——— was obliged to ſtoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joiſts not plaſtered, and hung with cobwebs. —On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to viſit; at the foot of it ſat his daughter. She was dreſſed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung looſely over it as ſhe bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. ———, and his houſekeeper, had ſtood ſome moments in the room without the young lady's being ſenſible of their entering it.——"Mademoiſelle!" ſaid the old woman at laſt, in a ſoft tone—She turned, and ſhowed one of the fineſt faces in the world.—It was touched, not ſpoiled with ſorrow; and when ſhe perceived a ſtranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a bluſh at firſt, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeneſs, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguiſh, croſſed it for a moment, and changed its expreſſion. 'Twas ſweetneſs all, however, and our philoſopher felt it ſtrongly. 'It was not a time for

words;

words; he offered his ſervices in a few ſincere ones. "Monſieur lies miſerably ill here, ſaid the gouvernante; "if he could poſſibly be "moved any where."——"If he could be "moved to our houſe," ſaid her maſter.—He had a ſpare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The ſcruples of the ſtranger, who could look ſcruples, though he could not ſpeak them, were overcome, and the baſhful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its uſe to her father. The ſick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried acroſs the ſtreet to the *Engliſh* gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurſe him there. The ſurgeon, who arrived ſoon after, preſcribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his hoſt had learned the name and character of his gueſt. He was a Proteſtant clergyman of *Switzerland*, called *La Roche*, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illneſs, for which travelling had been preſcribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

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He was a devout man, as became his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its aſperity; I mean that aſperity which men, called devout, ſometimes indulge in. Mr. ———, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thankſgivings which they put up on his recovery; for ſhe, too, was a heretic, in the phraſe of the village.——The philoſopher walked out, with his long ſtaff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thankſgivings.——"My "maſter,"—ſaid the old woman, "alas! he "is not a Chriſtian; but he is the beſt of un-"believers."—— "Not a Chriſtian!"—exclaimed Mademoiſelle *La Roche*, "yet he ſaved "my father! Heaven bleſs him for't; I would "he were a Chriſtian!" "There is a pride "in human knowledge, my child," ſaid her father, "which often blinds men to the ſub-"lime truths of revelation; hence oppoſers "of Chriſtianity are found among men of vir-"tuous lives, as well as among thoſe of diſſi-"pated and licentious characters. Nay, ſome-"times, I have known the latter more ea-"ſily converted to the true faith than the "former, becauſe the fume of paſſion is more "eaſily diſſipated than the miſt of falſe theory

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" of your health, and neither ſtudy nor preach " for ſome time. I have been thinking over a " ſcheme that ſtruck me to-day, when you " mentioned your intended departure. . I never " was in *Switzerland*; I have a great mind to " accompany your daughter and you into that " country.—I will help to take care of you by " the road; for, as I was your firſt phyſician, " I hold myſelf reſponſible for your cure." *La Roche*'s eyes gliſtened at the propoſal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleaſed with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the leſs for his infidelity; at leaſt that circumſtance mixed a ſort of pity with their regard for him—their ſouls were not of a mould for harſher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

N° 43. TUESDAY, *June* 22, 1779.

Continuation of the Story of LA ROCHE.

THEY travelled by ſhort ſtages; for the philoſopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man ſhould not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendſhip was increaſed by acquaintance. *La Roche* found a degree of ſimplicity and gentleneſs in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wiſe man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that ſelf-importance which ſuperior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philoſophy or religion; he ſeemed to enjoy every pleaſure and amuſement of ordinary life, and to be intereſted in the moſt common topics of diſcourſe; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmoſt plainneſs, and without the leaſt ſhadow of dogmatiſm.

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On his part, he was charmed with the ſociety of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileleſs manner of the earlieſt times, with the culture and accompliſhment of the moſt refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repreſſed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himſelf happy in being the friend of *Mademoiſelle La Roche*, and ſometimes envied her father the poſſeſſion of ſuch a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of *La Roche*. It was ſituated in one of thoſe valleys of the canton of *Berne*, where Nature ſeems to repoſe, as it were, in quiet, and has incloſed her retreat with mountains inacceſſible.—A ſtream, that ſpent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the houſe, and a broken water-fall was ſeen through the wood that covered its ſides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the ſpire of *La Roche*'s church, riſing above a clump of beeches.

Mr. ——— enjoyed the beauty of the ſcene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had loſt.—The old man's ſorrow was ſilent; his daughter ſobb'd

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and wept. Her father took her hand, kiſſed it twice, preſſed it to his boſom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was juſt about to drop from each, began to point out to his gueſt ſome of the moſt ſtriking objects, which the proſpect afforded.—The philoſopher interpreted all this; and he could but ſlightly cenſure the creed from which it aroſe.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of *La Roche*'s pariſhioners, who had heard of his return, came to the houſe to ſee and welcome him. The honeſt folks were awkward, but ſincere, in their profeſſions of regard.—They made ſome attempts at condolence;—it was too delicate for their handling; but *La Roche* took it in good part.—"It has "pleaſed God;"—ſaid he; and they ſaw he had ſettled the matter with himſelf.—Philoſophy could not have done ſo much with a thouſand words.

It was now evening, and the good peaſants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to ſtrike ſeven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country-folks, who had come to welcome their paſtor, turned their looks towards him at the ſound; he explained their meaning to his gueſt. "That is "the ſignal," ſaid he, "for our evening ex-

"ercise; this is one of the nights of the week "in which some of my parishioners are wont "to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for "the chapel of our family, and such of the "good people as are with us;—if you chuse "rather to walk out, I will furnish you "with an attendant; or here are a few old "books that may afford you some entertain-"ment within.—"By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Ma'-"moiselle at her devotions."—"She is our "organist," said *La Roche*; "our neighbour-"hood is the country of musical mechanism; "and I have a small organ fitted up for the "purpose of assisting our singing."—"'Tis "an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by *La Roche*; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. ——— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately

mediately joined; the words were moſtly taken from holy writ; it ſpoke the praiſes of God, and his care of good men. Something was ſaid of the death of the juſt, of ſuch as die in the Lord.——The organ was touched with a hand leſs firm;—it pauſed, it ceaſed;—and the ſobbing of Ma'moiſelle *La Roche* was heard in its ſtead. Her father gave a ſign for ſtopping the pſalmody, and roſe to pray. He was diſcompoſed at firſt, and his voice faltered as he ſpoke; but his heart was in his words, and its warmth overcame his embarraſſment. He addreſſed a being whom he loved, and he ſpoke for thoſe he loved. His pariſhioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philoſopher felt himſelf moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he ſhould not.

La Roche's religion was that of ſentiment, not theory, and his gueſt was averſe from diſputation; their diſcourſe, therefore, did not lead to queſtions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man ſometimes ſpeak of his, from the fulneſs of a heart impreſſed with its force, and wiſhing to ſpread the pleaſure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were ſo congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philoſopher might have called him

an enthuſiaſt; but, if he poſſeſſed the fervour of enthuſiaſts, he was guiltleſs of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man ſay—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," ſaid he to Mr. ———, "when my daughter and I talk of "the exquiſite pleaſure derived from muſic; "you regret your want of muſical powers and "muſical feelings; it is a department of ſoul, "you ſay, which nature has almoſt denied "you, which, from the effects you ſee it have "on others, you are ſure muſt be highly de-"lightful.—Why ſhould not the ſame thing "be ſaid of religion? Truſt me, I feel it in "the ſame way, an energy, an inſpiration, "which I would not loſe for all the bleſſings "of ſenſe, or enjoyments of the world; yet, "ſo far from leſſening my reliſh of the plea-"ſures of life, methinks I feel it heighten "them all. The thought of receiving it from "God, adds the bleſſing of ſentiment to that "of ſenſation in every good thing I poſſeſs; "and when calamities overtake me—and "I have had my ſhare—it confers a dignity "on my affliction,—ſo lifts me above the "world.—Man, I know, is but a worm—"yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!"—It would have been inhuman in our philoſopher

to

to have clouded, even with a doubt, the ſunſhine of this belief.

His diſcourſe, indeed, was very remote from metaphyſical diſquiſition, or religious controverſy.—Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary converſation was the leaſt tinctured with pedantry, or liable to diſſertation. With *La Roche* and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the compariſon of both with thoſe of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the ſentiments they conveyed, and the paſſions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the ſpeakers, were the ſubjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. ———, as a ſtranger, was ſhown the remarkable ſcenes and curioſities of the country. They would ſometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, thoſe aſtoniſhing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal ſnows, and ſometimes ſhooting into fantaſtic ſhapes, form the termination of moſt of the Swiſs proſpects. Our philoſopher aſked many queſtions as to their natural hiſtory and productions. *La Roche* obſerved the ſublimity of the ideas which the view of their ſtupendous

ſummits, inacceſſible to mortal foot, was calculated to inſpire, which naturally, ſaid he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.—" They are not ſeen " in Flanders!" ſaid Ma'moiſelle with a ſigh. " That's an odd remark," ſaid Mr. ———, ſmiling.—She bluſhed, and he inquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a ſociety in which he found himſelf ſo happy; but he ſettled with *La Roche* and his daughter a plan of correſpondence; and they took his promiſe, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he ſhould travel thoſe fifty leagues to viſit them.

N° 44. SATURDAY, *June* 26, 1779.

Concluſion of the Story of LA ROCHE.

ABOUT three years after, our philoſopher was on a viſit at *Geneva*; the promiſe he made to *La Roche* and his daughter, on his former viſit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for ſeveral months paſt. The truth was, that indolence was the habit moſt natural to him, from which he was not eaſily rouſed by the claims of correſpondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controverſy, they were often unanſwered as well as the former. While he was heſitating about a viſit to *La Roche*, which he wiſhed to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from *Paris*, where he had then his fixed reſidence. It contained a gentle complaint of

Mr. ———'s want of punctuality, but an aſſurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer conſidered intereſted in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiſelle *La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the moſt amiable diſpoſitions, and reſpectable character. Attached from their earlieſt years, they had been ſeparated by his joining one of the ſubſidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the ſervice of a foreign power. In this ſituation, he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf as much for courage and military ſkill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his ſervice was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expreſſed it in his letter, to join their hands, and ſee them happy before he died.

Our philoſopher felt himſelf intereſted in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether ſo happy in the tidings of Ma'moiſelle *La Roche*'s marriage, as her father ſuppoſed him.—Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the moſt amiable women he had ſeen, and there was ſomething in the idea of her being another's for ever, that ſtruck him, he knew not why, like a diſappointment.—After ſome little

little ſpeculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this viſit to ſee his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the laſt day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progreſs; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* reſided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himſelf at laſt in view of the lake, which I have before deſcribed, in the neighbourhood of *La Roche*'s dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that ſeemed to proceed from the houſe; it moved ſlowly along as he proceeded up the ſide of the lake, and at laſt he ſaw it glimmer through the trees, and ſtop at ſome diſtance from the place where he then was. He ſuppoſed it ſome piece of bridal merriment, and puſhed on his horſe that he might be a ſpectator of the ſcene; but he was a good deal ſhocked, on approaching the ſpot, to find it proceed from the torch of a perſon clothed in the dreſs of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by ſeveral others, who, like him, ſeemed to have been employed in the rites of ſepulture.

On Mr. ———'s making inquiry who was the perſon they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profeſſion, anſwered, "Then you knew

" not Mademoiſelle, Sir!—you never beheld " a lovelier"—" *La Roche!*" exclaimed he in reply—" Alas! it was ſhe indeed!"—The appearance of ſurpriſe and grief which his countenance aſſumed, attracted the notice of the peaſant with whom he talked.—He came up cloſer to Mr. ———; " I perceive, Sir, you were " acquainted with Mademoiſelle *La Roche.*"—" Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when " —how—where did ſhe die?—Where is her " father?"—" She died, Sir, of heart-break, " I believe; the young gentleman to whom ſhe " was ſoon to have been married, was killed in " a duel by a French officer, his intimate com- " panion, and to whom, before their quarrel, " he had often done the greateſt favours. Her " worthy father bears her death, as he has often " told us a Chriſtian ſhould; he is even ſo " compoſed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to " deliver a few exhortations to his pariſhioners, " as is the cuſtom with us on ſuch occaſions: " —Follow me, Sir, and you ſhall hear him." —He followed the man without anſwering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable *La Roche* was ſeated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a pſalm to that Being whom their paſtor had taught them ever to bleſs and to revere. *La Roche* ſat, his figure bending gently forward,

forward, his eyes half-cloſed, lifted up in ſilent devotion. A lamp placed near him, threw its light ſtrong on his head, and marked the ſhadowy lines of age acroſs the paleneſs of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The muſic ceaſed,—*La Roche* ſat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. ——— was not leſs affected than they.—*La Roche* aroſe.—"Father of mercies!" ſaid he, "forgive theſe tears; aſſiſt thy ſervant to lift "up his ſoul to thee; to lift to thee the ſouls of "thy people!—My friends! it is good ſo to do; "at all ſeaſons it is good; but, in the days of "our diſtreſs, what a privilege it is! Well "ſaith the ſacred book, "Truſt in the Lord; "at all times truſt in the Lord." When every "other ſupport fails us, when the fountains of "worldly comfort are dried up, let us then "ſeek thoſe living waters which flow from the "throne of God.—'Tis only from the belief of "the goodneſs and wiſdom of a Supreme Be-"ing, that our calamities can be borne in that "manner which becomes a man. Human wiſ-"dom is here of little uſe; for, in proportion "as it beſtows comfort, it repreſſes feeling, "without which we may ceaſe to be hurt by "calamity, but we ſhall alſo ceaſe to enjoy "happineſs.—I will not bid you be inſenſible,

" my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would " (his tears flowed afreſh)—I feel too much " myſelf, and I am not aſhamed of my feel- " ings; but therefore may I the more willingly " be heard; therefore have I prayed God to " give me ſtrength to ſpeak to you: to direct " you to him, not with empty words, but with " theſe tears; not from ſpeculation, but from " experience,—that while you ſee me ſuffer, you " may know alſo my conſolation.

" You behold the mourner of his only child, " the laſt earthly ſtay and bleſſing of his de- " clining years! Such a child too!—It be- " comes not me to ſpeak of her virtues; yet it " is but gratitude to mention them, becauſe " they were exerted towards myſelf.—Not " many days ago you ſaw her young, beautiful, " virtuous, and happy;—ye who are parents " will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge " of my affliction now. But I look towards " him who ſtruck me; I ſee the hand of a fa- " ther amidſt the chaſtenings of my God.— " Oh! could I make you feel what it is to " pour out the heart, when it is preſſed down " with many ſorrows, to pour it out with con- " fidence to him, in whoſe hands are life and " death, on whoſe power awaits all that the firſt " enjoys, and in contemplation of whom diſ- " appears all that the laſt can inflict!—For we

" are

" are not as thoſe who die without hope; we " know that our Redeemer liveth,—that we " ſhall live with him, with our friends his ſer- " vants, in that bleſſed land where ſorrow is " unknown, and happineſs is endleſs as it is " perfect.—Go then, mourn not for me; I " have not loſt my child: but a little while, " and we ſhall meet again, never to be ſeparat- " ed.—But ye are alſo my children: Would ye " that I ſhould not grieve without comfort?— " So live as ſhe lived; that, when your death " cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, " and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of *La Roche*; his audience anſwered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had loſt its ſadneſs, and aſſumed the glow of faith and of hope.—Mr. ——— followed him into his houſe.—The inſpiration of the pulpit was paſt; at ſight of him the ſcenes they had laſt met in ruſhed again on his mind; *La Roche* threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in ſilence, into the parlour where the evening ſervice was wont to be performed.—The curtains of the organ were open;—*La Roche* ſtarted back at the ſight.—" Oh! my friend!" ſaid he, and his tears burſt forth again. Mr. ——— had now recollected himſelf;

himſelf; he ſtept forward, and drew the curtains cloſe—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, "You ſee my weakneſs," ſaid he, "'tis the weakneſs of humanity; but "my comfort is not therefore loſt."——"I "heard you," ſaid the other, "in the pulpit; "I rejoice that ſuch conſolation is your's."—— "It is, my friend," ſaid he, "and I truſt I "ſhall ever hold it faſt;—if there are any who "doubt our faith, let them think of what im- "portance religion is to calamity, and forbear "to weaken its force; if they cannot reſtore "our happineſs, let them not take away the ſo- "lace of our affliction."

Mr. ———'s heart was ſmitten;—and I have heard him, long after, confeſs, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakneſs; when, amidſt all the pleaſures of philoſophical diſcovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good *La Roche*, and wiſhed that he had never doubted.

N° 45. TUESDAY, *June* 29, 1779.

IS he a *man of faſhion?* is the uſual queſtion on the appearance of a ſtranger, or the mention of a perſon with whom we are unacquainted? But, though this phraſe be in the mouth of every body, I have often found people puzzled when they attempted to give an idea of what they meant by it; and, indeed, ſo many and ſo various are the qualities that enter into the compoſition of a modern *man of faſhion*, that it is difficult to give an accurate definition or a juſt deſcription of him. Perhaps he may, in the general, be defined, a being who poſſeſſes ſome quality or talent which intitles him to be received into every company; to make one in all parties, and to aſſociate with perſons of the higheſt rank and the firſt diſtinction.

If this definition be juſt, it may be amuſing to conſider the different ideas that have prevailed, at different times, with regard to the qualities requiſite to conſtitute a *man of faſhion*. Not to go farther back, we are told by Lord *Clarendon*, that, in the beginning of the laſt century, the men of rank were diſtinguiſhed

tinguiſhed by a ſtately deportment, a dignified manner, and a certain ſtiffneſs of ceremonial, admirably calculated to keep their inferiors at a proper diſtance. In thoſe days, when pride of family prevailed ſo univerſally, it is to be preſumed, that no circumſtance could atone for the want of birth. Neither riches nor genius, knowledge nor ability, could then have intitled their poſſeſſor to hold the rank of a *man of faſhion*, unleſs he fortunately had ſprung from an ancient and honourable family. The immenſe fortunes which we are now accuſtomed to ſee acquired, almoſt inſtantaneouſly, were then unknown. In imagination, however, we may fancy what an aukward appearance a modern *nabob*, or *contractor*, would have made in a circle of theſe proud and high-minded nobles. With all his wealth, he would have been treated as a being of a different ſpecies; and any attempt to imitate the manners of the *great*, or to rival them in expence and ſplendor, would only have ſerved to expoſe him the more to ridicule and contempt.

As riches, however, increaſed in the nation, men became more and more ſenſible of the ſolid advantages they brought along with them; and the pride of birth gradually relaxing, *monied men* roſe proportionally into eſtima-

tion. The haughty lord, or proud country-gentleman, no longer ſcrupled to give his daughter in marriage to an opulent citizen, or to repair his ruined fortune, by uniting the heir of his title or family with a rich heireſs, though of plebeian extraction. Theſe connections daily becoming more common, removed, in ſome meaſure, the diſtinction of rank; and every man, poſſeſſed of a certain fortune, came to think himſelf intitled to be treated as a gentleman, and received as a *man of faſhion*. Above all, the happy expedient of purchaſing *Seats in Parliament*, tended to add weight and conſideration to what came to be called the *Monied Intereſt*. When a perſon, who had ſuddenly acquired an enormous fortune, could find eight or ten proper, well-dreſſed, gentleman-like figures ready to vote for him, as his proxies, in the Houſe of Commons, it is not ſurpriſing, that, in his turn, he ſhould come to look down on the heirs of old eſtabliſhed families, who could neither cope with him in influence at court, nor vie with him in ſhow and oſtentation.

About the beginning of this century, there ſeems to have been an intermediate, though ſhort interval, when genius, knowledge, talents, and elegant accompliſhments, intitled their poſſeſſor to hold the rank of a *man of faſhion*,

ſhion, and were even deemed eſſentially requiſite to form that character. The ſociety of *Swift*, *Pope*, *Gay*, and *Prior*, was courted by all; and, without the advantages of high birth, or great fortune, an *Addiſon* and a *Craggs* attained the firſt offices in the ſtate.

In the preſent happy and enlightened age, neither birth nor fortune, ſuperior talents, nor ſuperior abilities, are requiſite to form a *man of faſhion*. On the contrary, all theſe advantages united are inſufficient to intitle their owners to hold that rank, while we daily ſee numbers received as *men of faſhion*, though ſprung from the meaneſt of the people, and though deſtitute of every grace, of every polite accompliſhment, and of all pretenſions to genius or ability.

This, I confeſs, I have often conſidered as one of the greateſt and moſt important improvements in modern manners. Formerly it behoved every perſon born in obſcurity, who wiſhed to riſe into eminence, either to acquire wealth by induſtry and frugality, or, following a ſtill more laborious and difficult purſuit, to diſtinguiſh himſelf by the exertion of ſuperior talents in the field or in the ſenate. But now nothing of all this is neceſſary. A certain degree of knowledge, the *man of faſhion* muſt indeed poſſeſs. He muſt be maſter of the principles contained in the celebrated

celebrated treatiſe of Mr. *Hoyle*; he muſt know the chances of *Hazard*; he muſt be able to decide on any diſpute with regard to the form of a *hat*, or the faſhion of a *buckle*; and he muſt be able to tell my Lady Ducheſs, whether *Marechale powder* ſuits beſt a brown or a fair complexion.

From the equipage, the dreſs, the external ſhow of a modern *man of faſhion*, a ſuperficial obſerver might be apt to think that *fortune*, at leaſt, is a neceſſary article; but a proper knowledge of the world teaches us the contrary. *A man of faſhion* muſt, indeed, live as if he were a *man of fortune*. He muſt rival the wealthieſt in expence of every kind; he muſt puſh to exceſs every ſpecies of extravagant diſſipation; and he muſt game for more money than he can pay. But all theſe things a *man of faſhion* can do, without poſſeſſing any viſible revenue whatever. This, though perhaps the moſt important, is not the only advantage which the *man of faſhion* enjoys over the reſt of mankind. Not to mention that he may ſeduce the daughter, and corrupt the wife, of his friend, he may alſo, with perfect honour, rob the ſon of that friend of his whole fortune in an evening; and it is altogether immaterial that the one party was intoxicated, and the other ſober, that the one was ſkilled in the game,

game, and the other ignorant of it; for, if a young man will inſiſt upon playing in ſuch circumſtances, who but himſelf can be blamed for the conſequences?

The ſuperiority enjoyed by a *man of faſhion*, in his ordinary dealings and intercourſe with mankind, is ſtill more marked. He may, without any impeachment on his *character*, and with the niceſt regard to his *honour*, do things which, in a common man, would be deemed *infamous*. Thus the *man of faſhion* may live in luxury and ſplendor, while his creditors are ſtarving in the ſtreets, or rotting in a jail; and, ſhould they attempt to enforce the laws of their country againſt him, he would be intitled to complain of it as a groſs violation of the reſpect that is due to his perſon and character.

The laſt time my friend Mr. *Umphraville* was in town, I was not a little amuſed with his remarks on the *men of faſhion* about this city, and on the change that had taken place in our manners ſince the time he had retired from the world. When we met a young man gaily dreſſed, lolling in his chariot, he ſeldom failed to aſk, "What young lord is that?" One day we were invited to dine with an old acquaintance, who had married a lady paſſionately fond of the *ton*, and of every thing that had the appearance of faſhion. We went at the common hour

hour of dining, and, after waiting ſome time, our hoſt (who had informed us that he would invite nobody elſe, that we might talk over old ſtories without interruption) propoſed to order dinner; on which his lady, after chiding his impatience, and obſerving that nobody kept ſuch unfaſhionable hours, ſaid, ſhe expected Mr. ——, and another friend, whom ſhe had met at the play the evening before, and had engaged to dine with her that day. After waiting a full hour longer, the noiſe of a carriage, and a loud rap at the door, announced the arrival of the expected gueſts. They entered, dreſſed in the very *pink* of the mode; and neither my friend's dreſs nor mine being calculated to inſpire them with reſpect, they bruſhed paſt us, and addreſſed the lady of the houſe, and two young ladies who were with her, in a ſtrain of coarſe familiarity, ſo different from the diſtant and reſpectful manner to which Mr. *Umphraville* had been accuſtomed, that I could plainly diſcover he was greatly ſhocked with it. When we were called to dinner, the two young gentlemen ſeated themſelves on each hand of the lady of the houſe, and there ingroſſed the whole converſation, if a recital of the particulars of their adventures at the tavern the evening before deſerved that name. For a long time, every attempt made by our landlord to enter into

into diſcourſe with Mr. *Umphraville* and me, proved abortive. At laſt, taking advantage of an accidental pauſe, he congratulated my friend on the conqueſt of *Pondicherry*. The latter, drawing his brows together, and ſhaking his head with an expreſſion of diſſent, obſerved, that, although he was always pleaſed with the exertions of our countrymen, and the bravery of our troops, he could not receive any ſatisfaction from an *Indian* conqueſt. He then began an harangue on the corruption of manners—the evils of luxury—the fatal conſequences of a ſudden influx of wealth—and would, I am perſuaded, ere he had done, have traced the loſs of liberty in *Greece*, and the fall of *Rome*, to *Aſiatic* connections, had he not been, all at once, cut ſhort with the exclamation of "Damn it, "*Jack*, how does the old boy do to-day? I "hope he begins to get better.—Nay, pr'ythee "don't look grave; you know I am too much "your friend to wiſh him to hold out long; "but if he tip before *Tueſday* at twelve o'clock, "I ſhall loſe a hundred to *Dick Hazard*.—— "After that time, as ſoon as you pleaſe.—— "Don't you think, Madam," (addreſſing himſelf to one of the young ladies) "that when "an old fellow has been ſcraping money to-"gether with both hands for forty years, the "civileſt thing he can do is to die, and leave "it

" it to a ſon who has ſpirit to ſpend it?" Without uttering a word, the lady gave one look, that, had he been able to tranſlate it into language, muſt, for a time, at leaſt, have checked his vivacity. But the rebuke being too delicate to make any impreſſion on our hero, he ran on in the ſame ſtrain; and being properly ſupported by his companion, effectually excluded the diſcourſe of every body elſe. *Umphraville* did not once again attempt to open his mouth; and, for my own part, as I had heard enough of the converſation, his countenance ſerved as a ſufficient fund of entertainment for me. A painter, who wiſhed to expreſs indignation, contempt, and pity, blended together, could not have found a finer *ſtudy*.

At length we withdrew; and we had no ſooner got fairly out of the houſe, than *Umphraville* began to interrogate me with regard to the gentlemen who had dined with us. " They are *men* " *of faſhion*," ſaid I.—" But who are they? of " what families are they deſcended?"—" As to " that," replied I, " you know I am not ſkilled " in the ſcience of *genealogy*; but, though I " were, it would not enable me to anſwer your " preſent enquiries; for I believe, were you to " put the queſtion to the gentlemen themſelves, " it would puzzle either of them to tell you " who his grandfather was."—" What then," ſaid he, in an elevated tone of voice, " intitles

" them

" them to be received into company as *men of* " *faſhion?* Is it extent of ability, ſuperiority of " genius, refinement of taſte, elegant accom- " pliſhments, or polite converſation? I admit, " that where theſe are to be found in an emi- " nent degree, they may make up for the want " of birth; but where a perſon can neither talk " like a man of ſenſe, nor behave like a gentle- " man, I muſt own I cannot eaſily pardon our " men of rank for allowing every barrier to be " removed, and every frivolous, inſignificant fel- " low, who can adopt the reigning vices of the " age, to be received on an equal footing with " themſelves.—But after all," continued he, in a calm tone, " if ſuch be the manners of our " men of rank, it may be doubted whether they, " or their imitators, are the greateſt objects of " contempt."

N° 46. SATURDAY, *July* 3, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I HAPPENED lately to dine in a large company, where I was, in a great meaſure, *unknowing* and *unknown*. To enter into farther particulars, would be to tell you more than is neceſſary to my ſtory.

The converſation, after dinner, turned on that common-place queſtion, "Whether a parent "ought to chuſe a profeſſion for his child, or "leave him to chuſe for himſelf?"

Many remarks and examples were produced on both ſides of the queſtion; and the argument hung *in equilibrio*, as is often the caſe, when all the ſpeakers are moderately well informed, and none of them are very eager to convince, or unwilling to be convinced.

At length an elderly gentleman began to give his opinion. He was a ſtranger to moſt of the company; had been ſilent, but not ſullen; of a ſteady but not voracious appetite; and one rather civil than polite.

" In my younger days," ſaid he, " nothing " would ſerve me but I muſt needs make a cam- " paign againſt the *Turks* in *Hungary*."——At mention of the *Turks* and *Hungary*, I perceived a general impatience to ſeize the company.

" I rejoice exceedingly, Sir," ſaid a young phyſician, " that fortune has placed me near " one of your character, Sir, from whom I may " be informed with preciſion, whether *lavemens* " of *ol. amygd.* did indeed prove a ſpecific in the " *Hungarian Dyſenteria*, which deſolated the " *German* army?"

" Ipecacuanha in ſmall doſes," added another gentleman of the faculty, " is an excellent *re-* " *cipe*, and was generally preſcribed at our " hoſpitals in *Weſtphalia*, with great, although " not infallible, ſucceſs: but that method was " not known in the laſt wars between the *Ot-* " *mans*, vulgarly termed *Turks*, and the *Impe-* " *rialiſts*, whom, through an error exceedingly " common, my good friend has denominated " *Germans*."

" You muſt pardon me, Doctor," ſaid a third, " ipecacuanha, in ſmall doſes, was ad- " miniſtered at the ſiege of *Limerick*, ſoon after " the Revolution; and, if you will be pleaſed " to add *ſeventy-nine*, the years of *this* century, " to *ten* or *eleven*, which carries us back to the " ſiege

" ſiege of *Limerick* in the laſt, you will find, " if I miſtake not, that this *recipe* has been " uſed for fourſcore and nine, or for ninety " years."

" Twice the years of *the longeſt preſcription*, " Doctor," cried a pert barriſter from the other end of the table, " even after making a reaſon- " able allowance for minorities."

" You mean, if *that* were neceſſary," ſaid a thoughtful aged perſon who ſat next him.

" As I was ſaying," continued the third phyſician, " ipecacuanha was adminiſtered in ſmall " doſes at the ſiege of *Limerick:* for, it is a " certain fact, that a ſurgeon in King *William*'s army communicated the receipt of that " preparation to a friend of his, and that friend " communicated it to the father, or rather, as " I incline to believe, to the grandfather, of a " friend of mine. I am peculiarly attentive to " the exactitude of my facts; for, indeed, it is " by facts alone that we can proceed to reaſon " with aſſurance. It was the *great Bacon*'s " method."

A grave perſonage in black then ſpoke:— " There is another circumſtance reſpecting the " laſt wars in *Hungary*, which, I muſt confeſs, " does exceedingly intereſt my curioſity; and " that is, Whether General *Doxat* was juſtly " condemned for yielding up a fortified city to

" the Infidels; or whether, being an innocent " man, and a *Proteſtant*, he was perſecuted unto " death by the intrigues of the Jeſuits at the " court of *Vienna?*"

" I know nothing of General *Doxy*," ſaid the ſtranger, who had hitherto liſtened attentively; " but, if he was perſecuted by the Je- " ſuits, I ſhould ſuppoſe him to have been a " very honeſt gentleman; for I never heard " any thing but ill of the people of that reli- " gion."

" You forget," ſaid the firſt phyſician, " the " *Quinquina*, that celebrated febrifuge, which " was brought into *Europe* by a father of that " order, or, as you are pleaſed to expreſs it in " a *French* idiom, of that *religion*."

" *That* of the introduction of the *Quinquina* " into *Europe* by the Jeſuits is a vulgar error," ſaid the ſecond phyſician: " the truth is, that " the ſecret was communicated by the natives " of *South America* to a humane *Spaniſh* Gover- " nor whom they loved. He told his chaplain " of it; the chaplain, a *German* Jeſuit, gave " ſome of the bark to Dr. *Helvetius*, of *Amſter-* " *dam*, father of that *Helvetius*, who, having " compoſed a book concerning *matter*, gave it " the title of *ſpirit*."

" What!" cried the third phyſician, " was " *that* Dr. *Helvetius* who cured the Queen of

" *France*

" *France* of an intermittent, the father of *Hel-*
" *vetius* the renowned philoſopher? The fact is
" exceedingly curious; and I wonder whether it
" has come to the knowledge of my correſpond-
" ent Dr. *B* ——."

" As the gentleman ſpeaks of his campaigns," ſaid an officer of the army, " he will probably be " in a condition to inform us, whether Marſhal " *Saxe* is to be credited when he tells us, in his " *Reveries*, that the *Turkiſh* horſe, after having " drawn out their fire, mowed down the Impe-" rial infantry?"

" Perhaps we ſhall have ſome account of *Pe-*
" *tronius* found at *Belgrade*," ſaid another of the company; " but I ſuſpend my enquiries until " the gentleman has finiſhed his ſtory."

" I have liſtened with great pleaſure," ſaid the ſtranger, " and, though I cannot ſay that I " underſtand all the ingenious things ſpoken, I " can ſee the truth of what I have often been " told, that the *Scots*, with all their faults, are " a learned nation.

" In my younger days, it is true, that no-" thing would ſerve me but I muſt needs make " a campaign againſt the *Turks*, or the *Hotmen* " in *Hungary*; but my father could not afford " to breed me like a gentleman, which was my " own wiſh, and ſo he bound me for ſeven years " to a ſhip chandler in *Wapping*. Juſt as my

" time was out, my maſter died, and I married " the widow. What by marriages, and what " by purchaſing damaged ſtores, I got together " a pretty capital. I then dealt in ſailors tickets, " and I *peculated*, as they call it, in divers things. " I am now well known about 'Change, aye, " and ſomewhere elſe too," ſaid he with a ſignificant nod.

" Now, Gentlemen, you will judge whether " my father did not chuſe better for me than I " ſhould have done for myſelf. Had I gone to " the wars, I might have loſt ſome of my precious " limbs, or have had my tongue cut out by the " *Turks*. But ſuppoſe that I had returned ſafe to " *Old England*, I might indeed have been able " to brag, that I was acquainted with the *laughing man* of *Hungary*, and with *Peter*, *o*— I can't " hit on his name; and I might have learned the " way of curing *Great Bacon*, and known whether a *Turkiſh* horſe mowed down *Imperial Infants*; but my pockets would have been empty " all the while, and I ſhould have been put to " hard ſhifts for a dinner. And ſo you will ſee " that my father did well in binding me apprentice to a ſhip-chandler.—Here is to his memory in a bumper of port; and ſucceſs to " *omnium*, and the *Iriſh Tong-teing!*"

I am, Sir, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

Though I early ſignified my reſolution of declining to take any public notice of communications or letters ſent me; yet there is a ſet of Correſpondents whoſe favours, lately received, I think myſelf bound to acknowledge; and this I do the more willingly, as it ſhows the fame of my predeceſſors to have extended farther than even I had been apt to imagine.

The *Spectator's Club* is well known to the literary and the faſhionable of both ſexes; but I confeſs I was not leſs ſurpriſed than pleaſed to find it familiar (much to the credit of the gentlemen who frequent ſuch places) to the very *tavern-keepers* of this city; the greateſt part of whom, not doubting that I was to follow ſo illuſtrious an example, in the inſtitution of a Convivial Society, have ſeverally applied to me, through the channel of my Editor, to beg that they may be honoured with the reception of the *Mirror Club*.

Like all other candidates for employment, none of them has been at a loſs for reaſons why his propoſal ſhould have the preference. One deſcribes his houſe as in the moſt *public*, another recommends his as in the moſt *private*, part of the town. One ſays, his tavern is reſorted to by

the politeſt company; another, that he only receives gentlemen of the moſt regular and reſpectable characters. One offers me the largeſt room of its kind; another the moſt quiet and commodious. I am particularly pleaſed with the attention of one of theſe gentlemen, who tells me, he has provided an excellent *elbow-chair* for Mr. *Umphraville*; and that he ſhall take care to have no *children* in his houſe to diſturb Mr. *Fleetwood*.

I am ſorry to keep theſe good people in ſuſpence; but I muſt inform them, for many obvious reaſons, that though my friends and I viſit them oftener perhaps than they are aware of, it may be a conſiderable time before we find it convenient to conſtitute a regular Club, or to make known, even to the maſter of the houſe which has the honour of receiving us, where we have fixed the place of our convention.

Mean time, as all of them reſt their chief pretenſions on the character of the clubs who already favour them with their countenance, and as the names of moſt of theſe clubs excite my curioſity to be acquainted with their hiſtory and conſtitution, I muſt hereby requeſt the landlords who entertain the reſpective ſocieties of the *Capillaire*, the *Whin-buſh*, the *Knights of the Cap and Feather*, the *Tabernacle*, the *Stoic*, the

the *Poker*, the *Hum-drum*, and the *Antemanum*, to tranſmit me a ſhort account of the origin and nature of theſe ſocieties;—I ſay the landlords, becauſe I do not think myſelf intitled to deſire ſuch an account from the clubs themſelves; and becauſe it is probable that the moſt material tranſactions carried on at their meetings are perfectly well known, and, indeed, may be ſaid to come through the hands of the hoſts and their deputies.

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N° 47, TUESDAY, *July* 6, 1779.

Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum.
HOR.

THAT falſe refinement and miſtaken delicacy I have formerly deſcribed in my friend Mr. *Fleetwood*, a conſtant indulgence in which has rendered all his feelings ſo acute, as to make him be diſguſted with the ordinary ſocieties of men, not only attends him when in company, or engaged in converſation, but ſometimes diſturbs thoſe pleaſures, from which a mind like his ought to receive the higheſt enjoyment. Though endowed with the moſt excellent taſte, and though his mind be fitted for reliſhing all the beauties of good compoſition; yet, ſuch is the effect of that exceſs of ſenſibility he has indulged, that he hardly ever receives pleaſure from any of theſe, which is not mixed with ſome degree of pain. In reading, though he can feel all the excellencies of the author, and enter into his ſentiments with warmth, yet he generally meets with ſomething to offend him. If a poem, he complains that, with all its merit, it is, in ſome places, turgid,

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in others languid; if a proſe compoſition, that the ſtyle is laboured or careleſs, ſtiff or familiar, and that the matter is either trite or obſcure. In his remarks, there is always ſome foundation of truth; but that exquiſite ſenſibility which leads to the too nice perception of blemiſhes, is apt to carry him away from the contemplation of the beauties of the author, and gives him a degree of uneaſineſs which is not always compenſated by the pleaſure he receives.

Very different from this turn of mind is that of *Robert Morley*, Eſq. He is a man of very conſiderable abilities. His father (poſſeſſed of a conſiderable fortune) ſent him, when a boy, to an *Engliſh* academy. He contracted, from the example of his teachers, an attachment to ancient learning; and he was led to think that he felt and reliſhed the claſſics, and underſtood the merits of their compoſition. From theſe circumſtances, he began to fancy himſelf a man of fine taſte, qualified to decide with authority upon every ſubject of polite literature. But in reality, Mr. *Morley* poſſeſſes as little taſte as any one I ever knew of his talents and learning. Endowed, by Nature, with great ſtrength of mind, and ignorant of the feebleneſs and weakneſs of human character, he is a ſtranger to all thoſe finer delicacies of feeling and perception which conſtitute the man of genuine taſte.

But, this notwithſtanding, from the perſuaſion that he is a perſon of *fine taſte*, he reads and talks, with fancied rapture, of a poem, or a poetical deſcription. All his remarks, however, diſcover that he knows nothing of what he talks about; and almoſt every opinion which he gives differs from the moſt approved upon the ſubject. Catched by that ſpirit which *Homer*'s heroes are poſſeſſed of, he agrees with the greateſt part of the world in thinking that author the firſt of all Poets; but *Virgil* he conſiders as a poet of very little merit. To him he prefers *Lucan*; but thinks there are ſome paſſages in *Statius* ſuperior to either. He ſays *Ovid* gives a better picture of love than *Tibullus*; and he prefers *Quintus Curtius*, as an hiſtorian, to *Livy*. The modern writers, particularly the *French*, he generally ſpeaks of with contempt. Amongſt the *Engliſh*, he likes the ſtyle of the *Rambler* better than that of Mr. *Addiſon*'s *Spectator*; and he prefers *Gordon* and *Macpherſon* to *Hume* and *Robertſon*. I have ſometimes heard him repeat an hundred lines at a ſtretch, from one of the moſt bombaſt of our *Engliſh* poets, and have ſeen him in apparent rapture at the high-ſounding words, and ſwell of the lines, though I am pretty certain that he could not have a diſtinct picture or idea of any one thing the poet meant. Though he has no ear, I have heard him talk with enthuſiaſm

thuſiaſm in praiſe of muſic, and lecture, with an air of ſuperiority, upon the different qualities of the greateſt maſters in the art.

Thus, while Mr. *Fleetwood* is often a prey to diſappointment, and rendered uneaſy by exceſſive refinement and ſenſibility, Mr. *Morley*, without any taſte at all, receives gratification unmixed and unalloyed.

The character of *Morley* is not more different from *Fleetwood*'s, than that of *Tom Dacres* is from both. *Tom* is a young man of ſix-and-twenty, and being owner of an eſtate of about five hundred pounds a-year, he reſides conſtantly in the country. He is not a man of parts; nor is he poſſeſſed of the leaſt degree of taſte; but *Tom* lives eaſy, contented, and happy. He is one of the greateſt talkers I ever knew; he rambles, with great volubility, from ſubject to ſubject; but he never ſays any thing that is worth being heard. He is every where the ſame; and he runs on with the like undiſtinguiſhing eaſe, whether in company with men in high or in low rank, with the knowing or the ignorant. The morning, if the weather be good, he employs in traverſing the fields, dreſſed in a ſhort coat, and an old ſlouched hat with a tarniſhed gold binding. He is expert at all exerciſes; and he paſſes much of his time in ſhooting, playing at cricket, or at nine-pins. If the weather be rainy,

rainy, he moves from the farm-yard to the ſtable, or from the ſtable to the farm-yard. He walks from one end of the parlour to the other, humming a tune, or whiſtling to himſelf; ſometimes he plays on the fiddle, or takes a hit at back-gammon. *Tom*'s ſiſters, who are very accompliſhed girls, now and then put into his hands any new book with which they are pleaſed; but he always returns it, ſays he does not ſee the uſe of reading, that the book may be good, is well pleaſed that they like it, but *that it is not a thing of his ſort*. Even in the preſence of ladies, he often indulges in jokes coarſe and indecent, which could not be heard without a bluſh from any other perſon; but from *Tom*, *for his way is known*, they are heard without offence. *Tom* is pleaſed with himſelf, and with every thing around him, and wiſhes for nothing that he is not poſſeſſed of. He ſays he is much happier than your wiſer and graver gentlemen. *Tom* will never be reſpected or admired; but he is diſliked by none, and made welcome wherever he goes.

In reflecting upon theſe characters, I have ſometimes been almoſt tempted to think, that *taſte* is an acquiſition to be avoided. I have been apt to make this concluſion, when I conſidered the many undeſcribable uneaſineſſes which Mr. *Fleetwood* is expoſed to, and the many unalloyed enjoyments of *Morley* and *Dacres*; the one without

without taſte, but believing himſelf poſſeſſed of it; the other without taſte, and without thinking that he has any. But I have always been withdrawn from every ſuch reflection, by the contemplation of the character of my much-valued friend Mr. *Sidney*.

Mr. *Sidney* is a man of the beſt underſtanding, and of the moſt correct and elegant taſte; but he is not more remarkable for thoſe qualities, than for that uncommon goodneſs and benevolence which preſides in all he ſays and does. To this it is owing that his refined taſte has never been attended with any other conſequence than to add to his own happineſs, and to that of every perſon with whom he has any connection. Mr. *Sidney* never unboſoms the ſecrets of his heart, except to a very few particular friends; but he is polite and complaiſant to all. It is not, however, that politeneſs which ariſes from a deſire to comply with the rules of the world; it is politeneſs dictated by the heart, and which, therefore, ſits always eaſy upon him. At peace with his own mind, he is pleaſed with every one about him; and he receives the moſt ſenſible gratification from the thought, that the little attentions which he beſtows upon others, contribute to their happineſs. No perſon ever knew better how to eſtimate the different pleaſures of life;

but

but none ever entered with more eaſe into the enjoyments of others, though not ſuited to his own taſte. This flows from the natural benevolence of his heart; and I know he has received more delight from taking a ſhare in the pleaſures of others, than in cultivating his own. In reading, no man has a nicer diſcernment of the faults of an author; but he always contrives to overlook them; and ſays, that he hardly ever read any book from which he did not receive ſome pleaſure or inſtruction.

Mr. *Sidney* has, in the courſe of his life, met with diſappointments and misfortunes, though few of them are known, except to his moſt particular friends. While the impreſſion of thoſe misfortunes was ſtrongeſt on his mind, his outward conduct in the world remained invariably the ſame; and thoſe few friends whom he honoured by making partners of his ſorrows know, that one great ſource of his conſolation was the conſciouſneſs that, under the preſſure of calamity, his behaviour remained unaltered, and that he was able to go through the duties of life with becoming dignity and eaſe. Inſtead of being peeviſh and diſcontented with the world, the diſappointments he has met with have only taught him to become more detached from thoſe enjoyments of life which are beyond his power, and have made him value more highly thoſe

which

which he poſſeſſes. Mr. *Sidney* has, for a long time paſt, been engaged in buſineſs of a very difficult and laborious nature; but he conducts it with equal eaſe and ſpirit. Far from the elegance and ſenſibility of his mind unfitting him for the management of thoſe tranſactions which require great firmneſs and perſeverance, I believe it is his good taſte and elegant refinement of mind, which enable him to ſupport that load of buſineſs; becauſe he knows that, when it is finiſhed, he has pleaſure in ſtore. He is married to a very amiable and beautiful woman, by whom he has four fine children. He ſays that, when he thinks it is for them, all toil is eaſy, and all labour light.

The intimate knowledge I have of Mr. *Sidney*, has taught me, that refinement and delicacy of mind, when kept within proper bounds, contribute to happineſs; and that their natural effect, inſtead of producing uneaſineſs and chagrin, is to add to the enjoyments of life. In comparing the two characters of *Fleetwood* and *Sidney*, which Nature ſeems to have caſt in the ſame mould, I have been ſtruck with the fatal conſequences to *Fleetwood*, of indulging his ſpleen at thoſe little rubs in life, which a juſter ſenſe of human imperfection would make him conſider equally unavoidable, and to be regarded with the ſame indifference, as a rainy day, a duſty road, or any

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the like trifling inconvenience. There is nothing ſo inconſiderable which may not become of importance, when made an object of ſerious attention. *Sidney* never repines like *Fleetwood*; and, as he is much more reſpected, ſo he has much more real happineſs than either *Morley* or *Dacres*. *Fleetwood*'s weakneſſes are amiable; and, though we pity, we muſt love him; but there is a complacent dignity in the character of *Sidney*, which excites at once our love, reſpect, and admiration.

A

N° 48. SATURDAY, *July* 10, 1779.

THE following paper was lately received from a Correſpondent, who accompanied it with a promiſe of carrying his idea through ſome of the other fine arts. I have ſince been endeavouring to make it a little leſs *technical*, in order to fit it more for general peruſal; but, finding I could not accompliſh this, without hurting the illuſtrations of the writer, I have given it to my readers in the terms in which I received it.

THE perceptions of different men, ariſing from the impreſſions of the ſame object, are very often different. Of theſe we always ſuppoſe one to be juſt and true; all the others to be falſe. But which is the true, and which the falſe, we are often at a loſs to determine: as the poet has ſaid,

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

With regard to our external ſenſes, this diverſity of feeling, as far as it occurs, is of little con-

conſequence; but the truth of perception, in our internal ſenſes, employed in morals and criticiſm, is more intereſting and important.

In the judgments we form concerning the beauty and excellency of the ſeveral imitative arts, this difference of feeling is very conſpicuous; and 'tis difficult to ſay why each man may not believe his own, or how a ſtandard may be eſtabliſhed, by which the truth of different judgments may be compared and tried. Whether there is, or is not, a ſtandard of taſte, I ſhall not attempt to determine; but there is a queſtion connected with that, which, properly anſwered, may have ſome effect in the deciſion: whether, in the imitative arts, a perſon exerciſed in the practice of the art, or in the frequent contemplation of its productions, be better qualified to judge of theſe, than a perſon who only feels the direct and immediate effects of it? In the words of an ancient critic, *An docti, qui rationem operis intelligunt, an qui voluptatem tantum percipiunt, optime dijudicant*; or, as I may expreſs it in *Engliſh*, Whether the artiſt or *connoiſſeur* have any advantage over other perſons of common ſenſe or common feeling?

This queſtion ſhall be conſidered at preſent with regard to one art only, to wit, that of *painting*; but ſome of the principles which I ſhall

ſhall endeavour to illuſtrate, will have a general tendency to eſtabliſh a deciſion in all. In the *firſt* place, it is proper to mention the chief ſources of the pleaſure we receive in viewing pictures. One ariſes from the perception of imitation, however produced; a ſecond from the art diſplayed in producing ſuch imitation; and a third, from the beauty, grace, agreeableneſs, and propriety of the object imitated. Theſe may all occur in the imitation of one ſingle object; but a much higher pleaſure ariſes from ſeveral objects combined together in ſuch a manner, that, while each of them ſingly affords the ſeveral ſources of pleaſure already mentioned, they all unite in producing one effect, one particular emotion in the ſpectator, and an impreſſion much ſtronger than could have been raiſed by one object alone.

Theſe ſeem to be the chief ſources of the pleaſure we receive from pictures; and, with regard to the true and accurate perceptions of each, let us conſider who is moſt likely to form them, the painter and *connoiſſeur*, or the unexperienced ſpectator.

In viewing imitation, we are more or leſs pleaſed according to the degree of exactneſs with which the object is expreſſed; and, ſuppoſing the

the object to be a common one, it might be imagined, that every perſon would be equally a judge of the exactneſs of the imitation; but, in truth, it is otherwiſe. Our recollection of an object does not depend upon any ſecret remembrance of the ſeveral parts of which it conſiſts, of the exact poſition of theſe, or of the dimenſions of the whole. A very inaccurate reſemblance ſerves the purpoſe of memory, and will often paſs with us for a true repreſentation, even of the ſubjects that we fancy ourſelves very well acquainted with.

The ſelf-applauſe of *Zeuxis* was not well founded, when he valued himſelf on having painted grapes, that ſo far deceived the birds as to bring them to peck at his picture. Birds are no judges of an accurate reſemblance, when they often miſtake a ſcare-crow for a man. Nor had *Parrhaſius* much reaſon to boaſt of his deceiving even *Zeuxis*, who, viewing it haſtily, and from a diſtance, miſtook the picture of a linen cloth for a real one. It always requires ſtudy to perceive the exactneſs of imitation; and moſt perſons may find, by daily experience, that, when they would examine the accuracy of any repreſentation, they can hardly do it properly, but by bringing together the picture and its archetype, ſo that they may quickly

quickly paſs from the one to the other, and thereby compare the form, ſize, and proportions of all the different parts. Without ſuch ſtudy of objects as the painter employs to imitate them, or the *connoiſſeur* employs in comparing them with their imitations, there is no perſon can be a judge of the exactneſs of the repreſentation. The painters, therefore, or the *connoiſſeurs*, are the perſons who will beſt perceive the truth of imitation, and beſt judge of its merit. It is true, ſome perſons may be acquainted with certain objects, even better than the painters themſelves, as the ſhoemaker was with the ſhoe in the picture of *Apelles*; but moſt perſons, like the ſame ſhoemaker, are unfit to extend their judgment beyond their *laſt*; and muſt, in other parts, yield to the more general knowledge of the painter.

As we are, in the firſt place, pleaſed with viewing imitation; ſo we are, in the ſecond place, with conſidering the art by which the imitation is performed. The pleaſure we derive from this, is in proportion to the difficulty we apprehend in the execution, and the degree of genius neceſſary to the performance of it. But this difficulty, and the degree of genius exerted in ſurmounting it, can only be well known to the perſons exerciſed in the practice of the art.

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When a perſon has acquired an exact idea of an object, there is ſtill a great difficulty in expreſſing that correctedly upon his canvas. With regard to objects of a ſteady figure, they may perhaps be imitated by an ordinary artiſt; but tranſient objects, of a momentary appearance, require ſtill a nicer hand. To catch the more delicate expreſſions of the human ſoul, requires an art of which few are poſſeſſed, and none can ſufficiently admire but thoſe who have themſelves attempted it. Theſe are the difficulties of painting, in forming even a correct outline; and the painter has yet more to ſtruggle with. To repreſent a ſolid upon a plain ſurface, by the poſition and ſize of the ſeveral parts; to be exact in the perſpective; by theſe, and by the diſtribution of light and ſhade, to make every figure ſtand out from the canvas; and, laſtly, by natural and glowing colours to animate and give life to the whole: Theſe are parts of the painter's art, from which chiefly the pleaſure of the ſpectator, ariſing from his conſciouſneſs of the imitation, is derived, but, at the ſame time, ſuch as the uninformed ſpectator has but an imperfect notion of, and, therefore, muſt feel an inferior degree of pleaſure in contemplating.

The next ſource of the pleaſures derived from painting, above taken notice of, is that ariſing

ariſing from the beauty, the grace, the elegance of the objects imitated. When a painter is happy enough to make ſuch a choice, he does it by a conſtitutional taſte that may be common to all. *Raphael* could not learn it from his maſter *Pietro Perugino*; *Rubens*, though converſant with the beſt models of antiquity, could never acquire it. In judging, therefore, of this part of painting, the artiſt has ſcarcely any advantage above the common ſpectator. But it is to be obſerved, that a perſon of the fineſt natural taſte cannot become ſuddenly an *elegans formarum ſpectator*, an expreſſion which it is ſcarce poſſible to tranſlate. It is only by compariſon that we arrive at the knowledge of what is moſt perfect in its kind. The *Madonas* of *Carlo Maratt* appear exquiſitely beautiful; and it is only when we ſee thoſe of *Raphael* that we diſcern their imperfections. A perſon may even be ſenſible of the imperfections of forms; but, at the ſame time, may find it impoſſible to conceive, with preciſion, an idea of the moſt perfect. Thus *Raphael* could not form an idea of the Divine Majeſty, till he ſaw it ſo forcibly expreſſed in the paintings of *Michael Angelo*. As our judgment, therefore, of beauty, grace, and elegance, though founded in perception, becomes accurate only by compariſon and experience, ſo the painter, exerciſed in the con-

templation of forms, is likely to be a better judge of beauty than any perſon leſs experienced.

The laſt and moſt conſiderable pleaſure received from painting, is that ariſing from *compoſition*. This is properly diſtinguiſhed into two kinds, the pictureſque and the poetical. To the firſt belongs the diſtribution of the ſeveral figures, ſo that they may all be united and conſpire in one ſingle effect; while each is ſo placed, as to preſent itſelf in proportion to its importance in the action repreſented. To this alſo belongs the diverſifying and contraſting the attitudes of different figures, as well as the ſeveral members of each. Above all, the pictureſque compoſition has belonging to it the diſtribution of light and ſhade, while every ſingle figure has its proper ſhare of each. One maſs of light, and its proportionable ſhade, ſhould unite the whole piece, and make every part of it conſpire in one ſingle effect. To this alſo belongs the harmony, as well as the contraſt, of colours. Now, in all this *ordonnance pittureſque*, there appears an exquiſite art, only to be acquired by cuſtom and habit; and of the merit of the execution, no perſon can be a judge but one who has been in ſome meaſure in the practice of it. It is enough to ſay, that hardly any body will

doubt, that *Paulo Veroneſe* was a better judge of the diſpoſition of figures than *Michael Angelo*; and that *Caravaggio* was a better judge of the diſtribution of light and ſhade than *Raphael*; ſo, in ſome meaſure, every painter, in proportion to his knowledge, muſt be a better judge of the merit of pictureſque compoſition, than any perſon who judges from the effects only.

With regard to poetical compoſition, it comprehends the choice of the action to be repreſented, and of the point of time at which the perſons are to be introduced, the invention of circumſtances to be employed, the expreſſion to be given to every actor; and, *laſtly*, the obſervance of the *coſtume*, that is, giving to each perſon an air ſuitable to his rank, repreſenting the complexion and features that expreſs his temperament, his age, and the climate of his country, and dreſſing him in the habit of the time in which he lived, and of the nation to which he belongs.

From this enumeration of the ſeveral conſiderations that employ the hiſtory-painter, it will immediately appear, why this department of painting is called poetical compoſition; for here, in truth, it is the imagination of a poet that employs the hand of a painter. This imagination is nowiſe neceſſarily connected

with the imitative hand. *Lucas* of *Leyden* painted more correctly, that is, imitated more exactly, than *Salvator Roſa*; but the former did not chuſe ſubjects of ſo much grace and dignity, nor compoſed with ſo much force and ſpirit, becauſe he was not a poet like the latter. *Salvator Roſa* has given us elegant verſes full of pictureſque deſcription; and, in every one of his pictures, he ſtrikes us by thoſe circumſtances which his poetical imagination had ſuggeſted. Now it is plain, that a poetical imagination muſt be derived from nature, and can ariſe neither from the practice of painting, nor even from the ſtudy of pictures. The painter, therefore, and even the *connoiſſeur*, in judging of the merit of poetical compoſition, can have little advantage above other ſpectators; but even here it muſt be allowed, that, if the painter has an equal degree of taſte, he muſt, from the more frequent exerciſe of it, have great advantages in judging above any other perſon leſs experienced.

I have thus endeavoured to ſhew, that, in judging of painting, the painter himſelf, and even the *connoiſſeur*, much engaged and exerciſed in the ſtudy of pictures, that is, *illi qui rationem operis intelligunt*, have advantages above the common ſpectators, *qui voluptatem*

tantum percipiunt. But, as a caution to the former, it may not be improper to conclude with obſerving, that the painter and *connoiſſeur* are often in danger of having their ſenſibility deadened, or their natural taſte corrupted, by a knowledge of the technical *minutiæ* of the art, ſo far as to throw the balance towards the ſide of the common ſpectator.

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N° 49. TUESDAY, *July* 13, 1779.

AS I walked one evening, about a fortnight ago, through St. *Andrew's Square*, I obſerved a girl, meanly dreſſed, coming along the pavement at a ſlow pace. When I paſſed her, ſhe turned a little towards me, and made a ſort of halt; but ſaid nothing. I am ill at looking any body full in the face; ſo I went on a few ſteps before I turned my eye to obſerve her. She had, by this time, reſumed her former pace. I remarked a certain elegance in her form which the poorneſs of her garb could not altogether overcome: Her perſon was thin and genteel, and there was ſomething not ungraceful in the ſtoop of her head, and the ſeeming feebleneſs with which ſhe walked. I could not reſiſt the deſire, which her appearance gave me, of knowing ſomewhat of her ſituation and circumſtances: I therefore walked back, and repaſſed her with ſuch a look (for I could bring myſelf to nothing more) as might induce her to ſpeak what ſhe ſeemed deſirous to ſay at firſt. This had the effect I wiſhed.—"Pity a poor "orphan!" ſaid ſhe, in a voice tremulous and weak. I ſtopped, and put my hand in my pocket: I had now a better opportunity of obſerving

ſerving her. Her face was thin and pale; part of it was ſhaded by her hair, of a light brown colour, which was parted, in a diſordered manner, at her forehead, and hung looſe upon her ſhoulders; round them was caſt a piece of tattered cloak, which with one hand ſhe held acroſs her boſom, while the other was half-outſtretched to receive the bounty I intended for her. Her large blue eyes were caſt on the ground: ſhe was drawing back her hand as I put a trifle into it; on receiving which ſhe turned them up to me, muttered ſomething which I could not hear, and then, letting go her cloak, and preſſing her hands together burſt into tears.

It was not the action of an ordinary beggar, and my curioſity was ſtrongly excited by it. I deſired her to follow me to the houſe of a friend hard by, whoſe beneficence I have often had occaſion to know. When ſhe arrived there, ſhe was ſo fatigued and worn out, that it was not till after ſome means uſed to reſtore her, that ſhe was able to give us an account of her misfortunes.

Her name, ſhe told us, was *Collins*; the place of her birth one of the northern counties of *England*. Her father, who had died ſeveral years ago, left her remaining parent with the charge of her, then a child, and one brother, a lad of

ſeventeen. By his induſtry, however, joined to that of her mother, they were tolerably ſupported, their father having died poſſeſſed of a ſmall farm, with the right of paſturage on an adjoining common, from which they obtained a decent livelihood: That, laſt ſummer, her brother having become acquainted with a recruiting ſerjeant, who was quartered in a neighbouring village, was by him enticed to enliſt as a ſoldier, and ſoon after was marched off, along with ſome other recruits, to join his regiment: That this, ſhe believed, broke her mother's heart, for that ſhe had never afterwards had a day's health, and, at length, had died about three weeks ago: That, immediately after her death, the ſteward employed by the 'ſquire of whom their farm was held, took poſſeſſion of every thing for the arrears of their rent: That, as ſhe had heard her brother's regiment was in *Scotland* when he enliſted, ſhe had wandered hither in queſt of him, as ſhe had no other relation in the world to own her! But ſhe found, on arriving here, that the regiment had been embarked ſeveral months before, and was gone a great way off, ſhe could not tell whither.

"This news," ſaid ſhe, "laid hold of my "heart; and I have had ſomething wrong here," putting her hand to her boſom, "ever ſince. I "got a bed and ſome victuals in the houſe of "a wo-

"a woman here in town, to whom I told my "ſtory, and who ſeemed to pity me. I had "then a little bundle of things, which I had "been allowed to take with me after my mo-"ther's death; but the night before laſt, ſome-"body ſtole it from me while I ſlept; and ſo "the woman ſaid ſhe would keep me no longer, "and turned me out into the ſtreet, where I "have ſince remained, and am almoſt famiſhed "for want!"

She was now in better hands; but our aſ-ſiſtance had come too late. A frame, naturally delicate, had yielded to the fatigues of her jour-ney, and the hardſhips of her ſituation. She declined by ſlow but uninterrupted degrees, and yeſterday breathed her laſt. A ſhort while be-fore ſhe expired, ſhe aſked to ſee me; and taking from her boſom a little ſilver *locket*, which ſhe told me had been her mother's, and which all her diſtreſſes could not make her part with, beg-ged I would keep it for her dear brother, and give it him, if ever he ſhould return home, as a token of her remembrance.

I felt this poor girl's fate ſtrongly; but I tell not her ſtory merely to indulge my feelings; I would make the reflections it may excite in my readers, uſeful to others who may ſuffer from ſimilar cauſes. There are many, I fear, from whom their country has called brothers, ſons,

or fathers, to bleed in her ſervice, forlorn, like poor *Nancy Collins*, with "no relation in the "world to own them." Their ſufferings are often unknown, when they are ſuch as moſt demand compaſſion. The mind that cannot obtrude its diſtreſſes on the ear of pity, is formed to feel their poignancy the deepeſt.

In our idea of military operations, we are too apt to forget the misfortunes of the *people*. In defeat, we think of the fall, and in victory, of the glory of *Commanders*; we ſeldom allow ourſelves to conſider how many, in a lower rank, both events make wretched. How many, amidſt the acclamations of national triumph, are left to the helpleſs miſery of the widowed and the orphan, and, while victory celebrates her feſtival, feel, in their diſtant hovels, the extremities of want and wretchedneſs!

It was with pleaſure I ſaw, among the reſolutions of a late patriotic aſſembly in this city, an agreement to aſſiſt the poor families of our abſent ſoldiers and ſeamen. With no leſs ſatisfaction I read in ſome late newſpapers, a benevolent advertiſement for a meeting of gentlemen, to conſider of a ſubſcription for the ſame purpoſe. At this ſeaſon of general and laudable exertion, I am perſuaded ſuch a ſcheme cannot fail of patronage and ſucceſs. The benevolence of this country requires not argument to awaken

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it; yet the pleaſures of its exertion muſt be increaſed by the thought, that pity to ſuch objects is patriotiſm; that, here, private compaſſion becomes public virtue. Bounties for the encouragement of recruits to our fleets and armies, are highly meritorious donations. Theſe, however, may ſometimes bribe the covetous, and allure the needy; but that charity which gives ſupport and protection to the families they leave behind, addreſſes more generous feelings; feelings which have always been held congenial to bravery and to heroiſm. It endears to them that home which their ſwords are to defend, and ſtrengthens thoſe ties which ſhould ever bind the ſoldier of a free ſtate to his country.

Nor will ſuch a proviſion be of leſs advantage to poſterity than to the preſent times. It will ſave to the ſtate many uſeful ſubjects which thoſe families thus ſupported may produce, whoſe lives have formerly been often nurtured by penury to vice, and rendered not only uſeleſs, but baneful to the community; that community which, under a more kindly influence, they might, like their fathers, have enriched by their induſtry, and protected by their valour.

N° 50. SATURDAY, *July* 17, 1779.

THOUGH the following letter has been pretty much anticipated by a former paper, yet it poſſeſſes too much merit to be refuſed inſertion.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

ACtivity is one of thoſe virtues indiſpenſably requiſite for the happineſs and welfare of mankind, which nature appears to have diſtributed to them with a parſimonious hand. All men ſeem naturally averſe, not only to thoſe exertions that ſharpen and improve the mental powers, but even to ſuch as are neceſſary for maintaining the health, or ſtrengthening the organs of the body. Whatever induſtry and enterprize the ſpecies have at any time diſplayed, originated in the boſom of pain, of want, or of neceſſity; or, in the abſence of theſe cauſes, from the experience of that liſtleſſneſs and languor which attend a ſtate of total inaction. But with how great a number does this experience lead to no higher object than the

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care of external appearances, or to the proſtitution of their time in trivial purſuits, or in licentious pleaſures? The ſureſt, the moſt permanent remedy, and, in the end too, the moſt delightful, which is to be found in unremitted ſtudy, or in the labours of a profeſſion, is, unhappily, the laſt we recur to. Of all who have riſen to eminence in the paths of literature or ambition, how few are there, who at firſt enjoyed the means of pleaſure, or the liberty of being idle? and how many could every one enumerate, within the circle of his acquaintance, poſſeſſed of excellent abilities, and even anxious for reputation, whom the fatal inheritance of a bare competency has doomed to obſcurity through life, and quiet oblivion when dead?

Let no man confide entirely in his reſolutions of activity, in his love of fame, or in his taſte for literature. All theſe principles, even where they are ſtrongeſt, unleſs ſupported by habits of induſtry, and rouſed by the immediate preſence of ſome great object to which their exertion leads, gradually loſe, and at laſt reſign their influence. The ſmalleſt particle of natural indolence, like the principle of gravitation in matter, unleſs counterbalanced by continual impulſe from ſome active cauſe, will inſenſibly lower, and at laſt overcome, the flight

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of the ſublimeſt genius. In computing it, we ought to recollect, that it is a cauſe for ever preſent with us, in all moods, in every diſpoſition; and that, from the weakneſs of our nature, we are willing, at any rate, to relinquiſh diſtant proſpects of happineſs and advantage, for a much ſmaller portion of preſent indulgence.

I have been led into theſe reflections by a viſit which I lately paid to my friend *Mordaunt*, in whom they are, unhappily, too well exemplified. I have known him from his infancy, and always admired the extent of his genius, as much as I reſpected the integrity of his principles, or loved him for the warmth and benevolence of his heart. But, ſince the time when he began to contemplate his own character, he has often confeſſed to me, and feelingly complained, that nature had infuſed into it a large portion of indolence, an inclination to deſpondency, and a delicacy of feeling, which diſqualified him for the drudgery of buſineſs, or the buſtle of public life. Frequently, in theſe tedious hours, when his melancholy claimed the attendance and ſupport of a friend, have I ſeen a conſcious bluſh of ſhame and ſelf-reproach mingle with the ſecret ſigh, extorted from him by the ſenſe of this defect. His ſituation, however, as ſecond ſon of a family, which, though old and honourable, poſ-

ſeſſed but a ſmall fortune, and no intereſt, abſolutely required that he ſhould adopt a profeſſion. The law was his choice; and, ſuch is the power of habit and neceſſity, that, after four years ſpent in the ſtudy of that ſcience, though at firſt it had impaired his health, and even ſoured his temper, he was more ſanguine in his expectation of ſucceſs, and enjoyed a more conſtant flow of ſpirits, than I had ever known him to do at any former period. The law, unfortunately, ſeldom beſtows its honours or emoluments upon the young; and my friend, too reſerved, or too indifferent, to court a ſet of men on whoſe good-will the attainment of practice, in ſome degree, depends, found himſelf, at the end of two years cloſe attendance at the bar, though high in the eſteem of all that knew him well, as poor, and as diſtant from preferment, as when he firſt engaged in it. All my aſſurances, that better days would ſoon ſhine upon him, and that his preſent ſituation had, at firſt, been the lot of many now raiſed to fame and diſtinction, were inſufficient to ſupport him. A deep gloom ſettled on his ſpirits, and he had already reſolved to relinquiſh this line of life, though he knew not what other to enter upon, when the death of a diſtant relation unexpectedly put him in poſſeſſion of an eſtate, which, though of ſmall extent, was opulence to one that

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wiſhed for nothing more than independence, and the diſpoſal of his own time.

After many uſeleſs remonſtrances upon my part, he ſet out for his manſion in the country, with his mother, and a nephew of eight years old, reſolved, as he ſaid, to engage immediately in ſome work to be laid before the public; and having previouſly given me his word that he would annually dedicate a portion of his time to the ſociety of his friends in town. In the courſe of eighteen months, however, I did not ſee him; and finding that his letters, which had at firſt been full of his happineſs, his occupations, and the progreſs of his work, were daily becoming ſhorter, and ſomewhat myſterious on the two laſt of theſe points, I reſolved to ſatisfy myſelf by my own remarks with regard to his ſituation.

I arrived in the evening, and was ſhown into the parlour; where the firſt objects that caught my attention were a fiſhing-rod, and two fowling-pieces, in a corner of the room, and a brace of pointers ſtretched upon the hearth. On a table lay a German flute, ſome muſic, a pair of ſhuttle-cocks, and a volume of the *Annual Regiſter*. Looking from the window, I diſcovered my friend in his waiſtcoat, with a ſpade in his hand, moſt diligently cultivating a ſpot of ground in the kitchen-garden. Our mutual

joy,

joy, and congratulations at meeting, it is needleſs to trouble you with. In point of figure I could not help remarking, that *Mordaunt*, though moſt negligently apparelled, was altered much for the better, being now plump, roſy, and robuſt, inſtead of pale and ſlender as formerly. Before returning to the houſe, he inſiſted that I ſhould ſurvey his *grounds*, which, in his own opinion, he ſaid, he had rendered a paradiſe, by modeſtly ſeconding and bringing forth the intentions of nature. I was conducted to a young grove, which he had planted himſelf, reſted in a hut which he had built, and drank from a rivulet for which he had tracked a channel with his own hands. During the courſe of this walk, we were attended by a flock of tame pigeons, which he fed with grain from his pocket, and had much converſation with a ragged family of little boys and girls, all of whom ſeemed to be his intimate acquaintance. Near a village in our way homewards, we met a ſet of country-men engaged at cricket, and ſoon after a mar-riage company, dancing the bride's dance upon the green. My friend, with a degree of gaiety and alacrity which I had never before ſeen him diſplay, not only engaged himſelf, but compel-led me likewiſe to engage, in the exerciſe of the one, and the merriment of the other. In a field before his door, an old horſe, blind of one eye,

eye, came up to us at his call, and eat the remainder of the grain from his hand.

Our converſation for that evening, relating chiefly to the ſituation of our common friends, the memory of former ſcenes in which we had both been engaged, and other ſuch ſubjects as friends naturally converſe about after a long abſence, afforded me little opportunity of ſatisfying my curioſity. Next morning I aroſe at my wonted early hour, and ſtepping into his ſtudy, found it unoccupied. Upon examining a heap of books and papers that lay confuſedly mingled on the table and the floor, I was ſurpriſed to find, that by much the greater part of them, inſtead of politics, metaphyſics, and morals (the ſciences connected with his ſcheme of writing), treated of *Belles Lettres*, or were calculated merely for amuſement. The *Tale of a Tub* lay open on the table, and ſeemed to have concluded the ſtudies of the day before. The letters of *Junius*, *Brydon*'s Travels, the *World*, *Triſtram Shandy*, and two or three volumes of the *Britiſh Poets*, much uſed, and very dirty, lay ſcatter'd above a heap of quarto's, which, after blowing the duſt from them, I found to be an *Eſſay on the Wealth of Nations*, *Helvetius de l'Eſprit*, *Hume's Eſſays*, *the Spirit of Laws*, *Bayle*, and a commonplace-book. The laſt contained a great deal of paper, and an excellent arrangement,

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under the heads of which, excepting thoſe of anecdote and criticiſm, hardly any thing was collected. The papers in his own hand-writing were, a parallel between Mr. *Gray's Elegy*, and *Parnell's Night-piece on Death*; ſome detached thoughts on propriety of conduct and behaviour; a Fairy Tale in verſe; and ſeveral letters to the Author of the MIRROR, all of them blotted and unfiniſhed. There was beſides a journal of his occupations for ſeveral weeks, from which, as it affords a picture of his ſituation, I tranſcribe a part.

Thurſday, eleven at night, went to bed: ordered my ſervant to wake me at ſix, reſolving to be buſy all next day.

Friday morning: Waked a quarter before ſix; fell aſleep again, and did not wake till eight.

Till nine, read the firſt act of Voltaire's Mahomet, *as it was too late to begin ſerious buſineſs.*

Ten: Having ſwallowed a ſhort breakfaſt, went out for a moment in my ſlippers—The wind having left the eaſt, am engaged, by the beauty of the day, to continue my walk—Find a ſituation by the river, where the ſound of my flute produced a very ſingular and beautiful echo—make a ſtanza and a half by way of addreſs to it—viſit the ſhepherd lying ill of a low fever—find him ſomewhat better (Mem. to to ſend him ſome wine)—meet the parſon: and cannot avoid aſking him to dinner—returning

home

home, find my reapers at work—ſuperintend them in the abſence of John, *whom I ſend to inform the houſe of the parſon's viſit—read, in the mean time, part of* Thomſon's Seaſons, *which I had with me—From one to ſix, plagued with the parſon's news and ſtories—take up* Mahomet *to put me in good humour—finiſh it, the time allotted for ſerious ſtudy being elapſed—at eight, applied to for advice by a poor countryman, who had been oppreſſed—cannot ſay as to the law: give him ſome money—walk out at ſun-ſet, to conſider the cauſes of the pleaſure ariſing from it—at nine, ſup, and ſit till eleven, hearing my nephew read, and converſing with my mother, who was remarkably well and cheerful—go to bed.*

Saturday: Some company arrived—to be filled up to-morrow—(for that, and the two ſucceeding days, there was no further entry in the journal). *Tueſday, waked at ſeven; but the weather being rainy, and threatening to confine me all day, lay till after nine—Ten, breakfaſted and read the newspapers—very dull and drowſy—Eleven, day clears up, and I reſolve on a ſhort ride to clear my head.*

A few days reſidence with him ſhowed me that his life was in reality, as it is here repreſented, a medley of feeble exertions, indolent pleaſures, ſecret benevolence, and broken reſolutions. Nor did he pretend to conceal from me, that his activity was not now ſo conſtant

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as it had been; but he inſiſted that he ſtill could, when he thought proper, apply with his former vigour, and flattered himſelf, that theſe frequent deviations from his plan of employment, which, in reality, were the fruit of indolence and weakneſs, aroſe from reaſon and conviction. *After all*, ſaid he to me one day, when I was endeavouring to undeceive him, *after all, granting what you allege, if I be happy, and I really am ſo, what more could activity, fame, or preferment, beſtow upon me?* — After a ſtay of ſome weeks, I departed, convinced that his malady was paſt a cure, and lamenting, that ſo much real excellence and ability ſhould be thus, in a great meaſure, loſt to the world, as well as to their poſſeſſor, by the attendance of a ſingle fault.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

N° 51. TUESDAY, *July* 20, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Mr. MIRROR,

I AM the daughter of a gentleman of eaſy, though moderate fortune. My mother died a few weeks after I was born; and, before I could be ſenſible of the loſs, a ſiſter of her's, the widow of an *Engliſh* gentleman, carried me to *London*, where ſhe reſided. As my aunt had no children, I became the chief object of her affections; and her favourite amuſement conſiſted in ſuperintending my education. As I grew up, I was attended by the beſt maſters; and every new accompliſhment I acquired, gave freſh pleaſure to my kind benefactreſs. But her own converſation tended more than any thing elſe to form and to improve my mind. Well acquainted herſelf with the beſt authors in the *Engliſh*, *French*, and *Italian* languages, ſhe was careful to put into my hands ſuch books as were beſt calculated to cultivate my underſtanding, and to regulate my taſte.

But, though fond of reading and retirement, my aunt thought it her duty to mingle in ſociety;

ciety, as much as her rank and condition required. Her houſe was frequented by many perſons of both ſexes, diſtinguiſhed for elegance of manners, and politeneſs of converſation. Her tenderneſs made her deſirous to find out companions for me of my own age; and, far from being diſſatisfied with our youthful ſallies, ſhe ſeemed never better pleaſed than when ſhe could add to our amuſement and happineſs.

In this manner I had paſſed my time, and had entered my ſeventeenth year, when my aunt was ſeized with an indiſpoſition, which alarmed me much, although her phyſicians aſſured me it was by no means dangerous. My fears increaſed, on obſerving, that ſhe herſelf thought it ſerious. Her tenderneſs ſeemed, if poſſible, to increaſe; and, though ſhe was deſirous to conceal her apprehenſions, I have ſometimes, when ſhe imagined I did not obſerve it, found her eyes fixed on me with a mixture of ſolicitude and compaſſion that never failed to overpower me.

One day ſhe called me into her cloſet, and, after embracing me tenderly, "My dear *Harriet*," ſaid ſhe, "it is vain to diſſemble longer: "I feel my ſtrength decay ſo faſt, that I know "we ſoon muſt part. As to myſelf, the ap"proach of death gives me little uneaſineſs; "and I thank Almighty God that I can look "forward to that awful change, without dread,

"and

" and without anxiety. But when I think, " my child, of the condition in which I ſhall " leave you, my heart ſwells with anguiſh!— " You know my ſituation; poſſeſſed of no for- " tune, the little I have ſaved from my join- " ture, will be altogether inadequate to ſupport " you in that ſociety in which you have hither- " to lived. When I look back on my conduct " towards you, I am not ſure that it has been " altogether prudent. I thought it impoſſible " to beſtow too much on your education, or " to render you too accompliſhed. I fondly " hoped to live to ſee you happily eſtabliſhed in " life, united to a man who could diſcern your " merit, who could put a juſt value on all " your acquirements. Theſe hopes are at an " end; all, however, that can now be done, " I have done.——Here are two papers; by " the one you will ſucceed to the little I ſhall " leave; the other is a letter to your father, in " which I have recommended you in the moſt " earneſt manner to his protection, and in- " treated him to come to town as ſoon as he " hears of my death, and conduct you to *Scot-* " *land*. He is a man of virtue; and I hope " you will live happily in his family. One " only fear I have, and that proceeds from the " extreme ſenſibility of your mind, and gen- " tleneſs of your diſpoſition; little formed by

" nature

" nature to ſtruggle with the hardſhips and the " difficulties of life, perhaps the engaging ſoft- " neſs of your temper has rather been increaſed " by the education you have received. I truſt, " however, that your good ſenſe will prevent " you from being hurt by any little croſs un- " toward accidents you may meet with, and that " it will enable you to make the moſt of that " ſituation in which it may be the will of Heaven " to place you."

To all this I could only anſwer with my tears; and, during the ſhort time that my aunt ſurvived, ſhe engroſſed my attention ſo entirely, that I never once beſtowed a thought on myſelf. As ſoon after her death as I could command myſelf ſufficiently, I wrote to my father; and, agreeably to my aunt's inſtructions, incloſed her letter for him; in conſequence of which he came to town in a few weeks. Meeting with a father, to whoſe perſon I was a perfect ſtranger, and on whom I was ever after entirely to depend, was to me a moſt intereſting event. My aunt had taught me to entertain for him the higheſt reverence and reſpect; but, though I had been in uſe to write, from time to time, both to him, and to a lady he had married not long after my mother's death, I had never been able to draw either the one or the other into any thing like a regular correſpondence; ſo

that I was equally a ſtranger to their ſentiments and diſpoſitions as to their perſons.

On my father's arrival, I could not help feeling, that he did not return my fond careſſes with that warmth with which I had made my account; and, afterwards, it was impoſſible not to remark, that he was altogether deficient in thoſe common attentions which, in polite ſociety, every woman is accuſtomed to receive, even from thoſe with whom ſhe is moſt nearly connected. My aunt had made it a rule to conſider her domeſtics as humble friends, and to treat them as ſuch; but my father addreſſed them with a roughneſs of voice and of manner that diſguſted them, and was extremely unpleaſant to me. I was ſtill more hurt with his minute and anxious enquiries about the fortune my aunt had died poſſeſſed of; and, when he found how inconſiderable it was, he ſwore a great oath, that, if he had thought ſhe was to breed me a fine lady, and leave me a beggar, I never ſhould have entered her houſe. "But "don't cry, *Harriet*," added he, "it was not "your fault; be a good girl, and you ſhall ne-"ver want while I have."

On our journey to *Scotland*, I ſometimes attempted to amuſe my father by engaging him in converſation; but I never was lucky enough to hit on any ſubject on which he wiſhed to talk.

talk. After a journey, which many circumſtances concurred to render rather unpleaſant, we arrived at my father's houſe. I had been told, that it was ſituated in a remote part of *Scotland*; and thence I concluded the ſcene around it to be of that wild romantic kind, of all others the beſt ſuited to my inclination. But inſtead of the rocks, the woods, the water-falls I had fancied to myſelf, I found an open, bleak, barren moor, covered with heath, except a few patches round the houſe, which my father, by his ſkill in agriculture, had brought to bear graſs and corn.

My mother-in-law, a good-looking woman, about forty, with a countenance that beſpoke frankneſs and good humour, rather than ſenſibility or delicacy, received me with much kindneſs; and, after giving me an hearty welcome to ——, preſented me to her two daughters, girls about fourteen or fifteen, with ruddy complexions, and every appearance of health and contentment. We found with them a Mr. *Plowſhare*, a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, who I afterwards learned farmed his own eſtate, and was conſidered by my father as the moſt reſpectable man in the county. They immediately got into a diſſertation on farming, and the different modes of agriculture practiſed in the different parts of the country, which con-

tinued almoſt without interruption till ſome time after dinner, when my father fell faſt aſleep. But this made no material alteration in the diſcourſe; for Mr. *Plowſhare* and the ladies then entered into a diſcuſſion of the moſt approved methods of feeding poultry and fattening pigs, which laſted till the evening was pretty far advanced. It is now ſome months ſince I arrived at my father's, during all which time I have ſcarcely ever heard any other converſation. You may eaſily conceive, Sir, the figure I make on ſuch occaſions. Though the good-nature of my mother-in-law prevents her from ſaying ſo, I can plainly perceive that ſhe, as well as my ſiſters, conſider me as one who has been extremely ill educated, and as ignorant of every thing that a young woman ought to know.

When I came to the country, I propoſed to paſs great part of my time in my favourite amuſement of reading; but, on enquiry, I found that my father's library conſiſted of a large family Bible, *Dickſon's Agriculture*, and a treatiſe on *Farriery*; and that the only books my mother was poſſeſſed of were, the *Domeſtic Medicine*, and the *Complete Houſewife*.

In ſhort, Sir, in the midſt of a family happy in themſelves, and deſirous to make me ſo, I find myſelf wretched. My mind preys upon itſelf. When I look forward, I can diſcover

no

no proſpect of any period to my ſorrows. At times I am diſpoſed to envy the happineſs of my ſiſters, and to wiſh that I had never acquired thoſe accompliſhments from which I formerly received ſo much pleaſure. Is it vanity that checks this wiſh, and leads me, at other times, to think, that even happineſs may be purchaſed at too dear a rate?

Some time ago I accidentally met with your paper, and at length reſolved to deſcribe my ſituation to you, partly to fill up one of my tedious hours, and partly in hopes of being favoured with your ſentiments on a ſpecies of diſtreſs, which is perhaps more poignant than many other kinds of affliction that figure more in the eyes of mankind.

I am, &c.

H. D.

N° 52. SATURDAY, *July* 24, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Dulce et decorum eſt pro patria mori. HOR.

SIR,

IT has always been a favourite opinion with me, "that whoever could make two ears "of corn, or two blades of graſs, grow upon "a ſpot of ground where only one grew before, "would deſerve better of mankind, and do "more eſſential ſervice to his country, than "the whole race of politicians put together." Poſſeſſed with this idea, I have long bent my thoughts and ſtudy towards thoſe enquiries which conduce to the melioration of the earth's productions, and to encreaſe the fertility of my native country. I ſhall not at preſent tire you with an account of the various projects I have deviſed, the ſundry experiments I have made, and the many miſcarriages I have met with. Suffice it to ſay, that I have now in my brain a ſcheme, the ſucceſs of which, I am confident, can ſcarcely fail. The frequent diſappointments, however, I have formerly experienced, induce me to conſult you about my plan, before I take

I take any farther ſteps towards carrying it into execution. You are an author, Sir, and muſt conſequently be a man of learning: you informed us you had travelled, and you muſt of courſe be a much wiſer man than I, who never was an hundred miles from the place where I now write: for theſe reaſons, I am induced to lay my preſent ſcheme before you, and to intreat your opinion of it.

In the introduction to the Tales of *Guillaume Vadé*, publiſhed by the celebrated *Voltaire*, is the following paſſage, given as part of the ſpeech of *Vadé* to his couſin *Catharine Vadé*, when ſhe aſked him, where he would be buried? After cenſuring the practice of burying in towns and churches, and commending the better cuſtom of the Greeks and Romans, who were interred in the country, "What pleaſure," ſays he, "would it afford "to a good citizen to be ſent to fatten, for ex-"ample, the barren plain of *Sablons*, and to "contribute to raiſe plentiful harveſts there?— "By this prudent eſtabliſhment, one genera-"tion would be uſeful to another, towns would "be more wholeſome, and the country more "fruitful. In truth, I cannot help ſaying that "we want police in that matter, on account "both of the living and the dead."

To me, Sir, who now and then join the amuſement of reading to the employment of

agriculture, the above paſſage has always appeared particularly deſerving of attention; and I have, at laſt, formed a ſort of computation of the advantages which would accrue to the country from the general adoption of ſuch a plan as that ſuggeſted by Monſieur *Vadé*. If the managers of the public burying-grounds were, at certain intervals, and for certain valuable conſiderations, to lend their aſſiſtance to the proprietors of the fields and meadows, how many beneficial conſequences would reſult to the Public? How many of the honeſt folks, who now lie uſeleſsly mouldering in our church-yards, and never did the ſmalleſt good while alive, would thus be rendered, after death, of the moſt eſſential ſervice to the community? How many who ſeemed brought into the world merely, "*Fruges* "*conſumere nati*," might thus, by a proper and juſt retribution, be employed to produce *fruges* ſimilar to thoſe which they conſumed while in life? What a pleaſant and equitable kind of retaliation would it be for a borough or corporation to obtain, from the bodies of a parcel of fat magiſtrates, ſwelled up with city-feaſts and rich wines, a ſum of money that might, in ſome degree, compenſate for the expence which the capacious bellies of their owners one day coſt the town-revenue?

The general effects of this plan, and the particular attention it would neceſſarily produce in the

the œconomy of ſepulture, would remove the complaints I have often heard made, in various cities, of the want of ſpace and ſize in their burying-grounds. Thoſe young men who die of old age at thirty, and the whole body of the magiſtrates and council of ſome towns, who are in ſuch a ſtate of *corruption*, during their lives, might very ſoon be made uſeful after their death. It has been often ſaid, that a living man is more uſeful than a dead one; but I deny it; for it will be found, if ever my propoſal takes place, that one dead man, at leaſt of the ſpecies above mentioned, will be of more uſe than fifty living ones.

I am well aware, that moſt of the fair ſex, and ſome ſuch odd mortals as your Mr. *Wentworth* or Mr. *Fleetwood*, may poſſibly be ſhocked at this plan, and may cry out, That it would be a great indelicacy done to the remains of our friends. I do not, however, imagine this ought to have much weight, when the good of one's country is concerned. Theſe very people, Mr. MIRROR, would not, I dare ſay, for the world, cut the throat of a ſheep, or pull the neck of a hen off joint; yet when they are at table, they make no ſcruple to eat a bit of mutton, or the wing of a pullet, without allowing a thought of the butcher or the cook to have a place at the entertainment. In like manner, when theſe delicate kind of people happen to ſee a very beautiful

field of wheat, which is a ſight every way as pleaſant as a leg of good mutton, or a fine fowl, let them never diſtreſs themſelves by inveſtigating, whether the field owes its peculiar excellence to the church-yard or the ſtable. As the ladies, however, are of very great importance in this country, I think it is proper that their good-will be gained over, if poſſible. I would, therefore, humbly propoſe, in compliment to the delicacy of their ſenſations, that their purer aſhes never be employed in the culture of oats, to fill the bellies of vulgar ploughmen and coach-horſes. No! Very far be it from me to entertain any ſuch coarſe idea. Let them be ſet apart, and ſolely appropriated to the uſe of parterres and flower-gardens. A philoſopher in ancient times, I forget who, has defined a lady to be "an animal "that delights in finery;" and other philoſophers have imagined, that the ſoul, after death, takes pleaſure in the ſame purſuits it was fond of while united to the body. What a heavenly gratification, then, will it prove to the ſoul of a toaſt, while "ſhe rides in her cloud, on the "wings of the roaring wind," to look down and view her remains upon earth, of as beautiful a complexion, and as gaily and gaudily decorated, as ever herſelf was while alive?

One of your predeceſſors, *Iſaac Bickerſtaffe*, I think, tells us, that in a bed of fine tulips he found

found the moſt remarkable flowers named after celebrated heroes and kings. He ſpeaks of the beauty and vivid colouring of the *Black Prince*, and the *Duke of Vendome*, of *Alexander the Great*, the *Emperor of Germany*, the *Duke of Marlborough*, and many others. How much more natural, as well as more proper, would it be, to have our flowers chriſtened after thoſe beautiful females, to whom, in all probability, they really *owed their peculiar beauty?* We might have *Lady Flora*, *Lady Violet*, *Miſs Lily*, and *Miſs Roſe*, and all the beauties of our remembrance renovated to our admiring eyes.

I am much inclined to believe, that the improvement I am here ſuggeſting was known to, and practiſed by, the ancients, particularly by the Greeks and Romans; for we read in their poets of *Narciſſus*, *Cyax*, *Smilax*, and *Crocus*, *Hyacinthus*, *Adonis*, and *Minthe*, being after their deaths metamorphoſed into flowers; and of the ſiſters of *Phaëton*, *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*, *Baucis* and *Philemon*, *Daphne*, *Cyparisſus*, and *Myrrha*, and many more, being converted into trees. Now theſe ſtories, Mr. MIRROR, when ſtripped of their poetical ornaments, can, in my opinion, bear no other interpretation than that the aſhes of thoſe people were applied to ſuch uſeful purpoſes as I am now propoſing.

You will here obſerve, Mr. MIRROR, that beſides the great utility of the ſcheme, there will be

much room for the imagination to delight itſelf, in tracing out analogies, and refining upon the general hint I have thrown out. Your *Bath Toyman* would have many very ingenious conceits upon the occaſion, and would exerciſe his genius in deviſing fanciful applications of the different manures he would make it his buſineſs to procure. He would have a plot of *rue* and *wormwood* raiſed by old maidens; he would apply the aſhes of martyrs in love to his *pine-trees*; the duſt of aldermen and rich citizens might be uſed in the culture of *plums* and *gooſeberries*; a ſet of fine gentlemen would be laid aſide for the culture of *cocks-combs*, *none-ſo-prettys*, and *narciſſuſes*; the clergy and church-officers would be manure for the *holly* and *elder*; and the *poſthumous productions* of poets would furniſh *bays* and *laurels* for their ſucceſſors: but I tire you, Mr. MIRROR, with theſe trifling fancies; the utility of my plan is what I value myſelf upon, and deſire your opinion of.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

POSTHUMUS AGRICOLA.

N° 53. TUESDAY, *July* 26, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of the young women mentioned in two letters which you publiſhed in your 12th and 25th Numbers, though I did not know till very lately that our family had been put into print in the MIRROR. Since it is ſo, I think I too may venture to write you a letter, which, if it be not quite ſo well written as my father's (though I am no great admirer of his ſtyle neither), will at leaſt be as true.

Soon after my Lady ———'s viſit at our houſe, of which the laſt of my father's letters informed you, a ſiſter of his, who is married to a man of buſineſs here in Edinburgh, came with her huſband to ſee us in the country; and, though my ſiſter *Mary* and I ſoon diſcovered many vulgar things about them, yet, as they were both very good-humoured ſort of people, and took great pains to make themſelves agreeable, we could not help looking with regret to the time of their departure. When that drew near, they ſurpriſed us, by an invitation to me

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to come and ſpend ſome months with my couſins in town, ſaying, that my mother could not miſs my company at home, while ſhe had ſo good a companion and aſſiſtant in the family as her daughter *Mary*.

To me there were not ſo many allurements in this journey as might have been imagined. I had lately been taught to look on *London* as the only capital worth viſiting; beſides that, I did not expect the higheſt ſatisfaction from the ſociety I ſhould meet with at my aunt's, which, I confeſs, I was apt to ſuppoſe none of the moſt genteel. I contrived to keep the matter in ſuſpence (for it was left entirely to my own determination), till I ſhould write for the opinion of my friend Lady ——— on the ſubject; for, ever ſince our firſt acquaintance, we had kept up a conſtant and regular correſpondence. In our letters, which were always written in a ſtyle of the warmeſt affection, we were in the way of talking with the greateſt freedom of every body of our acquaintance. It was delightful, as her ladyſhip expreſſed it, "to unfold one's "feelings in the boſom of friendſhip;" and ſhe accordingly was wont to ſend me the moſt natural and lively pictures of the company who reſorted to ——; and I, in return, tranſmitted her many anecdotes of thoſe perſons which chance, or a greater intimacy, gave me an opportunity

portunity of learning. To prevent diſcovery, we correſponded under the ſignatures of *Hortenſia* and *Leonora*; and ſome very particular intelligence her ladyſhip taught me not to commit to ink, but to ſet down in *lemon juice*—I wander from my ſtory, Mr. MIRROR; "but I cannot "help fondly recalling (as *Emilia* in the novel "ſays) thoſe halcyon days of friendſhip and "felicity."

When her Ladyſhip's anſwer arrived, I found her clearly of opinion that I ought to accept of my aunt's invitation. She was very jocular on the manners which ſhe ſuppoſed I ſhould find in that lady's family; but ſhe ſaid I might take the opportunity of making ſome acquirements, which, though *London* alone could perfect, *Edinburgh* might, in ſome degree, communicate. She concluded her letter with requeſting the continuation of my correſpondence, and a narrative of every thing that was paſſing in town, eſpecially with regard to ſome ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance, whom ſhe pointed out to my particular obſervation.

To *Edinburgh*, therefore, I accompanied my aunt, and found a family very much diſpoſed to make me happy. In this they might, perhaps, have ſucceeded more completely, had I not acquired, from the inſtructions of Lady ———, and the company I ſaw at her houſe, certain notions

notions of polite life with which I did not find any thing at Mr. ———'s correſpond. It was often, indeed, their good humour which offended me as coarſe, and their happineſs that ſtruck me as vulgar. There was not ſuch a thing as *hip* or *low ſpirits* among them, a ſort of finery which, at ———, I found a perſon of faſhion could not poſſibly be without.

They were at great pains to ſhew me any *ſights* that were to be ſeen, with ſome of which I was really little pleaſed, and with others I thought it would look like ignorance to ſeem pleaſed. They took me to the *play-houſe*, where there was little company, and very little attention. I was carried to the *concert*, where the caſe was exactly the ſame. I found great fault with both; for though I had not much ſkill, I had got *words* enough for finding fault from my friend Lady ———: upon which they made an apology for our entertainment, by telling me, that the *play-houſe* was, at that time, managed by a *fiddler*, and the *concert* was allowed to manage itſelf.

Our parties at home were agreeable enough. I found Mr. ———'s and my aunt's viſitors very different from what I had been made to expect, and not at all the *cocknies* my Lady ——, and ſome of her humorous gueſts, uſed to deſcribe. They were not, indeed, ſo *polite* as the

faſhionable company I had met at her Lady-ſhip's; but they were much more *civil*. Among the reſt was my uncle-in-law's partner, a good-looking young man, who, from the firſt, was ſo particularly attentive to me, that my couſins jokingly called him my lover; and even my aunt ſometimes told me ſhe believed he had a ſerious attachment to me: but I took care not to give him any encouragement, as I had always heard my friend Lady ——— talk of the wife of a *bourgeois* as the moſt contemptible creature in the world.

The ſeaſon at laſt arrived, in which, I was told; the town would appear in its gaiety, a great deal of good company being expected at the *Races*. For the Races I looked with anxiety, for another reaſon; my dear Lady ——— was to be here at that period. Of this I was informed by a letter from my ſiſter. From her Ladyſhip I had not heard for a conſiderable time, as ſhe had been engaged in a round of viſits to her acquaintance in the country.

The very morning after her arrival (for I was on the watch to get intelligence of her), I called at her lodgings. When the ſervant appeared, he ſeemed doubtful about letting me in; at laſt he uſhered me into a little darkiſh parlour, where, after waiting about half an hour, he brought me word, that his Lady could not try

on

on the gown I had brought then, but desired me to fetch it next day at eleven. I now perceived there had been a mistake as to my person; and telling the fellow, somewhat angrily, that I was no mantua-maker, desired him to carry to his Lady a slip of paper, on which I wrote, with a pencil, the well-known name of *Leonora*. On his going up stairs, I heard a loud peal of laughter above, and soon after he returned with a message, that Lady —— was sorry she was particularly engaged at present, and could not possibly see me. Think, Sir, with what astonishment I heard this message from *Hortensia*. I left the house, I know not whether most ashamed or angry; but afterwards I began to persuade myself, that there might be some particular reasons for Lady ——'s not seeing me at that time, which she might explain at meeting; and I imputed the terms of the message to the rudeness or simplicity of the footman. All that day, and the next, I waited impatiently for some note of explanation or enquiry from her Ladyship, and was a a good deal disappointed when I found the second evening arrive, without having received any such token of her remembrance. I went, rather in *low spirits*, to the play. I had not been long in the house, when I saw Lady —— enter the next box. My heart fluttered at the sight; and I watched her eyes, that I might take the

the firſt opportunity of preſenting myſelf to her notice. I ſaw them, ſoon after, turned towards me, and immediately curtſied, with a ſignificant ſmile, to my noble friend, who being ſhort-ſighted, it would ſeem, which, however, I had never remarked before, ſtared at me for ſome moments, without taking notice of my ſalute, and at laſt was juſt putting up a glaſs to her eye, to point it at me, when a lady pulled her by the ſleeve, and made her take notice of ſomebody on the oppoſite ſide of the houſe. She never afterwards happened to look to that quarter where I was ſeated.

Still, however, I was not quite diſcouraged, and, on an accidental change of places in our box, contrived to place myſelf at the end of the bench next her Ladyſhip's, ſo that there was only a piece of thin board between us. At the end of the act, I ventured to aſk her how ſhe did, and to expreſs my happineſs at ſeeing her in town, adding, that I had called the day before, but had found her particularly engaged. "Why, yes," ſaid ſhe, "*Miſs Homeſpun*, I "am always extremely hurried in town, and "have time to receive only a very few viſits; "but I will be glad if you will come ſome "morning and breakfaſt with me—but not to-"morrow, for there is a morning-concert; nor "next day, for I have a muſical party at home.

"In

"In ſhort, you may come ſome morning next "week, when the hurry will be over, and, if I "am not gone out of town, I will be happy to "ſee you." I don't know what anſwer I ſhould have made; but ſhe did not give me an opportunity; for a gentleman in a green uniform coming into the box, ſhe immediately made room for him to ſit between us. He, after a broad ſtare full in my face, turned his back my way, and ſat in that poſture all the reſt of the evening.

I am not ſo ſilly, Mr. MIRROR, but I can underſtand the meaning of all this. My Lady, it ſeems, is contented to have ſome humble friends in the country, whom ſhe does not think worthy of her notice in town; but I am determined to ſhew her, that I have a prouder ſpirit than ſhe imagines, and ſhall not go near her either in town or country. What is more, my father ſhan't vote for her friend at next election, if I can help it.

What vexes me beyond every thing elſe is, that I had been often telling my aunt and her daughters of the intimate footing I was on with Lady ———, and what a violent friendſhip we had for each other; and ſo, from envy, perhaps, they uſed to nick-name me *the Counteſs*, and *Lady Leonora*. Now that they had got this ſtory of the mantua-maker and the play-houſe

(for

(for I was ſo angry I could not conceal it), I am aſhamed to hear the name of a lady of quality mentioned, even if it be only in a book from the *circulating library*. Do write a paper, Sir, againſt pride and haughtineſs, and people forgetting their country friends and acquaintance, and you will very much oblige,

Your's, &c.

ELIZABETH HOMESPUN.

P. S. My uncle's partner, the young gentleman I mentioned above, takes my part when my couſins joke upon intimates with great folks; I think he is a much genteeler and better bred man than I took him for at firſt.

N° 54. SATURDAY, *July* 31, 1779.

AMONG the letters of my Correſpondents, I have been favoured with ſeveral containing obſervations on the conduct and ſucceſs of my paper. Of theſe, ſome recommend ſubjects of *criticiſm* as of a kind that has been extremely popular in ſimilar periodical publications, and on which, according to them, I have dwelt too little. Others complain, that the critical papers I have publiſhed were written in a ſtyle and manner too abſtruſe and technical for the bulk of my readers, and deſire me to remember, that in a performance addreſſed to the world, only the language of the world ſhould be uſed.

I was laſt night in a company where a piece of *converſation-criticiſm* took place, which, as the ſpeakers were well-bred perſons of both ſexes, was neceſſarily of the familiar kind. As an endeavour, therefore, to pleaſe both the above-mentioned Correſpondents, I ſhall ſet down, as nearly as I can recollect, the diſcourſe of the company. It turned on the tragedy of *Zara*, at

 the

the repreſentation of which all of them had been preſent a few evenings ago.

" It is remarkable," ſaid Mr. ——, " what " an æra of improvement in the French drama " may be marked from the writings of M. de " Voltaire. The cold and tedious declamation " of the former French tragedians he had taſte " enough to ſee was not the language of paſ- " ſion, and genius enough to execute his pieces " in a different manner. He retained the elo- " quence of *Corneille*, and the tenderneſs of " *Racine*; but he never ſuffered the firſt to ſwell " into bombaſt, nor the other to ſink into lan- " guor. He accompanied them with the force " and energy of our *Shakeſpeare*, whom he had " the boldneſs to follow;"—" and the mean- " neſs to decry," ſaid the lady of the houſe.— " He has been unjuſt to *Shakeſpeare*, I confeſs," replied Sir H —— (who had been a conſider- able time abroad, and has brought home ſome- what more than the language and dreſs of our neighbours); " yet I think I have obſerved " our partiality for that exalted poet carry us " as unreaſonable lengths on the other ſide. " When we aſcribe to *Shakeſpeare* innumerable " beauties, we do him but juſtice; but, when " we will not allow that he has faults, we give " him a degree of praiſe to which no writer is " entitled, and which he, of all men, expected

" the

" the leaſt. It was impoſſible that, writing in " the ſituation he did, he ſhould have eſcaped " inaccuracies; ſuffice it to ſay, they always " aroſe from the exuberance of fancy, not the " ſterility of dulneſs."

" There is much truth in what you ſay," anſwered Mr. ———; " but *Voltaire* was un- " juſt when, not ſatisfied with pointing out " blemiſhes in *Shakeſpeare*, he cenſured a whole " nation as barbarous for admiring his works. " He muſt, himſelf, have felt the excellence of " a poet, whom, in this very tragedy of *Zara*, " he has not diſdained to imitate, and to imi- " tate very cloſely too. The ſpeech of *Oroſ- " mane* (or *Oſman*, as the *Engliſh* tranſlation " calls him), beginning,

J' aurois d'un oeil ſerene, d'un front inal- terable,

" is almoſt a literal copy of the complaint of " *Othello:*

——————Had it rain'd
All ſorts of curſes on me, &c.

" which is, perhaps, the reaſon why our tranſ- " lator has omitted it."—" I do not pretend " to juſtify *Voltaire*," returned Sir H———;

" yet

" yet it muſt be remembered, in alleviation, " that the *French* have formed a ſort of national " taſte in their theatre, correct, perhaps, almoſt " to coldneſs. In *Britain*, I am afraid, we are " apt to err on the other ſide; to miſtake rhap- " ſody for fire, and to applaud a forced meta- " phor for a bold one. I do not cite *Dryden*, " *Lee*, or the other poets of their age; for that " might be thought unfair; but, even in the " preſent ſtate of the *Engliſh* ſtage, is not my " idea warranted by the practice of poets, and " the applauſe of the audience? A poet of this " country, who, in other paſſages, has often " touched the tender feelings with a maſterly " hand, gives to the hero of one of his lateſt " tragedies, the following ſpeech:

Had I a voice like Etna when it roars,
For in my breaſt is pent as fierce a fire,
I'd ſpeak in flames.

" That a man, in the fervour and hurry of " compoſition, ſhould ſet down ſuch an idea, " is nothing; that it ſhould be pardoned by the " audience, is little; but that it ſhould always " produce a *clap*, is ſtrange indeed!"

" And is there nothing like this in *French* " tragedies?" ſaid the Lady of the houſe; " for there is, I think, abundance of it in ſome

" of our late imitations of them."—" Nay, in " the tranſlation of *Zayre*, Madam," returned the Baronet, " *Hill* has ſometimes departed from " the original, to ſubſtitute a ſwelling and ela- " borate diction. He forgets the plain ſoldierly " character of the Sultan's favourite *Oraſmin*, " when he makes him ſay,

——————Silent and dark
Th' unbreathing world is huſh'd, as if it heard
And liſten'd to your ſorrows.

" The original is ſimple deſcription ;

Tout dort, tout eſt tranquille, et l'ombre de la nuit.—

" And when the ſlave, in the 4th act, brings the " fatal *letter* to the Sultan, and mentions the " circumſtances of its interception, the tranſla- " tor makes *Oſman* ſtay to utter a ſentiment, " which is always applauded on the *Engliſh* " ſtage, but is certainly, however noble in it- " ſelf, very ill-placed here :

——————Approach me like a ſubject
That ſerves the *Prince*, yet not forgets the *man*.

" *Oſman* had no breath for *words : Voltaire* gives " him but five hurried ones :

Donne

Donne—qui la portait?—donne."

" I am quite of your opinion, Sir H——," ſaid Mr. ———; " and I may add, that even " *Voltaire* ſeems to me too profuſe of ſentiments " in *Zara*, which, beautiful as they are, and " though expreſſed with infinite delicacy, are " yet ſomewhat foreign to that native language " which feeling dictates, and by which it is " moved. I weep at a few ſimple words ex- " preſſive of diſtreſs; I pauſe to admire a ſenti- " ment, and my pity is forgotten. The ſingle " line uttered by *Luſignan*, at the cloſe of his " deſcription of the maſſacre of his wife and " children,

Helas! et j' etais pere, et je ne pus mourir,

" moves me more than a thouſand ſentiments, " how juſt or eloquent ſoever."

" If we think of the nobleſt uſe of tragedy," ſaid Mrs. ——, " we ſhall, perhaps, Sir, not " be quite of your opinion. I, who am a " mother, wiſh my children to learn ſome other " virtues, beſide compaſſion, at a play; it is " certainly of greater conſequence to improve " the mind than to melt it."—" I am ſure, " Mamma," ſaid a young lady, her daughter, " the ſentiments of tragedy affect me as much

" as the moſt piteous deſcription. When I " hear an exalted ſentiment, I feel my heart, as " it were, ſwell in my boſom, and it is always " followed by a guſh of tears from my eyes."— " You tell us the effects of your feelings, child; " but you don't diſtinguiſh the feelings them- " ſelves.—I would have, Gentlemen," continued ſhe, " a play to be virtuous in its ſen- " timents, and alſo natural in its events. The " want of the latter quality, as well as of the " former, has a bad effect on young perſons; it " leads them to ſuppoſe, that ſuch a conduct is " natural and allowable in common life, and en- " courages that romantic deception which is too " apt to grow up in minds of ſenſibility. Don't " you think, that the ſudden converſion of *Zara* " to Chriſtianity, unſupported by argument, or " conviction of its truth, is highly unnatural, " and may have ſuch a tendency as I have " mentioned?" —— " I confeſs," ſaid Mr. ——, " that has always appeared to me an ex- " ceptionable paſſage." —— " I do not believe, " Mamma," ſaid the young lady, " that ſhe " was really converted in opinion; but I don't " wonder at her crying out ſhe was a Chriſtian, " after ſuch a ſpeech as that of her father *Lu-* " *ſignan*. I know my heart was ſo wrung with " the ſcene, that I could, at that moment, " have almoſt become *Mahometan*, to have com-

" forted

" forted the good old man."——Her mother ſmiled; for this was exactly a confirmation of her remark.

" *Voltaire*," ſaid Sir *H*——, " has, like " many other authors, introduced a *dark* ſcene " into the laſt act of this tragedy; yet, it ap- " pears to me, that ſuch a ſcene goes beyond " the power of ſtage-deception, and always " hurts the piece. We cannot poſſibly ſuppoſe, " that two perſons walking upon the ſame " board do not ſee each other, while we, " ſitting in a diſtant part of the houſe, ſee both " perfectly well."——" I do recollect," ſaid the young lady, at firſt, wondering how *Zara* could fail to ſee *Oſman*; " but I ſoon forgot it." ——" Thus it always is," replied Mr. ——, " in ſuch a caſe; if a poet has eloquence or " genius enough to command the paſſions, he " eaſily gets the better of thoſe ſtage-improba- " bilities. In truth, the *ſcenic deception* is of a " very ſingular nature. It is impoſſible we " ſhould imagine ourſelves ſpectators of the " real ſcene, of which the ſtage one is an imi- " tation; the utmoſt length we are, in reality, " carried, is to deliver over our minds to that " ſympathy, which a proper and ſtriking re- " preſentation of grief, rage, or any other paſ- " ſion, produces. You deſtroy the *deception*, it " is ſaid, when any thing impertinent or lu-

" dicrous happens on the ſtage, or among the " audience; but you will find the very ſame " effect, if a child blows his three-halfpenny " trumpet in the midſt of a ſolo of *Fiſher*, or " a ſong of *Rauzzini*; it ſtops the delightful " current of feeling which was carrying along " the ſoul at the time, and diſſatisfaction and " pain are the immediate conſequence; yet in " the *ſolo* or the *ſong*, no ſuch deception as the " theatrical is pretended."——Mr. —— delivered this with the manner of one who had ſtudied the ſubject, and nobody ventured to anſwer him.

" You were mentioning," ſaid Mrs. ——, " *Voltaire*'s imitation of *Othello*, in this tragedy; " I recollect, in the laſt act, a very ſtrong in- " ſtance of it, the concluding ſpeech of *Oſman*, " before he ſtabs himſelf, which ſeems to be " exactly taken from that of the *Moor*, in a " ſimilar ſituation."——" I remember both " ſpeeches well," ſaid Sir *H*——, " and I " think it may be diſputed, whether either of " them be congenial to the ſituation?"—— " You will excuſe me, Sir *H*——," ſaid I, " if I hold them both perfectly in nature. " The calmneſs of deſperate and irremediable " grief will give vent to a ſpeech longer and " more methodical than the immediate anguiſh " of ſome leſs deep and irretrievable calamity.

" *Shakeſpeare*

" *Shakeſpeare* makes *Othello* refer, in the inſtant " of ſtabbing himſelf, to a ſtory of his killing " a *Turk* in *Aleppo*; the moment of perturba- " tion, when ſuch a paſſage would have been " unnatural, is paſt; the act of killing himſelf " is then a matter of little importance; and his " reference to a ſtory ſeemingly indifferent, " marks, in my opinion, moſt forcibly and na- " turally, the deep and ſettled horror of *Othello*'s " ſoul. I prefer it to the concluding lines of " the Sultan's ſpeech in *Zara*, which reſt on " the ſtory of his own misfortune:

Tell 'em, I plung'd my dagger in her breaſt;
Tell 'em, I ſo ador'd, and thus reveng'd her.

" You have talked a great deal of the au- " thor," ſaid the young lady, " but nothing of " the actors. Was not the part of *Zara* ex- " cellently performed?"——" Admirably, in- " deed," replied Mr. ———; " I know no " actreſs who poſſeſſes the power of ſpeaking " poetry beyond Miſs *Younge*."——" Nor of " feeling it neither, Sir, I think."—— " I did " not mean to deny her that quality; but, in " the other, I think ſhe is unrival'd. She " does not reach, perhaps, the impaſſioned " burſt, the electric flaſh of Mrs. *Barry*; nor " has ſhe that deep and thrilling note of horror

" with which Mrs. *Yates* benumbs an audience;
" but there is a *melting tremble* in her voice,
" which, in tender paſſages, is inimitably beau-
" tiful and affecting. Were I a poet, I ſhould
" prefer her ſpeaking of my lines to that of any
" actreſs I ever heard."

" She owes, I believe," ſaid our *Frenchman*,
" much of her preſent excellence to her ſtudy
" of the *French ſtage*. I mean not to detract
" from her merit: I certainly allow her more,
" when I ſay, that her excellence is, in great
" part, of her own acquirement, than ſome of
" her ill-judging admirers, who aſcribe it all
" to Nature. Our actors, indeed, are rarely
" ſenſible how much ſtudy and application is
" due to their profeſſion; people may be *ſpouters*
" without culture; but laborious education
" alone can make perfect actors. Feeling, and
" the imitative ſympathy of paſſion, are, un-
" doubtedly, derived from Nature; but art
" alone can beſtow that grace, that refined ex-
" preſſion, without which feeling will often be
" aukward, and paſſion ridiculous."

N° 55. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 3, 1779.

Decipimur ſpecie recti. HOR.

SINCERITY, by which I mean honeſty in men's dealings with each other, is a virtue praiſed by every one, and the practice of it is, I believe, more common than gloomy moraliſts are willing to allow. The love of truth, and of juſtice, are ſo ſtrongly implanted in our minds, that few men are ſo hardened, or ſo inſenſible, as knowingly and deliberately to commit diſhoneſt actions; and a little obſervation ſoon convinces thoſe who are engaged in a variety of tranſactions, that honeſty is wiſdom, and knavery folly.

But though, according to this acceptation of the phraſe, men are ſeldom inſincere, or literally diſhoneſt, in the ordinary tranſactions of life; yet, I believe, there is another and a higher ſpecies of ſincerity, which is very ſeldom to be met with in any degree of perfection, I mean that ſincerity which leads a man to be honeſt to himſelf, and to his own mind, and which will prevent him from being impoſed upon, or deceived by his own paſſions and in-

clinations. From that ſecret approbation which our mind leads us to give to what is virtuous and honourable, we cannot eaſily bear the conſciouſneſs of being diſhoneſt. Hence, therefore, when men are deſirous to give way to their evil inclinations and paſſions, they are willing, nay, at times, they are even at pains to deceive themſelves. They look out for ſome ſpecious apology, they ſeek for ſome colour and diſguiſe, by which they may reconcile their conduct to the appearance of right, and may commit wrong, under the belief that they are innocent, nay, ſometimes, that they are acting a praiſe-worthy part. Thus there are men who would abhor the thought of deceiving others, who are conſtantly deceiving themſelves; and, while they believe that they are ſincere, and are really ſo, in the reſtricted ſenſe in which I have uſed this word, are, in all the important actions of their life, under the influence of deceit.

Eubulus is a judge in one of the courts of law. *Eubulus* believes himſelf a very honeſt judge; and it is but doing him juſtice to allow, that he would not, for any conſideration, knowingly, give an unjuſt deciſion; yet *Eubulus* hardly ever gave a fair judgment in any cauſe where he was connected with, or knew any thing about the parties. If either of them happen to be his friend or relation, or connected with his friends or relations, *Eubulus* is ſure always

always to ſee the cauſe in a favourable light for that friend. If, on the other hand, one of the parties happens to be a perſon whom *Eubulus* has a diſlike to, that party is ſure to loſe his ſuit. In the one caſe, he ſits down to examine the cauſe, under all the influence and partiality of friendſhip; his cool ſenſes are run away with; his judgment is blinded, and he ſees nothing but the arguments on the ſide of his friend, and overlooks every thing ſtated againſt him. In the other caſe, he acts under the impreſſions of diſlike, and his judgment is accordingly ſo determined. A cauſe was lately brought before *Eubulus*, where every feeling of humanity and compaſſion prompted the wiſh, that one of the parties might be ſucceſsful; but the right was clearly on the other ſide. *Eubulus* ſat down to examine it with all the tender feelings full in his mind; they guided his judgment, and he determined contrary to juſtice. During all this, *Eubulus* believes himſelf honeſt. In one ſenſe of the word he is ſo; he does not, knowingly or deliberately, give a diſhoneſt judgment; but, in the higher and more extenſive meaning of the word, he is diſhoneſt. He ſuffers himſelf to be impoſed on by the feelings of friendſhip and humanity. Nay, far from guarding againſt it, he aids the impoſition, and becomes the willing dupe to his own inclinations.

Licinius was a man of learning and of fancy: he lived at a time when the factions of this country were at their greateſt height: he entered into all of them with the greateſt warmth, and, in ſome of the principal tranſactions of the time, acted a conſiderable part. With warm attachments, and ungoverned zeal, his opinions were violent, and his prejudices deep-rooted. *Licinius* wrote a hiſtory of his own times: his zeal for the intereſts he had eſpouſed is conſpicuous; the influence of his prejudices is apparent; his opinion of the characters of the men of whom he writes, is almoſt every where dictated by his knowledge of the party to which they belonged; and his belief or diſbelief of the diſputed facts of the time, is directed by the connection they had with his own favourite opinions. *Phidippus* cannot talk with patience of this hiſtory or its author; he never ſpeaks of him but as of a mean lying fellow, who knowingly wrote the tales of a party, and who, to ſerve a faction, wiſhed to deceive the Public. *Phidippus* is miſtaken: *Licinius*, in one ſenſe of the word, was perfectly honeſt; he did not wiſh to deceive; but he was himſelf under the influence of deception. The heat of his fancy, the violence of his zeal led him away; convinced that he was much in the right, he was deſirous to be ſtill more ſo; he viewed, and

was

was at pains to view every thing in one light; all the characters, and all the tranſactions of the time, were ſeen under one colour; and, under this deception, he ſaw, and thought, and wrote. When *Phidippus* accuſes *Licinius* of being wilfully diſhoneſt, he is miſtaken, and is under the influence of a like deception with that of *Licinius*. *Licinius* wrote unfairly, becauſe he ſaw every thing in one light, and was not at pains to guard againſt ſelf-deception, or to correct erroneous judgment. *Phidippus* judges of *Licinius* unfairly, becauſe he alſo is under the influence of party, becauſe his ſyſtem and opinions are different from thoſe of *Licinius*, and becauſe this leads him to judge harſhly of every one who thinks like *Licinius*.

Lyſander is a young man of elegance and ſentiment; but he has a degree of vanity which makes him wiſh to be poſſeſſed of fortune, not to hoard, but to ſpend it. He has a high opinion of female merit; and would not, for any conſideration, think of marrying a woman for whom he did not believe he felt the moſt ſincere and ardent attachment. In this ſituation of mind he became acquainted with *Leonora*; *Leonora*'s father was dead, and had left her poſſeſſed of a very conſiderable fortune; *Lyſander* had heard of *Leonora*, and knew ſhe was poſſeſſed of a fortune before ever he ſaw her.

her. She is not remarkable either for the beauties of perſon or of mind; but the very firſt time *Lyſander* ſaw her, he conceived a prepoſſeſſion in her favour, and which has now grown into a ſtrong attachment. *Lyſander* believes it is her merit only which has produced this; and he would hate himſelf, if he thought *Leonora*'s being poſſeſſed of a fortune had had the leaſt influence upon him. But he is miſtaken; he does not know himſelf, nor that ſecret power the deſire of wealth has over him. The knowledge of *Leonora*'s being an heireſs, made him ſecretly wiſh her to be poſſeſſed of perſonal merit before he ſaw her; when he did ſee her, he converted his wiſhes into belief; he deſired to be deceived, and he was ſo. He conceived that ſhe was poſſeſſed of every accompliſhment of perſon and of mind; and his imagination being once warmed, he believed and thought that he felt a moſt violent attachment. Had *Leonora* been without a fortune, ſhe would never have drawn *Lyſander*'s attention; he would have never thought more highly of her merit than he did of that of moſt other women; and he would not have become the dupe of his wiſhes and deſires.

Amanda is a young lady of the moſt amiable diſpoſitions. With an elegant form, ſhe poſſeſſes a moſt uncommon degree of ſenſibility. Her parents

parents reſide at *Bellfield*, in a ſequeſtered part of the country. Here ſhe has few opportunities of being in ſociety, and her time has chiefly been ſpent in reading. Books of ſentiment, novels, and tender poetry, are her greateſt favourites. This kind of reading has increaſed the natural warmth and ſenſibility of her mind: It has given her romantic notions of life, and particularly warm and paſſionate ideas about love. The attachment of lovers, the ſweet union of hearts, and hallowed ſympathy of ſouls, are continually pictured in her mind. *Philemon*, a diſtant relation of *Amanda*'s, happened to pay a viſit to *Bellfield*. *Amanda*'s romantic notions had hitherto been general, and had no object to fix upon. But it is difficult to have warm feelings long, without directing them to ſome object. After a ſhort acquaintance, *Philemon* became very particular in his attentions to her. *Amanda* was not diſpleaſed with them; on the contrary, ſhe thought ſhe ſaw in him all thoſe good qualities which ſhe felt in her own mind. Every look that he gave, and every word that he ſpoke, confirmed her in this. Every thing ſhe wiſhed to be in a lover, every thing her favourite authors told her a lover ought to be poſſeſſed of, ſhe believed to be in *Philemon*. Her parents perceived the ſituation of her mind. In vain did they

repreſent to her the danger ſhe run, and that ſhe had not yet acquaintance enough of *Philemon* to know any thing, with certainty, about his character. She aſcribed theſe admonitions to the too great coldneſs and prudence of age, and ſhe diſregarded them. Thus did *Amanda* believe herſelf deeply enamoured with *Philemon*; but it could not be with *Philemon*, for ſhe knew little of him. She was the dupe of her own wiſhes; and ſhe deceived herſelf into a belief that ſhe was warmly attached to him, when it was only an ideal being of her own creation that was the object of her paſſion. *Philemon* may be worthy of the love of *Amanda*, or *Amanda* may be able to preſerve the deception ſhe is under even after marriage; but her danger is apparent.

The influence of ſelf-deception is wonderfully powerful. Different as are the above perſons, and different as are their ſituations, all have been under its guidance. As obſerved above, diſhoneſty, in our ordinary tranſactions in the world, is a vice which only the moſt corrupted and abandoned are in danger of falling into; but that diſhoneſty with ourſelves, which leads us to be our own deceivers, to become the dupes of our own prevailing paſſions and inclinations, is to be met with more or leſs in every character. Here we are, as it were, parties to the deceit,

and,

and, inſtead of wiſhing to guard againſt it, we become the willing ſlaves of its influence. By this means, not only are bad men deceived by evil paſſions into the commiſſion of crimes, but even the worthieſt men, by giving too much way to the beſt and moſt amiable feelings of the heart, may be led into fatal errors, and into the moſt prejudicial miſconduct.

N° 56. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 7, 1779.

THE firſt of the two following Letters I received ſome time ago from my friend Mr. *Umphraville*; and I think I need make no apology, either to him or my readers, for giving it a place in this day's MIRROR.

My dear SIR,

THE moment that I found myſelf diſengaged from buſineſs, you know I left the ſmoke and din of your bleſſed city, and hurried away to pure ſkies and quiet at my cottage.

I found my good ſiſter in perfect health, free from flying rheumatic pains, agueiſh complaints, ſlight megrims, and apprehenſions of the tooth-ach, and all the other puny half-pangs that indolence *is heir to*, and that afford a kind of comfort to the idle, by ſupplying them with topics of complaint and converſation.

You muſt have heard that our ſpring was ſingularly pleaſant; but *how* pleaſant it was *you* could not feel in your duſky atmoſphere. My ſiſter remarked, that it had a faint reſemblance

blance of the ſpring in ——. Although I omit the year, you may believe that ſeveral ſeaſons have paſſed away ſince that animating æra recollected by my ſiſter. "Alas! my friend," ſaid I, "ſeaſons return, but it is only to the "young and the fortunate." A tear ſtarted in her eye; yet ſhe ſmiled, and reſumed her tranquillity.

We ſauntered through the kitchen-garden, and admired the rapid progreſs of vegetation. "Every thing is very forward," ſaid my ſiſter, "we muſt begin to bottle *gooſeberries* to-mor-"row." "Very forward, indeed," anſwered I. "This reminds me of the young ladies whom "I have ſeen lately; they ſeemed forward "enough, though a little out of ſeaſon too."

It was a poor witticiſm; but it lay in my way, and I took it up. Next morning the gardener came into our breakfaſting-parlour: —"Madam," ſaid he, "all the gooſeberries "are gone."—"Gone! cried my ſiſter; "and "*who* could be ſo audacious? Brother, you "are a juſtice of the peace; do make out a "warrant directly to ſearch for and appre-"hend. We have an agreeable neighbourhood "indeed; the inſolence of the rabble of ſer-"vants, of low-born purſe-proud folks, is "not to be endured."——"The gooſeber-"ries are not away," continued the gardener,

dener, "they are all lying in heaps under the "buſhes; laſt night's froſt, and a hail-ſhower "this morning, have made the crop fail."—"The crop fail!" exclaimed my ſiſter; "and "where am I to get gooſeberries for bottling?" "Come, come, my dear," ſaid I, "they tell "me that, in Virginia, pork has a peculiar fla-"vour, from the peaches on which the hogs "feed; you can let in your goſlings to pick up "the gooſeberries; and I warrant you, that this "unlooked-for food will give them a reliſh far "beyond that of any green geeſe of our neigh-"bour's at the caſtle."—"Brother," replied ſhe, "*you* are a philoſopher." I quickly diſcovered, that, while endeavouring to turn one misfortune into jeſt, I recalled another to her remembrance; for it ſeems, that, by a ſeries of domeſtic calamities, all her goſlings had periſhed.

A very promiſing family of turkey-chicks has at length conſoled her for the fate of the goſlings; and, on rummaging her ſtore-room, ſhe finds that ſhe has more bottled gooſeberries left of laſt year, than will ſuffice for the preſent occaſions of our little family.

What ſhall I ſay of my ſiſter? Her underſtanding is excellent; and ſhe is religious without ſuperſtition. Great have been her misfortunes, poor woman! and I can bear teſtimony

to

to her fortitude and reſignation under them; and yet the verieſt trifles imaginable unhinge her mind.

That people of ſenſe ſhould allow themſelves to be affected by the moſt trivial accidents, is abſurd and ridiculous. There are, indeed, ſome things, which, though hardly real evils, cannot fail to vex the wiſeſt, and diſcompoſe the equanimity of the moſt patient; for example, that fulſome court paid by the vulgar to rich upſtarts, and the daily ſlights to which decayed nobility is expoſed.

I hope that your periodical eſſays find favour in the ſight of the idle and frivolous. You may remember I told you long ago, that I would never read any of them. The peruſal of them could not make me eſteem you more than I do already; and it might bring many faſhionable follies to my knowledge, of which I am happily ignorant. I ever am,

Yours affectionately,

EDWᴰ. UMPHRAVILLE.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR, *Edinburgh, July* 23, 1779.

I AM confined, by the occupations of a laborious employment, to a conſtant reſidence in town. During the ſummer and autumn, however, I ſometimes can afford a day, which I wiſh to ſpend in a jaunt to the country. I lived in the country, Sir, in my earlier days; and whenever I hear a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river mentioned, I always think of peace, of happineſs, and innocence.

This ſeaſon I have had a friend in town, who, being an idle man, is a great *maker of parties*. Among others, he contrives to get people together of a *Saturday* or a *Sunday*, to go and dine in the country, which he ſays, in the neighbourhood of *Edinburgh*, affords ſome of the moſt beautiful and romantic ſcenes he ever ſaw. Laſt *Saturday* I was aſked to join in one of his parties of this ſort; to which, being a lover of rural ſcenes, as I mentioned before, I readily conſented.

My friend had the ordering of every thing on our expedition. The carriages he had beſpoke did not arrive at the place of meeting till near an hour after the time appointed; and, when they did come, we had another hour to wait for our conductor, who having ſat up at a *town-*

party

party till five that morning, was not willing to be diſturbed till mid-day.

We arrived at the place of our deſtination betwixt two and three. I immediately propoſed a walk, to enjoy the beauty of the fields, and the purity of the air; but my propoſal was overruled, from the conſideration of the near approach of *dinner*; ſome of the company likewiſe obſerving, that the evening was the propereſt time for walking in this hot weather. Mean time, a *cup* was called for, which, in this ſame hot weather, was pronounced vaſtly pleaſant, and my friend declared was more refreſhing to him than the pureſt air under heaven.

Dinner was ſoon after brought in, which conſiſted of a profuſion of meat, ill dreſſed, and ſerved up in a ſlovenly ſtyle. This, however, was a *country*-dinner, and people were not to be nice in the country. So we ſat, enjoying the pleaſures of the country, amidſt the ſteams of greaſy broth, ruſty ham, and ſtinking mutton: our ears delighted with the jingle of bells, and the hollowing of gueſts in the ſtair-caſe, which were very ineffectually anſwered by the buſtle of an awkward waiter, and a fat hoyden of a chambermaid.

When the table-cloth was removed, our conductor, who ſaid he found himſelf much the better for his dinner, called for the landlord, and deſired him to ſend in a particular ſort of wine,

the

the flavour of which he highly commended. An old proverbial recipe was cited to him, by a red-faced gentleman at the bottom of the table, which ſignifies, that a man ſhould drink a bottle to-day, as a cure for the effects of two or three drank yeſterday. 'Twas a preſcription very much ſuited to the inclination of my friend, who declared, after having drank a bottle of it, that he never was better in all his life. No body mentioned the evening being a proper time for *walking*; ſo we ſat till our carriages were at the door, and till we diſpatched four laſt bottles after their arrival. The poſt boys, whoſe patience needed ſome cordial to maintain it, were buſy in their way below; ſo that, when at laſt we got into the chaiſes, they were as drunk——as drunk as we were. The carriage in which another gentleman and I were placed was overturned about a mile from town: I eſcaped with a ſprained ancle; but my friend had his collar-bone broke.

Now, Mr. MIRROR, I incline to think, that a man may find a bad dinner, and get drunk after it, juſt as well in *town* as in the *country*; and, in the firſt caſe, he will have the advantage of ſaving his bones, the chaiſe-hire, and the tax upon poſt-horſes.

I am, &c.

V CIVIS.

N° 57. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 10, 1779.

NO thinking man will deny, that travelling into foreign countries is, in certain ſituations, attended with many and great advantages. It poliſhes the manners of the courtier, enlarges the views of the ſtateſman, and furniſhes the philoſopher with a more extenſive field of obſervation, and enables him to form more certain concluſions with regard to the nature and character of man. At the ſame time, I have often been diſpoſed to doubt, how far it is an eligible thing for a private gentleman, without talents and inclination for public life, to ſpend much of his time abroad, to acquire a reliſh for foreign manners, and a taſte for the ſociety of a ſet of men, with whom neither his ſtation nor his fortune entitles him to aſſociate in the after-part of his life. The following letter on this ſubject may perhaps be acceptable to my readers.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MOST of your predeceſſors have favoured the public with ſpeculations on travelling; and they have been at pains to point out the

abuſes of it that from time to time have prevailed among us. In the *Spectator*, the abſurdity of a fond mother and mother's *own* ſon going together to make the tour of *Europe*, in order to learn men and things, is expoſed in a very maſterly manner. If I have not been miſinformed, that admirable eſſay was the production of a young man, who afterwards, by his great talents and eminent virtues, added dignity to the higheſt office in the law of *England*, which he filled many years with the entire approbation of all good men.

In the *World*, the folly of ſending an ignorant booby to travel, who looked with contempt on the *French* and *Italians*, becauſe they did not ſpeak *Engliſh*, is held up to ridicule in a vein of wit, and with an elegance of expreſſion, that mark the compoſitions of the *Earl of Cheſterfield*.

A correſpondent in your own paper has pointed out the fatal effects of a practice, unknown till within theſe few years, of ſending boys to foreign ſchools, or academies, where, according to his account of the matter, they learn nothing but vice and folly.

Although travelling has proved equally fatal to me, my caſe is very different from any of thoſe I have mentioned; I ſhall, therefore, take the liberty to give an account of myſelf, from which

you and your readers will be beſt able to judge, whether making what is called the *grand tour*, be an adviſeable thing for perſons in my circumſtances and ſituation.

I am the only ſon of a gentleman of fortune and family. My father, who was himſelf a man of letters, wiſhed to give me a liberal education, and was deſirous to unite the ſolidity of the ancient ſyſtem with that eaſe and grace which, of late, have been cultivated ſo much, and which, by ſome, have been thought the moſt eſſential of all acquirements. Soon after my twentieth year my father died, leaving me poſſeſſed of a family-eſtate of a thouſand pounds a-year, and (I hope I may ſay it without vanity) with as great a ſhare of knowledge as any of my contemporaries could boaſt of. The tour of Europe was the only thing wanting to complete my education. Intimately acquainted with the celebrated characters of antiquity, and an enthuſiaſtic admirer of their virtues, I longed to viſit *Italy*, to ſee the ſpot where *Scipio* triumphed, where *Cæſar* fell, where *Cicero* harangued. Full of theſe ideas, I ſet out on my travels; and, after paſſing ſome time in *France*, I proceeded to *Rome*. For a while, *antiquity* was my great object, and every remain of *Roman* greatneſs attracted my attention. Afterwards *muſic*, of which I had al-

ways been a lover, and *painting*, for which I acquired a taſte in *Italy*, occupied much of my time: but, whilſt engaged in theſe favourite purſuits, I did not neglect any opportunity of mingling in ſociety with the natives, and of obſerving their manners and cuſtoms. I lived too on the moſt intimate footing with the Britiſh at the different courts I viſited; and I doubted not that the friendſhips I then formed with men of the firſt diſtinction in my own country, would be as laſting as they appeared to be warm and ſincere. If the pleaſures in which we indulged, and which, by degrees, came to occupy almoſt the whole of my time, ſometimes bordered on the licentious, they were at leaſt attended with an elegance which, in ſome meaſure, diſguiſed the deformity of vice.

Various reaſons, which it is needleſs now to mention, at length conſtrained me to return home. As I approached my ſeat in the county of ———, I felt a tender ſatisfaction at the thought of reviſiting thoſe ſcenes where I had ſpent ſo many happy days in the "*early morn of* "*life*," and of ſeeing again the companions of my youthful ſports, many of whom I knew had ſettled in the country, and lived on their eſtates in my neighbourhood. My arrival was no ſooner known than they flocked to welcome me home. The friends of my father, and their ſons,

ſons, my old companions, were equally ſincere and warm in their compliments; but, though I was pleaſed with their attachment, I could not help being diſguſted with the blunt plainneſs of their manners. Their converſation uſually turned on ſubjects in which I could not poſſibly be intereſted. The *old* got into keen political debate, or diſſertations on farming; and the *young* talked over their laſt fox-chace, or recited the particulars of their laſt debauch. If I attempted to give the converſation a different turn, they remained ſilent, and were altogether incapable to talk of thoſe ſubjects on which I had been accuſtomed to think and to ſpeak. If I mentioned the *Gabrielli*, or the *Mingotti*, they were as much at a loſs as I was when they joined in praiſing the notes of *Juno*, or of *Fowler*; if the proportions of the *Venus of Medicis* were talked of, one would perhaps aſk, what a dead beauty was good for? another would ſwear, that, in his mind, Polly —— was a better-made girl than any heathen goddeſs, dead or alive.

By degrees my neighbours gave me up altogether. They complained that I was a ſtrange fellow, who hated company, and had no notion of life. I confeſs I was rather pleaſed with their neglect, and in my own mind preferred ſolitude to ſuch ſociety: but ſolitude at length became irkſome, and I longed again to mingle in ſociety.

ciety. With that view I went to the *races* at *Edinburgh*, where I was told I ſhould meet with all the polite people of this country. The night I arrived I accompanied to the *aſſembly* a female relation, almoſt the only acquaintance I had in town. If you, Mr. MIRROR, be a frequenter of public places, I need not tell you how much I was ſtruck on entering the room. Dark, dirty, mean, offenſive to every ſenſe, it ſeemed to reſemble a large barn, rather than a room alloted for the reception of polite company. I had no ſooner entered, than I was hurried along by the crowd to the farther end of the hall, where the firſt thing that caught my eye was an old lady, who, it ſeems, preſided for the night, and was at that inſtant employed in diſtributing tickets, to aſcertain the order in which the ladies were to dance. She was ſurrounded by a cluſter of perſons of both ſexes, all of whom ſpoke at the ſame time, and ſome of them, as I thought, with a voice and geſture rather rough and vehement.

This important part of the ceremonial being at length adjuſted, the dancing began. My conductreſs aſked me, if I did not think the ladies, in general, handſome? I told her (and that without any compliment), that I thought them more than commonly beautiful; "but "methinks," added I, "the gentlemen are "not,

" not, either in dreſs or appearance, ſuch as I " ſhould have expected."—" O," replied ſhe, " have a little patience, the men of faſhion are " not yet come in; this being the firſt day of " the races, they are dining with the ſtewards." I had not time to make my obſervation on the propriety of allowing ladies to go unattended to a public place, to wait there four hours in expectation of the gentlemen with whom they were to dance; for, at that inſtant, a loud noiſe at the lower end of the hall attracted my notice. " There they come," ſaid ſhe; and I ſoon perceived a number of young gentlemen ſtaggering up the room, all of them fluſtered, ſome of them perfectly intoxicated. Their behaviour (I forbear to mention the particulars) was ſuch as might be expected.

In a few days I was quite ſatisfied with the amuſements of *Edinburgh*, and with pleaſure retired once more to my ſolitude at ——. There, however, I again fell a ſacrifice to *ennui:* I could contrive no way to fill up my time. After paſſing two or three tedious years, I reſolved to make one effort more, and ſet out for *London*, in hopes of meeting thoſe friends with whom I had lived ſo happily abroad, and in whoſe ſociety I now expected to receive pleaſure without allay.

Upon enquiry, I found that almoſt all my friends were in town, and next morning ſallied

forth to wait upon them. But nowhere could I gain admittance. It did not occur to me that thoſe doors, which, at *Rome* or *Naples*, flew open at my approach, could, at *London*, be ſhut againſt me. I therefore concluded I had called at an improper time, and that the hours of *London* (with which I was but little acquainted) differed from thoſe we had been accuſtomed to abroad.

In that belief I went to the Opera in the evening. I had not been there long before Lord —— happened to come into the very box where I was. With Lord —— I had lived in habits of the moſt intimate friendſhip, and, in a leſs public place, I ſhould have embraced him with open arms. Judge, then, of my aſtoniſhment, when he received my compliments with the coldneſs of the moſt perfect indifference. It is needleſs to run through the mortifying detail. From all my friends I met with much the ſame reception. One talked of the buſineſs of parliament, another of his engagements at the *Sçavoir Vivre*, or the *Coterie*. The Duke of ——, who then filled one of the greateſt offices of ſtate, alone ſeemed to retain his former ſentiments. One day he took me into his cloſet, and, after ſome general converſation, ſolicited my intereſt in the county of ———, for Mr. ———. I told him, that my engagements to the other candidate were ſuch,

ſuch, that I could not poſſibly comply with his requeſt. He ſeemed perfectly ſatisfied, and we parted on the beſt terms; but from that day forth, his Grace never happened to be at home when I did myſelf the honour of calling on him.

Chagrined and mortified, I returned to *Scotland*. When I had got within fifty miles of my own houſe, I obſerved, from the road, a gentleman's ſeat, the beauty and elegance of which ſtruck me ſo much, that I ſtopped the carriage, and aſked the poſt-boy to whom it belonged? "To Mr. *Manly*," ſaid he. "What, "*Charles Manly?*" Before I could receive an anſwer, my friend appeared in a field at a little diſtance. *Manly* and I had been educated at the ſame ſchool, at the ſame univerſity, and had ſet out together to make the tour of *Europe*. But after we had been ſome time in *France* he was called home, by accounts that his father lay dangerouſly ill. From that time a variety of accidents had prevented our meeting. We now met as if we had parted but yeſterday; with the ſame freedom, the ſame warmth, the ſame glow of friendſhip, heightened, if poſſible, by our long ſeparation.

During my ſtay at his houſe, I told him all my diſtreſſes, all my diſappointments. When I had done, "To be plain with you, my friend," ſaid he, "I cannot help thinking that moſt of your

" diſappointments muſt be imputed to yourſelf.
" Your long reſidence abroad, and your attach-
" ment to foreign manners, has led you to judge
" rather haſtily of your countrymen. Had you
" been leſs raſh, you might have diſcovered
" virtues in your neighbours that would, in
" ſome meaſure, have made up for the want of
" that high poliſh and refinement which they
" cannot be expected to poſſeſs. From what
" you ſaw at *Edinburgh* in the hurry of a *race*
" *week*, and from the behaviour of a ſet of men,
" who think that faſhionable diſtinction con-
" ſiſts in indulgence, in low pleaſures and groſs
" amuſements, you have drawn concluſions
" equally unfavourable and unjuſt. I know,
" from experience, that nowhere are to be
" found men of more agreeable converſation,
" or women more amiable and reſpectable.—
" Your late diſappointment, in the reception
" you met with from your foreign friends, pro-
" ceeds from a miſtake not uncommon, from
" confounding that companionſhip, ſo apt to
" produce a temporary union among young
" men, when engaged in the ſame pleaſures
" and amuſements, with real friendſhip, which
" ſeldom or never has been found to ſubſiſt be-
" tween men differing much in rank and con-
" dition, and whoſe views and objects in life
" do not in ſome meaſure coincide."

I am

I am now, Mr. MIRROR, fully convinced of the truth of *Manly*'s obſervations; and am every day more and more ſatisfied, that it is a misfortune for a private gentleman, who means to paſs his days in his native country, to become attached to foreign manners and foreign cuſtoms, in ſo conſiderable a degree, as a long reſidence abroad, in the earlier period of life, ſeldom fails to produce.

I am, &c.

ALONZO.

N° 58. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 14, 1779.

Veniam damus petimuſque vicißim. HOR.

THE mutual complaints of Mr. and Mrs. *Gold*, which have been communicated in a former paper, together with ſome complaints of ſimilar family-diſtreſſes, which I have received from other Correſpondents, often remind me of the happy effects which my friends *Horatio* and *Emilia* have experienced from an oppoſite temper and conduct.

Horatio, though he obtained a very liberal education, lived till the age of twenty-five almoſt entirely in the country. The ſmall fortune which he inherited from his father being about this time increaſed by his ſucceeding to a diſtant relation, he afterwards ſpent ſome years in this city, in *London*, and in making the uſual tour on the continent.

Soon after his return, he married the young and beautiful *Emilia*, to whom he had become warmly attached, not ſo much on account of her beauty, as from an expreſſion of a ſweet, though lively temper, which marked her countenance—which, when admitted to a more intimate

timate acquaintance, he found to be juſtified by her converſation and manners.

Emilia's father was addicted to pleaſure and expence, and her mother, though more accompliſhed, of a ſimilar diſpoſition.—In their family ſhe had been accuſtomed to a life of more than ordinary gaiety.

Though *Horatio* felt, in all its extent, that paſſion which is nowiſe favourable to a juſt eſtimation of character, theſe circumſtances had not eſcaped his notice; and he failed not to obſerve that *Emilia* had acquired a ſtronger attachment to the pleaſures of a town life, than was either right in itſelf, or agreeable to that preference for domeſtic ſociety, and the quiet of a country-life, which he had always felt, and which he ſtill wiſhed to gratify.

In place, however, of acquainting *Emilia* with his taſte in theſe particulars, he judged it better to let her enjoy that ſtyle of life to which ſhe had been accuſtomed, not doubting, from the natural good ſenſe and ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition, that her own taſte might gradually be corrected, and that, as his ſhould from time to time fall under her obſervation, it might contribute to the change.

He took up his reſidence, therefore, in town; and though *Emilia* went into company, and frequented public places more than he could

have wiſhed, he complied with her inclination in theſe particulars, partook of her amuſements when he was not neceſſarily engaged, and, when he did ſo, carefully avoided betraying that indifference or diſguſt which he often felt.

While *Horatio*, however, gave way to the taſte of *Emilia*, he never loſt the inclination, nor neglected the means of reforming it.

Amidſt the gaiety to which ſhe had been accuſtomed, *Emilia* had early formed a taſte for the elegant writers, both of this country and of *France*; and the ſame ſenſibility and delicacy of mind which led her to admire them, made her no leſs ſenſible of the beauties of a poliſhed and refined converſation. It was this which had firſt gained the affections of *Horatio*; it was to this he truſted for effecting the reformation he deſired.

He was at pains, therefore, to cultivate and encourage this literary taſte in *Emilia*.—He frequently took occaſion to turn the converſation to ſubjects of literature, and to dwell on the beauties, or mention the ſtriking paſſages of this or that author, and would often engage *Emilia* in a fine poem, an affecting tragedy, or an intereſting novel, when, but for that circumſtance, ſhe would have been exhauſting her ſpirits at a ball, or waſting the night at cards.

Nor was he leſs ſtudious in forming her taſte for company than for books. Though he had never

never aimed at an extenſive acquaintance, *Horatio* enjoyed the friendſhip of ſeveral perſons of both ſexes, endowed with thoſe elegant manners, and that delicate and cultivated underſtanding, which render converſation at once agreeable and inſtructive.

Of theſe friends he frequently formed parties at his houſe. *Emilia*, who had the ſame diſpoſition to oblige which ſhe on all occaſions experienced from him, was happy to indulge his inclinations in this particular; and, as ſhe was well qualified to bear a part in their converſation, and of a mind highly ſenſible of its charms, theſe parties gradually became more and more agreeable to her.

In this manner, her books, the converſation of ſelect companies, and the care of her children, which ſoon became a moſt endearing office to the tender and feeling heart of *Emilia*, furniſhed her with a variety of domeſtic occupations; and as theſe gradually led her to go leſs into mixed company and public amuſements, ſhe began to loſe her habitual reliſh for them. As ſhe eaſily obſerved how agreeable this change was to the taſte of *Horatio*, that circumſtance gave her mind more and more a domeſtic turn.

The ſame delicacy from which he at firſt gave way to her taſte for company and public amuſements, made *Horatio* avoid ſhewing that preference

preference which he entertained for a country-life.

For ſome time he was entirely ſilent on the ſubject. Though he now and then made excurſions to the country, it was only occaſionally when his buſineſs rendered it neceſſary; and, though *Emilia* could not but obſerve that the manner in which he paſſed his time there, in adding to the beauties of his place, and in an eaſy intercourſe with a few neighbours, was highly agreeable to him; he never expreſſed an inclination of fixing his general reſidence in the country, or even of her accompanying him in his occaſional viſits to *Roſedale*.

His viſits became, however, gradually more frequent; and, as they generally continued for ſome weeks, thoſe little abſences gave a ſort of pain to *Emilia*, to whom no ſociety was now ſo agreeable as that of *Horatio*; ſhe became deſirous of accompanying him to the country.

Their firſt viſits were ſhort, and at conſiderable intervals; but as he omitted no means of rendering them agreeable to her, ſhe ſeldom left it without regret, and was often the firſt to propoſe their return.

At length *Emilia*, who now obſerved that her huſband was no where ſo happy as in the country, and had herſelf come to feel the ſame predilection

predilection for the calm cheerfulneſs and innocent amuſements of a country life, took occaſion to acquaint him with this change in her ſentiments, and to expreſs the ſame inclination which, ſhe was perſuaded, he entertained, of abandoning a town life, and fixing their conſtant reſidence at *Roſedale*.

A propoſal ſo agreeable to *Horatio* was readily complied with; and *Emilia* and he have ever ſince paſſed their time in that delightful retreat, occupied with the education of their children, the improvement of their place, and the ſociety of a few friends, equally happy in themſelves, and beloved by all around them.

Thus has *Horatio*, the gentleneſs of whoſe mind is equal to the ſtrength of his underſtanding, by a prudent as well as delicate complacency, gradually effected that change which an oppoſite conduct might have failed of producing, and which, at the ſame time, would probably have been the ſource of mutual chagrin, and rendered both him and his wife unhappy.

Nor was the reformation ſolely on her part. By leading him to partake in company and amuſements, *Emilia* was the means of correcting the natural reſerve of *Horatio*'s manner; and as the example of his plain, though animated converſation, led her ſometimes to moderate

derate the vivacity and ſprightlineſs of hers, which ſometimes approached towards levity; ſo her vivacity communicated an agreeable gaiety and cheerfulneſs to the diſcourſe of *Horatio*.

If, in the above account, I have pointed out more ſtrongly the effects of complacency in *Horatio* than in *Emilia*, it ought to be remembered, that this virtue is much ſeldomer to be met with in the one ſex than in the other. A certain pride attends the firmneſs of *men*, which makes it generally much more difficult for them to acquire this complacency of temper, which it always requires much diſcipline, and often the rod of adverſity and diſappointment, to ſubdue.

If men truly poſſeſs that ſuperiority of underſtanding over women, which ſome of them ſeem to ſuppoſe, ſurely this uſe of it is equally ungenerous and imprudent. They would, I imagine, ſhew that ſuperiority much more effectually, in endeavouring to imitate the amiable gentleneſs of the female character, and to acquire, from a ſenſe of its propriety, a virtue, for which, it muſt be allowed, that the other ſex is more indebted to their original conſtitution.

If women, as we ſometimes allege, are too apt to connect the idea of pride, and hardneſs

of

of manners, with that of knowledge and ability, and, on that account, often ſhew a preference to more ſuperficial accompliſhments; the men, who value themſelves for knowledge and abilities, ought to look into their own conduct for the cauſe, and, imitating the behaviour of *Horatio*, endeavour to ſhew, that a man's feelings need not be the leſs delicate for being under the direction of a ſound judgment; and that he who beſt knows the female character, and will put the higheſt value on its excellence, is alſo the moſt likely to make allowance for a difference of taſte, and to bear with thoſe little weakneſſes with which he knows all human excellence to be often accompanied.

N° 59. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 17, 1779.

Ex otio plus negotii quam ex negotio habemus.
Vet. Schol. ad Ennium in Iphigen.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of that numerous tribe of men, whom your predeceſſor, *The Spectator*, has diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *Loungers*, an innocent harmleſs race, who are remarkable for no one offenſive quality, except a mortal antipathy at *time*; which, as that author ſays, and we are willing to allow, we ſtudy all poſſible means of killing and deſtroying. This confeſſion, Sir, of one particular ſpecies of malevolence we are not at all aſhamed to make, ſince the perſecution of our adverſary is ſo avowed and notorious, as fully to juſtify every kind of revenge which we can meditate. We conſider Time, Sir, as a ſort of *incubus*, or day night-mare, a malignant being, who, *like the old man of the ſea*, in the *Arabian Tales*, faſtens himſelf upon our ſhoulders, preſſes with intolerable weight, and ſticks ſo cloſe, that oftentimes

times an unhappy victim of his malice is fain to rid himſelf of his oppreſſor at the expence of his life. It is not then ſurpriſing that it ſhould be the conſtant ſtudy of us, who are infeſted by this monſter, to try every probable ſcheme for his deſtruction.

Now, Sir, as in a long-continued war, the military genius is ſharpened by exerciſe, deſtructive inventions are multiplied, and a variety of artful diſpoſitions, manœuvres, and ſtratagems, are found out, which the great maſters of the ſcience, *Folard*, *Puyſegur*, and *Saxe*, are careful to record for the benefit of belligerent poſterity: So I, in like manner, who for many years have maintained an obſtinate warfare with my mortal enemy, have not only put in practice all the common and moſt approved modes of attack and defence, ſo as preciſely to aſcertain the reſpective merit of each, but I flatter myſelf with having diſcovered ſeveral artful devices, and ingenious plans, which ſufficiently prove my own maſterly ſkill in the ſcience, and which I can recommend to the practice of my brother loungers, from repeated experience of their efficacy.

I have made ſo great a proficiency in this uſeful art, that it was, for ſeveral years, a darling project of mine to digeſt my knowledge into a regular

regular ſyſtem; but, when, in the proſecution of this great deſign, I had got the length of forming a complete title-page, and had entered upon the conſideration of the plan, and arrangement of the work, I found a neceſſity of abandoning my project, from the immenſe variety of matter which preſented itſelf to my view, as well as from an unhappy infirmity under which I have laboured from my youth, a ſort of *lethargic* diſorder, which totally unfits me for reading or writing more than half an hour at a time.

But, Sir, that the world may not be entirely deprived of the fruits of my talents and experience, I have determined to ſend you ſome of my detached notes, and a few obſervations occaſionally jotted down as materials, while the work I have mentioned was in contemplation. Theſe, Sir, as you ſeem to have a pretty turn for writing, you may, in your own way of periodical ſpeculations, enlarge and improve upon; or, if you ſhould think proper to follow out my deſign of a complete treatiſe on the ſubject, you have my full permiſſion.

The philoſophers ſay, *Cogito, ergo ſum*; I think, therefore I exiſt. Now, as the ſenſe of our own exiſtence is the moſt diſagreeable of all reflections to us lounging philoſophers, it follows, that, in order to rid ourſelves of that moſt uneaſy ſenſation, we muſt endeavour as much as poſſible to baniſh all thought.

To

To attain this important end, there are various means, according to the variety of taſtes. To eſcape from his own thoughts, one lounger betakes himſelf to his bottle, another to the gaming-table, and a third to a miſtreſs. That theſe methods are frequently ſucceſsful muſt be preſumed, ſince the greateſt adepts ſo generally employ them. Nevertheleſs, I muſt be excuſed for hinting a very few objections which have occurred in the courſe of my own practice.

As an antidote to the cares of life, and ſovereign opiate for the miſeries of thought and reflection, there is no medicine which has acquired an equal reputation with a flaſk of good wine. But moſt opiates ſerve only as temporary palliatives, and ſome, while they give immediate relief, are known to increaſe the diſeaſe. I am afraid we muſt apply to the pleaſures of the bottle, what, with a ſlight alteration, was ſaid by a wiſe ancient: "Joy may endure "for a night, but heavineſs (too ſurely) com-"eth in the morning."

Gaming, too, though a very genteel occupation, muſt be allowed to approach rather too near to the drudgery of real buſineſs. The labour of thought which it requires, and the turbulence of contending paſſions, are certainly *inimical* to that tranquil indifference in which we loungers place our ſupreme felicity.

Although

Although I am well acquainted with all the arguments in favour of gallantry, and allow them to have a great deal of weight, I cannot help thinking, that, when conſidered with a view to our fraternity, it is ſubject to many inconveniencies. Even under the management of the moſt prudent, it cannot be denied, that it leads to ſituations in which the peace and quiet, ſo neceſſary in the life of a lounger, are diſturbed and broken; or leaves him in others that render the preſence of his great adverſary, *Time*, more than uſually irkſome.

To conſtitute a complete lounger, it is neceſſary that he ſhould be a man of taſte. Reading, though, as a food, it is groſs and of hard digeſtion, may be taken with much advantage in ſmall doſes, both as a cordial, and as an opiate. For the former of theſe purpoſes, I would recommend a complete ſet of jeſt-books from *Joe Miller*, and *the Medley of Fun*, down to *Johnſoniana*; for the latter, moſt of the new novels. I would likewiſe adviſe the taking in all the magazines and reviews. Thoſe, beſides the very conſiderable amuſement in cutting up their leaves, enable a gentleman, by the moſt compendious means, to form a complete judgment of any author, in any ſcience, and to decide upon his merits in any company, with that proper confidence which repreſſes all oppoſition of opinion.

An

An ingenious author of this age * has lately demonſtrated, that it is poſſible to acquire a critical taſte in any of the fine arts, without the ſmalleſt portion of natural genius; and it muſt be acknowledged, that his theory is proved by the example of moſt modern critics. Among theſe arts, I would particularly recommend, as moſt profitable to the lounger, the acquiſition of a taſte in muſic. After acquiring a good taſte, it will be an eaſy matter to obtain a proficiency in the practice of the ſcience; and of this the advantage is very great. I have the honour to know ſeveral very accompliſhed gentlemen, who, with no other companion than their violin, are able to fiddle away a complete ſummer's day with much comfort and delight.

The occupations I have hitherto mentioned, it will be obſerved, are chiefly of the domeſtic kind. I could enumerate a variety of ſchemes for the deſtruction of time without doors. Theſe, however, are ſo generally known, that it were ſuperfluous to dwell upon them. In the morning the political lounger betakes himſelf to his coffee-houſe, the literary lounger to his bookſeller's ſhop, the ſaunterer to the public walks, the dreamer to his uſual occupation of

* Mr. Webb. See Preface to his Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, &c.

counting the ſign-poſts. In the evening, clubs, card-parties, and public places, furniſh a rendezvous for loungers of all denominations.

Beſides theſe I have already mentioned, I could eaſily, Sir, communicate a variety of other approved ſchemes and ingenious devices; but I ſhall, for the preſent, content myſelf with barely hinting at one other expedient, though I am aware that its vulgarity will not permit it to be *often* employed by people of *taſte* and *faſhion*. It muſt be acknowledged that the moſt effectual of all methods of killing time, is by ſerious buſineſs or occupation. This is the great ſecret by which many thouſands of the vulgar herd jog on through life with much compoſure, nay even ſeeming ſatisfaction, while thoſe who conſtitute the polite world are put to a variety of ſhifts to compaſs what the others attain without ſeeking after. Now, as a capital painter may ſometimes conceive a happy idea from the daubing of a ſign-poſt, ſo the lounger, though he diſdain to follow ſo mean an example as that of the plodding ſons of induſtry, may, nevertheleſs, derive from it a very profitable leſſon. When any piece of buſineſs neceſſarily obtrudes itſelf, let him conſider, that it would be highly improvident to diſpatch or execute in one hour, or in one day, what, with a little prudent management, may eaſily furniſh occupation for

twenty. Thus, when a lounger begins to write a letter, it may very reaſonably employ him for a month, the ranging of his library may give him a hurry of buſineſs for a year, and clearing accounts with his ſteward is the work of a life-time.

Theſe, Sir, are a few of the materials for that great deſign above mentioned, from which it is eaſy to form a judgment both of the copiouſneſs and importance of the ſubject. As that ſcheme, however, is now laid aſide, I take the liberty of ſending you theſe imperfect hints, in hopes (as many modeſt authors expreſs themſelves) that they may prompt an exertion of genius from ſome abler pen.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

ESYCHUS.

P. S. Your correſpondent, in your 14th Number, ſeems to poſſeſs many of the talents requiſite for ſuch an undertaking.

N° 60. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 21, 1779.

Quin ubi ſe a vulgo et ſcena in ſecreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis ſapientia Læli;
Nugari cum illo, et diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti. HOR.

I HAVE heard a ſtory of an eminent philoſopher who was invited to dine and ſpend the evening with ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed men for learning and genius of the age in which he lived. Dinner being over, the converſation took a light and eaſy turn. While a cheerful glaſs went round, the common topic of the time, the joke of the day, or the occaſional pleaſantry of the minute, filled up their diſcourſe. The philoſopher, whoſe mind was conſtantly occupied with abſtract ſtudies and inquiries, took little ſhare in the converſation, and felt no pleaſure in it. After having ſat a conſiderable time, one of the company propoſed that they ſhould take a game at cards. Although they played for a trifle, the philoſopher refuſed to join in the party, and it was made up without him. While they were thus engaged, he retired to a corner of the room, took out his pocket-book and pencil, and began to write. Upon being aſked what he was writing? he anſwered, that he had conceived high expectations of the inſtruction

and entertainment he was to receive from the converſation of ſo many eminent and diſtinguiſhed men; that he had reſolved, before he came among them, to take notes of what paſſed, leſt he ſhould forget it; and that this was now his occupation. The company, conſidering the manner in which they had been employed, felt the rebuke, and were made a little uneaſy by it.

People may think differently of this ſtory. I, for my part, think the philoſopher to blame, and that the company were in no reſpect the objects of cenſure. I have long been of opinion, that one of the moſt important leſſons to be learned in life, is that of being able to *trifle* upon occaſion. No character can poſſibly be more contemptible than that of a talking, empty, giggling fool, who is incapable of fixing his attention upon any thing that is important, and whoſe mind, like a microſcope, ſees only what is little, and takes in nothing that is great. But no character can be more reſpectable than that of a man of talents, whoſe thoughts are often employed upon the great and important objects of life, but who can nevertheleſs unbend his mind, and be amuſed with eaſy and ſimple recreations. A man, by taking falſe and improper views of life, may bring himſelf to think, that even thoſe objects which are reckoned great and important are, in reality, little; the projects of ambition,

the deſire of fame, even the purſuits of ſtudy, may ſink before him; and, to ſuch a man, the ordinary recreations of the world muſt appear too ſmall to engage his attention. But, "*'twere* "*to conſider too curiouſly to conſider ſo.*" He who thinks rightly, and adapts his mind to the circumſtances in which he is placed, will ſoon be convinced, that, as activity and employment were intended for us, ſo we ought to be intereſted by the different objects around us. The projects of an honeſt ambition, if not carried too far, the deſire of being thought well of, if kept within proper bounds, and the ſearch after knowledge, if it does not lead to arrogance and conceit, will appear ſuited to our nature, and objects upon which it is right that we ſhould fix our attention. In the ſame manner, it will appear proper that the mind, when there is place for it, ſhould unbend and allow itſelf to be amuſed by thoſe other objects which, compared with thoſe of ambition, fame, or ſtudy, may appear little or trifling.

The mind is very apt to receive a ſtrong caſt from the manner in which it is employed. When a man is conſtantly engaged in ſomething which requires great ſtudy and application, which figures as an important object, and which agitates and intereſts him, he is in danger of acquiring a hardneſs of temper which will make him

him diſagreeable, or a tone of mind which will render him incapable of going through the common duties of life as a friend, a relation, or a parent. Nothing will preſerve him from theſe bad conſequences ſo much as his taking advantage of an idle hour, and allowing himſelf to be unbent with recreations of an eaſy, and in themſelves of a frivolous nature. This will not only afford him an agreeable relaxation, but will give his mind a gentleneſs and a ſweetneſs which all the hardneſs of application, and all the agitation of his employments, will not be able to deſtroy.

There is no anecdote in antiquity which I have read with greater pleaſure than that of Scipio and Lælius, related by the eloquent pen of Cicero, and put into the mouth of Craſſus: *Sæpe ex ſocero meo audivi* (ſays Craſſus in the dialogue *de Oratore*) *cum is diceret, ſocerum ſuum Lælium, ſemper fere cum Scipione ſolitum ruſticari, eoſque incredibiliter repueraſcere eſſe ſolitos, cum rus ex urbe, tanquam e vinculis, evolaviſſent. Non audeo dicere de talibus viris, ſed tamen ita ſolet narrare Scævola, conchas eos et umbilicos ad Caietam et ad Laurentum legere conſuêſſe, et ad omnem animi remiſſionem ludumque deſcendere. Sic enim ſe res habet, ut quemadmodum volucres videmus, procreationis atque utilitatis ſuæ cauſa, fingere et conſtruere nidos; eaſdem autem, cum aliquid effecerint levandi laboris ſui cauſa, paſſim ac libere ſo-*

lutas opere volitare; ſic noſtri animi forenſibus negotiis, atque urbano opere defeſſi geſtiunt, et volitare cupiunt, vacui cura atque labore.—" I re-
" member to have heard my father-in-law
" mention," ſays Craſſus, " that his kinſman
" *Lælius*, and the great *Scipio*, were frequently
" wont to fly from the hurry of buſineſs and the
" buſtle of the town to a quiet retreat in the
" country, and there to grow, as it were, boys
" again in their amuſements. Nay (though I
" ſhould hardly venture to tell it of ſuch men),
" we were aſſured by *Scævola*, that at *Caieta*
" and *Laurentum* they uſed to paſs their time in
" gathering ſhells and pebbles, unbending their
" minds, and amuſed with every trifle; like
" birds, which, after the ſerious and important
" buſineſs of preparing neſts for their young,
" fly ſportfully about, free and diſengaged, as if
" to relieve themſelves from their toils."

Nothing can be more truly delightful than to picture out the conqueror of *Carthage*, who had led to victory the triumphant armies of the Roman ſtate, amuſing himſelf with his friend *Lælius*, at *Caieta* or *Laurentum*, in gathering ſhells and pebbles on the ſea-ſhore. Far from ſinking their dignity in our eſtimation, it adds to it; and it muſt give a high idea of the elegant ſimplicity and virtuous tranquillity of mind of which the illuſtrious friends were poſſeſſed, when,

from

from the cares of ſtate, they could deſcend to, and feel amuſement in, thoſe innocent and ſimple-hearted pleaſures. None but men of virtue, and who poſſeſſed an eaſy and an irreproachable mind, could have enjoyed them *. Men whoſe conſciences upbraided them, who felt the agitation of bad paſſions, and who were inwardly gnawed by the ſenſations of envy, jealouſy, revenge, or hatred, could not have thus indulged themſelves. They muſt have buried their feelings, they muſt have got rid of their own minds, under leſs peaceful, leſs ſimple, and leſs innocent amuſements. That abſorption of calm feeling which hard drinking produces, and that agitation created by deep gaming, muſt have been their reſource.

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* See Melmoth's Cicero's Letters.

N. B. The MIRROR is to be diſcontinued till Tueſday the 7th of December, on which day will be publiſhed, N° LXI. and then continued, as formerly, every Tueſday and Saturday.

N° 61. TUESDAY, *December* 7, 1779.

DURING the late intermiſſion of my labours, I paid a viſit of ſome weeks to my friend Mr. *Umphraville*, whoſe benevolence and worth never fail to give me the higheſt pleaſure, a pleaſure not leſſened, perhaps, by thoſe little ſingularities of ſentiment and manner, which, in ſome former papers, I have deſcribed that gentleman as poſſeſſing. At his houſe in the country, theſe appear to the greateſt advantage; there they have room to ſhoot out at will; and, like the old yew-trees in his garden, though they do look a little odd, and now and then tempt one to ſmile, yet the moſt eccentric of them all have ſomething venerable about them.

Some of my friend's peculiarities may not only be diſcovered in his manner and his diſcourſe, but may be traced in his houſe and furniture, his garden and grounds. In his houſe are large rooms, lighted by ſmall Gothic windows, and acceſſible only by dark narrow ſtaircaſes; they are fitted up with old arras, and have cielings loaded with the maſſy compartments of the laſt age, where the heads of bearded ſages and laurelled emperors look grim and terrible

terrible through the cobwebs that ſurround them. In his grounds you find ſtiff, rectangular walks, and ſtraight, narrow avenues. In his garden the yews and hollies ſtill retain their primeval figures; *lions* and *unicorns* guard the corners of his parterres, and a *ſpread-eagle*, of a remarkable growth, has his wings clipped, and his talons pared, the firſt Monday of every month during ſpring and ſummer.

The contempt in which, to a ſomewhat unreaſonable degree, he holds modern refinement, has led him to continue theſe antiquated particulars about him. The India-paper of ſome of his faſhionable neighbours' drawing-rooms, has enhanced the value of his arras; his duſky Gothic windows have been contraſted to great advantage, with their *Bows* and *Venetians*; their open *lawns* have driven him to the gloom of his avenues; and the *zig-zag* twiſt of their walks has endeared to him the long, dull line of his hedged terraces. As he holds, however, ſome good old political tenets, and thinks, as I have often heard him expreſs himſelf, that every country can afford a king for itſelf, he had almoſt ſubmitted to the modern plan of *gardening* a few years ago, on being put in mind, that the faſhion of *hedges* and *terraces* was brought in by King *William*.

But, excluſive of all thoſe motives, on which his ſiſter and I ſometimes rally him, my friend, from the warmth of his heart, and the ſenſibility of his feelings, has a ſtrong attachment to all the ancient occupiers of his houſe and grounds, whether they be of the human or the brute, the animate or inanimate creation. His tenants are, moſtly, coeval with himſelf; his ſervants have been either in his family, or on his eſtate, from their infancy; an old pointer, and an old houſe-dog, generally meet him in the lobby; and there is a flea-bitten horſe, who, for ſeveral years, has been paſt riding, to whom he has devoted the graſs of his orchard, and a manger of good hay during the ſeverity of winter. A withered ſtump, which, I obſerved, greatly incommoded the entry to his houſe, he would not ſuffer to be cut down, becauſe it had the names of himſelf and ſome of his ſchool-companions cyphered on its bark; and a divorce from his leathern elbow-chair, patched and tattered as it is, would, I am perſuaded, be one of the moſt ſerious calamities that could befal him.

This feeling will be eaſily underſtood by thoſe in whom the buſineſs or the pleaſure of the world has not extinguiſhed it. That ſort of relation which we own to every object we have long been acquainted with, is one of thoſe natural

natural propenſities the mind will always experience, if it has not loſt this connection by the variety of its engagements, or the buſtle of its purſuits. There is a ſilent chronicle of paſt hours in the inanimate things amidſt which they have been ſpent, that gives us back the affections, the regrets, the ſentiments of our former days; that gives us back their joys without tumult, their griefs without poignancy, and produces equally from both a penſive pleaſure, which men who have retired from the world, like *Umphraville*, or whom particular circumſtances have ſomewhat eſtranged from it, will be peculiarly fond of indulging. Above all others, thoſe objects which recal the years of our childhood, will have this tender effect upon the heart: they preſent to us afreſh the bliſsful illuſions of life, when Gaiety was on the wing undamped by Care, and Hope ſmiled before us unchecked by Diſappointment. The diſtance of the ſcene adds to our idea of its felicity, and increaſes the tenderneſs of its recollection; 'tis like the view of a landſcape by moon-ſhine; the diſtinctneſs of object is loſt, but a mellow kind of dimneſs ſoftens and unites the whole.

From the ſame ſort of feeling has the idea of *Home* its attraction. For, though one's intereſt there will undoubtedly be heightened by the relation to perſons, yet there is, excluſive of that

that connection altogether, a certain attachment to place and things, by which the town, the houſe, the room in which we live, have a powerful influence over us. He muſt be a very dull, or a very diſſipated man, who, after a month's abſence, can open his own door without emotion, even though he has no relation or friend to welcome him within. For my part, I feel this ſtrongly; and many an evening, when I have ſhut the door of my little parlour, trimmed the fire, and ſwept the hearth, I ſit down with the feelings of a friend for every chair and table in the room.

There is, perhaps, a degree of melancholy in all this; the *French*, who are a lively people, have, I think, no vocable that anſwers to our ſubſtantive *Home*; but it is not the melancholy of a ſour, unſocial being; on the contrary, I believe, there will always be found a tone of benevolence in it both to ourſelves and others; —I ſay ourſelves, becauſe I hold the ſenſation of peace and friendſhip with our own minds to be one of the beſt preparatives, as well as one of the beſt rewards, of virtue.

Nor has Nature given us this propenſity in vain. From this the principle of patriotiſm has its earlieſt ſource, and ſome of thoſe ties are formed, which link the inhabitants of leſs favoured regions to the heaths and mountains of their

their native land. In cultivated ſociety, this *ſentiment of Home* cheriſhes the uſeful virtues of domeſtic life; it oppoſes, to the tumultuous pleaſures of diſſipation and intemperance, the quiet enjoyments of ſobriety, economy, and family-affection; qualities which, though not attractive of much applauſe or admiration, are equally conducive to the advantage of the individual, and the welfare of the community.

N° 62. SATURDAY, *December* 11, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

WHEN I was in *Languedoc*, many years ago, I had an invitation to a great entertainment given by the *Intendant*. The company was very numerous; and, ſeveral foreigners happening to be preſent, the natives vied with each other in diſplaying their own importance. The converſation chanced to turn on the campaign of Marſhal *de Villars* againſt the people of the *Cévennes*; and ſome of the gueſts were old enough to remember the events of thoſe times.

"*M. de la Tour le Colombier*, my father," ſaid an old lady, "had connections with many "of the moſt conſiderable Calviniſts; and, "after their defeat, he generouſly afforded an "afylum to *M. Cavalier* and three hundred "and ſixty-four of his followers. They were "concealed among old ruins in a large foreſt "which lay behind my father's *Chateau*, and "compoſed part of his domain. None of the "ſervants of the family were let into the ſecret, "excepting one of my own maids, a ſenſible,

"handy

" handy girl; ſhe and I went every day, and " carried proviſions to the whole band, and we " dreſſed the wounds of ſuch of them as had " been wounded in the action. We did this, " day after day, for a fortnight, or rather, if I " remember right, for near three wreeks. Mi- " nute circumſtances are apt to eſcape one's " memory, after an interval of many years; " but I ſhall never forget the gratitude of thoſe " poor people, and the ardent thanks which " they beſtowed on us when they went away " and diſperſed themſelves."

I took the liberty of obſerving, that the proviſions neceſſary for ſo many mouths might poſſibly have been miſſed in the family, and that this might have led to a diſcovery. " Not " at all," replied ſhe. " *Feu M. mon Père ſe* " *piquoit toujours de tenir bonne table, c'eſtoit ſa* " *marotte même* [my father, who is now gone, " always made a point of living handſomely; " *that* was even his hobby-horſe]. But indeed " I recollect," continued ſhe, " that we were " once very near being diſcovered. The wives " of ſome of the fugitives had heard, I know " not how, that their huſbands lay concealed " near my father's *Chateau*. They came and " ſearched, and actually diſcovered the lurking- " place. Unfortunately they brought a good " many children along with them; and, as we

" had

" had no eatables fit for the little creatures, they " began to pule and cry, which might have " alarmed the neighbourhood. It happened " that *M. Cavalier*, the general of the inſur- " gents, had been a journeyman paſtry-cook " before the war. He preſently made ſome " prune tarts for the children, and ſo quieted " them. This was a proof of his good-nature, " as well as of his ſingular preſence of mind in " critical ſituations. Candour obliges me to " bear ſo ample teſtimony in favour of a heretic " and a rebel."

We had ſcarcely time to draw breath after this ſtory, when a mean-looking elderly man ſaid, with the affectation of modeſt dignity, " I had the happineſs to be known to *M. de* " *Villars*, and he was pleaſed greatly to over- " rate my poor ſervices. On a certain occa- " ſion, he did me the honour to preſent me " with a horſe of the unmixed Arabian breed, " and a wonderful animal it was:" Then addreſſing himſelf to Lady W——, " I much " doubt, *mi Ledi*, whether it could have been " matched in your country, ſo juſtly celebra- " ted for fine women and horſes.—One evening " while I was in garriſon at *Pont St. Eſprit*, " I took him out to exerciſe. Being in high " ſpirits and excellent wind, he went off at an " eaſy gallop, and did not ſtop till he brought

" me

" me to the gates of *Montpelier* [between twenty " and thirty leagues diſtant], and *there*, to my no " ſmall ſurpriſe, I found the Dean and whole " Faculty of Medicine ſtanding in their gowns " to receive me. The Dean made a long ha- " rangue in Latin, of which, to ſay the truth, I " underſtood not one word; and then, in name " of his brethren, put into my hands a diploma " of Doctor of Phyſic, with the uſual powers of " curing, and ſo forth. He would have had " me to partake of an entertainment prepared " for the occaſion; but I did not chuſe to ſleep " out of garriſon; ſo I juſt ordered my horſe " to be rubbed down, gave him a ſingle feed, " mounted again, and got back to *Pont St.* " *Eſprit*, as they were ſhutting the gates. Per- " haps I have dwelt too long on the praiſes of " my horſe; but ſomething muſt be allowed for " the prejudices of education: an old horſe- " officer [*un ancien Capitaine de Cavalerie*] is " naturally prolix, when his horſe chances to be " the ſubject of diſcourſe."

" Pray, Captain," ſaid one of the company, " will you give me leave to aſk the name of your " horſe?"—The queſtion was unexpected:— " Upon my word," ſaid he, " I do not remem- " ber his name. Oh! now I recollect; I cal- " led him *Alexander*, after *M. de Villars*, the " noble donor: that *M. de Villars* was a great " man."—

" man."—" True; but his Chriſtian name " was *Hector*."—" Was it *Hector?* then de- " pend upon it, my horſe had the ſame Chriſtian " name [*nom de Baptême*] as *M. de Villars*."

My curioſity led me afterwards to inquire into the hiſtory of the gentleman who " always " made a point of living handſomely;" and of the old horſe-officer whom *M. de Villars* ſo much diſtinguiſhed.

The former was a perſon of honourable birth, and had *ſerved*, as the *French* expreſs it, with reputation. On his quitting the army, he retired to a ſmall paternal eſtate, and lived in a decent way, with moſt ſcrupulous economy. His *Chateau* had been ruined during the wars of the League, and nothing remained of it but one turret, converted into a pigeon-houſe. As that was the moſt remarkable object on his eſtate, he was generally known by the name of *M. de la Tour le Colombier*. His manſion-houſe was little better than that of a middling farmer in the ſouth of England. The *foreſt* of which his daughter ſpoke, was a copſe of three or four acres; and the ruins in which *Cavalier* and his aſſociates lay concealed, had been originally a place of worſhip of the Proteſtants; but was demoliſhed when thoſe eminent divines, *Lewis* XIV. and Madame *de Maintenon*, thought fit that all *France* ſhould be of one religion; and, as that edifice had not

received

received conſecration from a perſon epiſcopally ordained, the owner made no ſcruple of accommodating two or three calves in it, when his cow-houſe happened to be crowded; and this is all that I could learn of *M. de la Tour le Colombier*.

As for "the old horſe-officer," he had ſerved with *eclat* in the corps eſtabliſhed for repreſſing ſmugglers of tobacco. This recommended him to the notice of the Farmers General; and, by their intereſt, he obtained an office that gave him a ſeat at thoſe great tables to which all the world is invited; and he had lived ſo very long in this ſtation, that the meanneſs of his original ſeemed to have been forgotten by moſt people, and eſpecially by himſelf.

Thoſe ridiculous ſtories which excited mirth when I firſt heard them, afterwards afforded matter for much ſerious reflection.

It is wonderful that any one ſhould tell things impoſſible, with the hope of being credited; and yet the two perſonages, whoſe legends I have related, muſt have entertained that hope.

Neither is it leſs wonderful that invention ſhould be ſtretched to the utmoſt, in order to perſuade mere ſtrangers to think highly of the importance of the relater.

M.le. *de la Tour le Colombier*, and the old horſe-officer, had not ſeen us before, and had little chance of ever ſeeing us again. We were the acquaint-

acquaintance of the day, entertained without affection, and parted from without regret; and yet what pains did they take to leave on our minds the impreſſion of their conſequence!

The country where this ſcene lay is the land of the nativity of Romance; and it is probable that warm ſuns and pure ſkies enliven and fertilize the invention of its inhabitants. But Romance, for I will not give it a harſher name, thrives not in the bleaker and more northern climates: *There* it is forced fruit, without that flavour which it has in its own ſoil.

We can as little rival the French in their eaſe of behaviour, and in the inexhauſtible talent of enunciating trifles with grace, as in their *Colloquial Romances*. How do I feel for my countrymen, on obſerving them toil through a romance, compoſe ſentence by ſentence as they go on, heſitate with the conſciouſneſs of doing wrong, ſtare like a criminal, at once abaſhed and obdurate, and at length produce a ſtory as tedious and as dull as truth.

I am, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

N° 63. TUESDAY, *December* 14, 1779.

Celebrare domeſtica Facta. HOR.

THE incidents attending domeſtic and private ſituations, are of all others the moſt apt to affect the heart. Deſcriptions of national events are too general to be very intereſting, and the calamities befalling Kings and Princes too far removed from common life to make a deep impreſſion. With the virtues of ſuch perſonages, it is nearly the ſame as with their ſufferings; the heroic qualities which hiſtory aſcribes to great and illuſtrious names, play around the imagination, but rarely touch the feelings, or direct the conduct; the humbler merits of ordinary life are thoſe to which we feel a nearer relation; from which, therefore, precept is more powerfully enforced, and example more readily drawn.

Mr. *Hargrave* is one of my earlieſt friends. Being many years younger than he, I have ever been accuſtomed to regard him both as my guardian and my friend; and the reverence with which I looked on him in the one character, never took from the tender and affectionate warmth I felt for him in the other.

After

After having been, for ſome time, a good deal in the world, he retired to the country, where he lived with elegance and eaſe. His wife, a very amiable woman, died ſoon after her marriage, leaving one only child, a girl, to the care of whoſe education Mr. *Hargrave*, after her mother's death, devoted his whole attention. Nature had done much for her; and the inſtruction ſhe received from an accompliſhed father, gave her every grace which can adorn the female character.

Emily Hargrave was now in her twentieth year. Her father was advanced in life, and he began to feel the weakneſſes of age coming faſt upon him. Independent of the gratification which he uſed to receive from the obſervation of his daughter's virtues and accompliſhments, he had come to feel a pleaſure ſomewhat more ſelfiſh from the advantage which thoſe virtues were of to himſelf. Her care and dutiful attention were almoſt become neceſſary to him; and the principal pleaſure he received was from her company and converſation. *Emily* was ſenſible of this; and, though ſhe was at pains to conceal her ſolicitude, it was plain that her whole care centred in him.

It

It was impoſſible that a girl ſo amiable as *Emily Hargrave* could fail to attract attention. Several young men of character and fortune became her profeſſed admirers. But, though ſhe had a ſweetneſs which gave her a benevolent affability to all, ſhe was of a mind too delicate to be eaſily ſatisfied in the choice of a huſband. In her preſent circumſtances, ſhe had another objection to every change of ſituation. She felt too much anxiety about her father, to think of any thing which could call off her attention from him, and make it proper to place any of it elſewhere.—With the greateſt delicacy, therefore, and with that propriety with which her conduct was always attended, ſhe checked every advance that was made her; while, at the ſame time, ſhe was at the utmoſt pains to conceal from her father the voluntary ſacrifice ſhe was reſolved to make on his account.

About a month ago, I paid a viſit to Mr. *Hargrave*'s family. I found him more changed than I had expected; the imbecilities of age, which were beginning to approach laſt time I had ſeen him, had now made great advances. Formerly Mr. *Hargrave* uſed to be the delight of every company, and he never ſpoke without inſtructing or entertaining. Now he ſpoke little; when he did, it was with feebleneſs both of voice and manner. Feeling his memory declining,

ſenſible that he was not ſo acute as he once was, and unable to keep up his attention to a continued diſcourſe, though his underſtanding was ſtill perfectly good, he was afraid to venture his opinion, or to take any decided meaſure. He was too conſcious of his own infirmities; and that conſciouſneſs led him to think, that his failure was greater than it really was. In this ſituation, his whole dependance was upon *Emily*, and ſhe was his only ſupport. Never, indeed, did I ſee any thing more lovely, more engaging. To all her other charms, the anxious ſolicitude ſhe felt for her father had ſtamped upon her countenance,

"That expreſſion ſweet of melancholy
"Which captivates the ſoul."

There is ſomething in the female character which requires ſupport. That gentleneſs, that delicate ſoftneſs approaching to timidity, which forms its moſt amiable feature, makes it ſtand in need of aſſiſtance. That ſupport and aſſiſtance *Emily* had received in the completeſt manner from her father.—What an alteration now? Inſtead of receiving ſupport herſelf, ſhe was obliged to give it; ſhe was under the neceſſity of aſſiſting, of counſelling, and of ſtrengthening the timid reſolutions of him who had been, in her earlier years, her inſtructor and her guide, and to whom, next to Heaven, ſhe had ever looked

up. *Emily* felt all this;—but feeling took not from her the power of acting.

Hargrave is abundantly ſenſible of his daughter's goodneſs. Her conſciouſneſs of this, and of how much importance her attentions are to her father, gives her the beſt conſolation.

While I was at his houſe, he hardly ever ſpoke of himſelf. Once, indeed, I remember he ſaid to me, "I am become a ſtrange being;—even "the goodneſs of that girl diſtreſſes me; it is "too much for me to bear:—it is," added he, in a very faint and broken voice, "like to over-"whelm me."

I have often remarked, that there is a perſeverance in virtue, and a real magnanimity in the other ſex, which is ſcarcely to be equalled in ours. In the virtue of men, there are generally ſome conſiderations not altogether pure attending it, which, though they may not detract from, muſt certainly diminiſh, our wonder at their conduct. The heroic actions of men are commonly performed upon the great theatre, and the performers have the applauſes of an attending and admiring world to animate and ſupport them.—When *Regulus* ſuffered all the tortures which cruelty could invent, rather than give up his honour or his country, he was ſupported by the conſcious admiration of thoſe countrymen whom he had left, and of thoſe enemies in whoſe hands

he was;—when *Cato* ſtabbed himſelf, rather than give up the cauſe of liberty, he felt a pride which told him that "*Cato's would be no leſs honoured* "*than Cæſar's ſword*;"—and when the "*ſelf-* "*devoted Decii died*," independent of their love for *Rome*, they had every motive of applauſe to animate their conduct:—but when *Emily Hargrave* ſacrifices every thing to filial goodneſs and filial affection, ſhe can have no concomitant motive, ſhe can have no external circumſtance to animate her. Her ſilent and ſecret virtue is the pure and unmingled effect of tenderneſs, of affection, and of duty.

S

N° 64. SATURDAY, *December* 18, 1779.

Populumque falſis
Dedocet
Uti vocibus. HOR.

THE ſcience of *Manners*, for Manners are a ſcience, cannot eaſily be reduced to that ſimplicity in its elements of which others admit. Among other particulars, the *terms* employed in it are not, like thoſe of *Arithmetic*, *Mathematics*, *Algebra*, or *Aſtronomy*, perfectly and accurately defined. Its ſubjects are ſo fleeting, and marked with ſhades ſo delicate, that, wherever a general denomination is ventured, there is the greateſt hazard of its being miſapplied or miſunderſtood.

In a former paper I endeavoured to analyſe the term *A man of Faſhion*; in this I am enabled by an ingenious Correſpondent to trace the meaning of another phraſe, to wit, *Good Company*, which, as it is nearly connected with the former, is, I believe, as doubtful in its ſignification. The following letter is a practical treatiſe on the ſubject; which I ſhall lay before my readers in the preciſe terms in which I received it.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM at that time of life when education, formerly confined to the ſtudy of books, begins to extend itſelf to the ſtudy of men. Having lately arrived in town, I was anxious to be introduced into *good company* of every rank and denomination; and, in virtue of ſome family-connections, aſſiſted by the kindneſs of ſome college-friends and acquaintance, I flattered myſelf I ſhould ſucceed in my purpoſe.

My ſtrong bent for *Letters* induced me firſt to procure an introduction into the *good company* of the learned; and I went to a dinner where ſeveral of the *literati* were to be aſſembled, full of the hopes of having my mind enlightened with knowledge, expanded with ſentiment, and charmed with the Atticiſm of elegant converſation.

During our meal, there was a more abſolute ſuſpenſion of diſcourſe, than I expected in a ſociety of ſpirits ſo refined as thoſe with whom I was aſſociated. The ordinary functions of *eating* and *drinking* made no part of my idea of a learned man; and I could obſerve in my fellow-gueſts an attention to the diſhes before them, which I thought did not quite correſpond

with

with the dignity of that character. This, however, was but a ſmall deviation from my picture, and I paſſed it over as well as I could, in expectation of that mental feaſt with which I was to be regaled when the table ſhould be uncovered.

Accordingly, when the cloth was removed, the converſation, which I expected with ſo much impatience, began. I had too humble an opinion of myſelf to take any other part than that of a hearer; but I very ſoon diſcovered that I was the only perſon in the company who had an inclination to liſten. Every one ſeemed impatient of his neighbour's ſpeech, and eager to have an opportunity of introducing his own. You, I think, Mr. MIRROR, have compared converſation to a favourite diſh at an entertainment; here it was carried on like a dinner at one of thoſe hungry *ordinaries*, where *Quin* uſed wittily to call for a baſket-hilted ſword to help himſelf with: In a ſhort time, every one, except your Correſpondent, endeavoured to ſecure it to himſelf, by making it a diſh which nobody elſe could taſte. An old gentleman, at the head of the table, introduced a German treatiſe, written by a man whoſe name I could neither pronounce nor remember, which none of the reſt of the company had ſeen. Another, taking advantage of a fit of coughing with which he

was ſeized, brought us upon a philoſophical inquiry into the properties of *heat*, and a long account of ſome experiments he had lately witneſſed on that ſubject. Being unfortunately aſked for his toaſt, and pauſing a moment to deliberate on it, he was ſupplanted by my right-hand neighbour, who ſuddenly tranſported us into the country of *Thibet*, and ſeemed to have a very intimate acquaintance with the *Delai Lama*. One of the company, who ſat oppoſite to him, thruſt in, by mere dint of vociferation, *Travels through the interior parts of America*, juſt then publiſhed, and ſailed over the *lakes* in triumph; till happening to mention a particular way in which the Indians dreſs a certain fiſh, the diſcourſe was, at laſt, laid open to every body preſent on the ſubject of *cookery*; whence it naturally fell into a diſcuſſion of the comparative excellence of different wines; on which topics the converſation reſted with ſo much emphaſis, that a ſtranger, who had overheard it, would have been led to imagine this *ſympoſium*, into which I had procured admiſſion with ſo much eagerneſs, to be a ſociety of Cooks and Butlers, met to improve each other in their ſeveral callings.

I next procured an introduction into the *very beſt company*; that is, I contrived to become a gueſt at a table of high faſhion, where an entertainment

tainment was given to ſome of the greateſt men in this country. The ambition natural to my age and complexion, prompted me to deſire this honour; which, however, I purchaſed at the price of a good deal of embarraſſment and uneaſineſs. Nothing, indeed, but the high honour conferred by ſuch ſociety, could compenſate for the feelings even of that minute, in which a man, not uſed to the company of the great, aſcends from the loweſt ſtep of a wide echoing ſtair-caſe, to the door of a great man's drawing-room.—Through this, however, and ſeveral other little diſquietudes, did I paſs, in hopes of finding, in the diſcourſe of thoſe elevated perſons, that highly-poliſhed elegance, that intereſting information, and thoſe extenſive views of polity and government, which their rank had afforded ſo many opportunities of acquiring.

Not only during the time of dinner (as in my laſt company), but for a conſiderable time after, the ſcene was ſilent and ſolemn; this, while it added to my confuſion, increaſed my expectations. Converſation at laſt began; it was carried on in a manner exactly the reverſe of that in my former viſit. There nobody was diſpoſed to liſten; here few ſeemed inclined to ſpeak; for in this aſſembly I could perceive there were two or three *very great* men, to whom the great men were little, and the proud

were mean. The laſt, therefore, hardly ſpoke at all, except to applaud the obſervations or anecdotes delivered by the very great men; in which, had they not been delivered by the very great men, I ſhould have diſcovered no uncommon ſagacity or exquiſite entertainment. One, who ſeemed to be at the top of this *climax* of greatneſs, began a ſtory of a pretty old date, in which he introduced, at dinner, in the houſe of the then miniſter, almoſt all the orators and wits of the time. Though, from the anecdotes to which I had already liſtened, my ears were now familiarized with the ſounds of *Duke*, *Marquis*, *Earl*, and *Ambaſſador*; yet, from the hiſtory of this illuſtrious aſſemblage, I ſtill conceived very eager expectation: but, after being led through twenty epiſodes, all tending to ſhew the connection of the Noble relator with many other Right Honourable perſonages, the concluſion proved to be nothing more than a joke upon a country member of parliament, who aſked to be helped to a bit of *gooſe*, when, in fact, the diſh was a *ſwan*, which it ſeems was a favourite bird at the miniſter's table; and ſome conceit about not knowing a *ſwan* from a *gooſe*, and all the miniſter's *geeſe* being *ſwans*, was the point of the ſtory; at which all the company laughed very loud and very long; but the little men, all except myſelf, infinitely the loudeſt and the longeſt.

I began

I began now to think that the charms of convivial and ordinary converſation were not, perhaps, to be expected among men, whoſe learning, or importance in the ſtate, made it unneceſſary for them to cultivate the leſſer accompliſhments of life; and that I muſt look for them in the company of the *gay*, whoſe minds, unbent from ſerious and important occupations, had leiſure to ſport themſelves in the regions of wit and humour, and to communicate the livelineſs of their fancy to the ſociety around them. I found it no difficult matter to be admitted to a party of this kind; I was introduced, at a public place, to a gentleman, who, I was told, was a man of faſhion, and of the world, and was by him invited to a *petit ſouper*, where I underſtood I ſhould meet with ſome of the livelieſt and moſt entertaining companions of both ſexes.

Of the converſation at this houſe I would give an account if I were able; but ſo many talked at once, ſo various and deſultory were the ſubjects on which they talked, and ſo unintelligibly faſhionable were many of the phraſes which they uſed, that I am altogether unqualified to abridge or analyſe it. I find, Sir, there is a jargon among people of faſhion as well as among the ſchoolmen they deride, and that it requires initiation into the myſteries of the one as well as

of the other, to be able to comprehend or to reliſh their diſcourſe. Converſation, however, was ſoon put an end to by the introduction of cards, when I found a perfect equality of underſtanding and of importance. At length ſupper was announced at a very late hour, and with it entered a gentleman, who, I was informed, poſſeſſed an infinite fund of humour, and for whoſe appearance I had been made to look, for ſome time, with impatience.

The ſuperiority of his talents for converſation ſeemed, indeed, to be acknowledged; for he was allowed to talk almoſt unceaſingly, with very little interruption from any other perſon. After a few glaſſes, he was prevailed on to ſing one very innocent ſong; a few more emboldened him to ſing another a little more free; and, juſt before the ſecond bottle was called for, he took off a Methodiſt preacher with great applauſe.

The ladies now retired. I had fancied that, in the companies of the two former days, the want of their ſociety had deprived us of the eaſe and gaiety of diſcourſe. But here the removal of the female members of the party ſeemed to have a contrary effect from what my concluſion would have warranted. I diſcovered a ſmile of ſatisfaction in the countenances of moſt of the gueſts when the ladies were gone.

Several

Several of them, who had not uttered a ſyllable before, were eloquent now, though, indeed, the ſubject was neither abſtruſe nor delicate. The wit was called on for another ſong, and he gave us one perfectly *maſculine*. This was followed by ſeveral jocular ſtories, and burleſque exhibitions, moſt of which were in perfect uniſon with that tone which the abſence of the ladies had allowed the company to aſſume. The jeſts were not ſuch as I can repeat; one fancy, however, I recollect, of which, I think, a better uſe may be made than its author intended. "Suppoſe," ſaid he, "our words "left their marks on the walls, like claret ſpilt "on a ſmooth table, how confounded the wo-"men would look when they next entered the "room!" For my part, I have ſo much reverence for a woman of honour, as to hold ſacred even the place ſhe has occupied, and cannot eaſily bear its immediate profanation by obſcenity. I therefore took the firſt opportunity of withdrawing, which I was the more willing to do, as I found our wit poſſeſſed, in truth, only a chime of buffoonery, which, when he had rung out, he was forced to ſubſtitute the bottle in its place, the laſt joke he uttered being a reproof to our landlord for not puſhing it about.

* Now,

Now, Mr. MIRROR, I muſt beg of you, or ſome of your well-inſtructed Correſpondents, to inform me, if in all, or any of thoſe three ſocieties, I was really and truly in *good company*; as I confeſs I have entertained ſome doubts of their deſerving that name. Theſe, however, are probably the effects of ignorance, and a bookiſh education, in which I am very willing to be corrected from proper authority.

I am, &c.

MODESTUS.

V

N° 65. TUESDAY, *December* 21, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE polite reception you have given to letters from ſeveral perſons of my ſex, emboldens me to addreſs myſelf to you, and to lay before you a kind of diſtreſs, of which neither you, nor any of your predeceſſors, as far as I can recollect, have taken notice. It is, I believe, more common in this part of the united kingdom than in *England*. That circumſtance may, perhaps, account for its being overlooked by the writers of both countries; in the one caſe, from its being almoſt unknown, and in the other, from its being ſo common, that it has ceaſed to make any impreſſion.

What I allude to, will be beſt underſtood from a ſhort account I ſhall take the liberty to give of myſelf.

My father was a gentleman of conſiderable fortune, and, what he valued more, was deſcended from a very ancient family. In the earlier part of his life he had lived much abroad, and in conſequence, I believe, of an attachment to the houſe of *Stewart*, had ſerved ſome years in the *French* army. Theſe circumſtances, perhaps,

perhaps, contributed to increaſe his veneration for noble blood and old families.—Soon after he returned to his native country, he married Lady *C* ——, only daughter of the Earl of ——, a woman who was juſtly deemed an ornament to her ſex. She died before I had finiſhed my ſixth year, leaving one ſon, about two years younger than myſelf.

My father, a man of warm affections and ſtrong paſſions, ſeemed to exiſt but in her children. But for us, I have often heard him ſay, he could not have ſubmitted to live. To our education he dedicated the whole of his time. My brother, whom he conſidered as the laſt ſtay of his family, he wiſhed to render a worthy repreſentative of it. Nor were his pains thrown away; for never was there a more engaging youth; and every year ſeemed to add ſome new grace to his form, and ſome new accompliſhment to his mind.

To me my father was all indulgence. He ſeemed to watch my wiſhes, in order to gratify them, before I could give them utterance. It was his chief deſire to ſee me excel in every polite and faſhionable accompliſhment; and the education he gave me was proportionably elegant and expenſive.

Soon after I had entered my twentieth year, my father was ſeized with a violent fit of illneſs.

neſs. My brother, who was then at college, was immediately called home. My father lived but to ſee him; all he had power to ſay was to recommend me to his protection. "In you, "*William*," ſaid the good old man, "*Sophia* "will find a father, a brother, and a friend. "Without encumbering the family-eſtate, I "could make no ſuitable ſettlements on her; "but this gives me no uneaſineſs, when I re- "flect on your virtues, and your attachment to "your ſiſter."

My brother, whoſe diſpoſitions were all gentle and amiable, was much moved with this ſcene. After our father's death, his behaviour to me was full of attention and affection. He regretted that he was not of an age to make ſuch ſettlements as would render me independent. "But why," would he add, "ſhould I "regret it?—is not my fortune yours? as ſuch "I muſt inſiſt that you will ever conſider it."

In a few months my brother ſet out on his travels. Our parting was full of tenderneſs, and his letters from abroad breathed the warmeſt ſentiments of friendſhip and of affection. After the common tour of *France*, *Italy*, and *Germany*, he went to *Spa*, with an intention to paſs ſome weeks there, and then return to his native country. At *Spa* he met with the ſiſter of Lord ——, who ſoon engaged his affections ſo completely,

completely, that he offered her his hand. The marriage was ſpeedily concluded; and ſoon after my brother and his wife arrived at his ſeat in ——, where I had reſided almoſt conſtantly ever ſince he had gone abroad.

The looks and appearance of the lady prepoſſeſſed me ſtrongly in her favour. She was beautiful almoſt beyond any thing I had ever ſeen; and though, perhaps, there was not in her countenance any expreſſion ſtrongly marked, there was, nevertheleſs, a gentleneſs and a ſweetneſs in her whole deportment, joined with an elegance of manners, that could not fail to pleaſe every beholder. I obſerved, with pleaſure, my brother's ſtrong attachment to her, which, if poſſible, ſeemed daily to increaſe; and I could not find fault with any little want of attention to myſelf, when I ſaw that it proceeded from ſo amiable a motive, from affection to a lovely woman, to whom he was for ever united, and on whoſe happineſs his own was for ever to depend.

It was my wiſh to live with my ſiſter-in-law in terms of the ſtricteſt friendſhip; but, with all my partiality in her favour, I could not help obſerving that I made little progreſs in obtaining any ſhare of her confidence. Always polite and well-bred, it is true, but with a coldneſs that chilled every approach to openneſs, and every attempt to that freedom which is the trueſt

mark

mark of genuine friendſhip. For a while I thought that this might proceed from a reſerved temper, ſometimes to be found united with the beſt diſpoſitions. But when I came to be more thoroughly acquainted with her character, I found that her mind was equally incapable of friendſhip as of love. Alive only to emotions of vanity, and the pleaſures of admiration, ſhe was dead to every other ſenſation. How often have I ſeen her prefer the applauſe of the meaneſt and moſt contemptible of mankind, whom ſhe herſelf deſpiſed, to the happineſs of a man who doated on her to diſtraction, and to whom ſhe was bound by every tie of gratitude and duty!

I was at the utmoſt pains to conceal, both from her and my brother, the alteration in my ſentiments which this diſcovery had produced; and I was not without hopes, that her natural good ſenſe (for of ſenſe ſhe was by no means deſtitute) would, in time, prevail over this childiſh vanity, which made her appear in ſo ridiculous a light. It is, however, perhaps impoſſible to live long with a perſon of whom we have conceived a mean or unfavourable opinion, without betraying it; or, what in effect is much the ſame, ſuppoſing that we have betrayed it. Whether ſhe really perceived any alteration in my opinion of her, I cannot poſitively ſay; but I thought her behaviour looked

as

as if ſhe had, and that ſhe conſidered my preſence as a reſtraint upon her. This idea, once awakened, the moſt trivial incidents ſerved to confirm. I found my ſituation become daily more and more diſagreeable, and I had already begun to think of quitting my brother's houſe, when my ſiſter-in-law brought things to a criſis, by informing me that ſhe and Mr. *M*— (naming my brother) intended to paſs the enſuing winter at *London*; adding, with an air of the moſt finiſhed politeneſs, "that, as ſhe wiſh-"ed to keep up a conſtant correſpondence with "me during her abſence, ſhe would be glad to "know how to addreſs her letters." It is not eaſy to deſcribe what paſſed in my mind on this occaſion. I took, however, my reſolution at once, and determined to quit, for ever, the family of a brother, whom, from my earlieſt infancy, I had been accuſtomed to love and to eſteem.

When I communicated my intentions to him, he ſeemed embarraſſed, and, with a faultering voice, muttered ſomething of his regret — of his wiſhes that I ſhould remain in his family; but it was in a manner too irreſolute to have ſhaken a purpoſe much leſs decided than mine.

It is now ten years ſince I quitted my brother's houſe, and took up my abode in a paltry lodging in this city, where the intereſt of the ſmall proviſion left me by my father, is juſt ſufficient

ſufficient to furniſh the neceſſaries of life to myſelf and a female domeſtic, who had lived long in my father's family, and inſiſted on attending me. As to money-matters, my brother, I am perſuaded, would have been very deſirous to make me more comfortable; but I had too high a ſpirit to communicate my wants to him. Beſides, I found that the expenſive line of life he had got into, did not leave it much in his power to indulge his feelings of generoſity.

For ſome years I found my ſituation extremely unpleaſant. Accuſtomed as I had been to a ſtate of eaſe and affluence, and to all the pleaſures of an elegant ſociety, it was not eaſy for me to ſubmit, at once, to poverty, neglect, and ſolitude. The power of habit has however at length, in ſome meaſure, reconciled me to my fate. I can now look with indifference on the pleaſures and purſuits of the world; and, notwithſtanding the chagrin that is commonly ſuppoſed to attend perſons in my condition, I have ſtill ſo much philanthropy as to wiſh that you would employ a paper in repreſenting the cruelty and injuſtice of educating a girl in luxury and elegance, and then leaving her expoſed to all the hardſhips of poverty and neglect. I am, &c.

S. M.

N° 66. SATURDAY, *December* 25, 1779.

AMIDST all my veneration for *Shakeſpeare*, I have been often obliged to confeſs that there were paſſages in his works, the meaning of which I could not underſtand; and of others, I have ſometimes ventured to doubt if they were ſtrictly in Nature. Of this laſt ſort is the celebrated ſcene in *Richard the Third*, where that artful uſurper firſt mollifies the reſentment, and then gains upon the affections, of the unfortunate *Lady Anne*. The following piece of criticiſm on that ſcene has been ſent me by a Correſpondent, from whom, if I miſtake not, I have formerly received ſeveral ingenious communications.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

FEW of *Shakeſpeare*'s tragedies have obtained higher reputation than *The Life and Death of Richard the Third*. Yet, like every other performance of this wonderful poet, it contains ſeveral paſſages that can hardly admit of apology. Of this kind are the inſtances it affords

affords us of vulgarity, and even indecency of expreſſion.

At the ſame time, in cenſuring Shakeſpeare, we ought to proceed with peculiar caution; for, on many occaſions, thoſe paſſages which, on a curſory view, may be reckoned blemiſhes, on a cloſer examination, will appear very different, and even lay claim to conſiderable excellence. In his imitations of Nature he is ſo very bold, and ſo different from other poets, that what is daring, is often, in a moment of ſlight attention, deemed improbable; and what is extraordinary, is too raſhly pronounced abſurd. Of this, in the work above mentioned, the ſtrange love-ſcene between *Richard* and *Lady Anne*, the widow of Prince *Edward Plantagenet*, affords a ſtriking example. It ſeems, indeed, altogether unnatural that *Richard*, deformed and hideous as the poet repreſents him, ſhould offer himſelf a ſuitor to the widow of an excellent young prince whom he had murdered, at the very time ſhe is attending the funeral of her father-in-law, whom he had alſo ſlain, and while ſhe is expreſſing the moſt bitter hatred againſt the author of her misfortune. But, in attending cloſely to the progreſs of the dialogue, the ſeeming extravagance of the picture will be ſoftened or removed: We ſhall find ourſelves more intereſted in the event, and more aſtoniſh-

ed

ed at the bold ability of *Richard*, than moved with abhorrence of his ſhameleſs effrontery, or offended with the improbability of the ſituation. When a poet, like *Shakeſpeare*, can carry us along by the power of amazement, by daring diſplays of Nature, and by the influence of feelings altogether unuſual, but full of reſiſtleſs energy, his ſeeming departure from probability only contributes to our admiration; and the emotions, excited by his extravagance, loſing the effect which, from an inferior poet, they would have cauſed, add to the general feelings of pleaſure which the ſcene produces.

In conſidering the ſcene before us, it is neceſſary that we keep in view the character of *Lady Anne*. The outlines are given us in her own converſation: but we ſee it more completely finiſhed and filled up, indirectly indeed, but not leſs diſtinctly, in the conduct of *Richard*. She is repreſented of a mind altogether frivolous, the prey of vanity, her prevailing, over-ruling paſſion; ſuſceptible, however, of every feeling and emotion, and, while they laſt, ſincere in their expreſſion, but hardly capable of diſtinguiſhing the propriety of one more than another; or, if able to employ ſuch diſcernment, totally unaccuſtomed, and unable, to obey her moral faculty as a principle of action; and thus expoſed alike to the authority of good or

bad

bad impreſſions. There are ſuch characters; perſons of great ſenſibility, of great ſincerity, but of no rational or ſteady virtue, produced or ſtrengthened by reflection, and conſequently of no conſiſtency of conduct.

Richard, in his management of *Lady Anne*, having in view the accompliſhment of his own ambitious deſigns, addreſſes her with the moſt perfect knowledge of her diſpoſition. He knows that her feelings are violent; that they have no foundation in ſteady determined principles of conduct; that violent feelings are ſoon exhauſted; and that the undecided mind, without choice or active ſenſe of propriety, is equally acceſſible to the next that occur. He knows, too, that thoſe impreſſions will be moſt fondly cheriſhed, which are moſt a-kin to the ruling paſſion; and that, in *Lady Anne*, vanity bears abſolute ſway. All that he has to do, then, is to ſuffer the violence of one emotion to paſs away, and then, as ſkilfully as poſſible, to bring another more ſuited to his deſigns, and the complexion of her character, into its place. Thus he not only diſcovers much diſcernment of human nature, but alſo great command of temper, and great dexterity of conduct.

In order, as ſoon as poſſible, to exhauſt her temporary reſentment, for ſhe expreſſes reſentment rather than grief in her lamentation for

Henry, it is neceſſary that it be exaſperated to its fierceſt extreme. Accordingly *Richard*, breaking in abruptly upon the funeral proceſſion, inflames and provokes her anger. He perſiſts in his plan; appears cool and unconcerned at her abuſe; and thus urges her to vent the rage and vehemence of her emotion in rude invectives and imprecations.

O God, which this blood mad'ſt, revenge his death!
O Earth, which this blood drink'ſt, revenge his death! &c.

All this is general: But, before the vehemence of her wrath can be entirely removed, ſhe muſt bring home to her fancy every aggravating circumſtance, and muſt aſcertain the particular wrongs ſhe has ſuffered. After this operation of her mind, and that ſhe has expreſſed the conſequent feelings, ſhe has no longer any topics or food for anger, and the paſſions will, of courſe, ſubſide. *Richard*, for this purpoſe, pretends to juſtify or extenuate his offences; and thus, by advancing into view, inſtead of concealing his enormities, he overcomes the reſentment of *Lady Anne*. To this effect alſo, his aſſumed appearance of candour will readily contribute.

Gh.

Glo. Vouchſafe, divine perfection of a woman!
Of thoſe ſuppoſed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumſtance, but to acquit myſelf, &c.
Anne. Didſt thou not kill this King?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Doſt grant me, hedgehog? Then God grant me too
Thou mayſt be damned for that wicked deed, &c.

Here alſo we may obſerve his application of thoſe flatteries, which, if they cannot take effect in the preſent moment, otherwiſe than to give higher provocation; yet, when her wrath ſubſides, their recollection will operate in a different tendency, and aſſiſt in working upon that vanity by which he will compaſs his deſign.

It was not alone ſufficient to provoke her anger and reſentment to the utmoſt, in order that they might immediately ſubſide; but, by alleging plauſible reaſons for change of ſentiment, to aſſiſt them in their decline. Though *Lady Anne* poſſeſſes no decided, determined virtue, yet her moral nature, unimproved as it appears, would diſcern impropriety in her ſuddenly acquieſcing in the views of *Richard*, would ſuggeſt ſcruples, and produce heſitation. Now, in order to prevent the effect of theſe, it was neceſſary to aid the mind in finding ſubter-

ſuge or excuſe, and thus aſſiſt her in the eaſy buſineſs of impoſing upon herſelf. Her ſeducer, accordingly, endeavours to gloſs his conduct, and repreſents his actions as leſs criminal than ſhe at firſt apprehended.

Glo. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall to ſomething of a ſlower method;
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſs deaths
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect, &c.

In theſe lines, beſide a confirmation of the foregoing remark, and an illuſtration of *Richard*'s perſevering flattery, there are two circumſtances that mark great delicacy and fineneſs of painting in *Shakeſpeare*'s execution of this excellent ſcene. The reſentment of *Lady Anne* is ſo far exhauſted, that her converſation, inſtead of impetuous, continued invective, aſſuming the more patient and mitigated form of dialogue, is not ſo expreſſive of violent paſſion, as it denotes the deſire of victory in a ſmart diſpute, and becomes merely "a keen encounter of wits." The other thing

thing to be obſerved is, that *Richard*, inſtead of ſpecifying her huſband and father-in-law in terms denoting theſe relations, falls in with the ſubſiding ſtate of her affections towards them; and, uſing expreſſions of great indifference, ſpeaks to her of "thoſe *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*."

Lady Anne having liſtened to the converſation of *Richard*, after the firſt tranſport of her wrath, occaſioned by the death of the *Plantagenets*, ſhewed, that the real force of the paſſion had ſuffered abatement; and, by liſtening to his exculpation, it ſeems entirely ſubdued. In all this, the art of the poet is eminent, and the ſkill he aſcribes to *Richard* profound. Though the crafty ſeducer attempts to juſtify his conduct to *Lady Anne*, he does not ſeek to convince her underſtanding, for ſhe had no underſtanding worth the pains of convincing, but to afford her ſome pretence and opportunity of giving vent to her emotion. When this effect is produced, he proceeds to ſubſtitute ſome regard for himſelf in its place. As we have already obſerved, he has been taking meaſures for this purpoſe in every thing he has ſaid; and, by ſoothing expreſſions of adulation, during the courſe of her anger, he was gradually preparing her mind for the more pleaſing, but not leſs powerful, dominion of vanity. In the foregoing lines, and in what follows, he ventures a declaration of the paſ-

ſion he pretends to entertain for her: Yet he does this indirectly, as ſuggeſted by the progreſs of their argument, and as a reaſon for thoſe parts of his conduct that ſeem ſo heinous.

Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect;
Your beauty, that doth haunt me in my ſleep,
&c.

Richard was well aware that a declaration of love from him would, of courſe, renew her indignation. He accordingly manages her mind in ſuch a manner as to correct the violence of her anger, by ſuggeſting the idea of his paſſion, when he firſt mentions it, in terms more playful than ſerious; and, afterwards, when he announces it more ſeriouſly, by an indirect and ſeeming accidental declaration. Still, however, with all theſe precautions to introduce the thought in a familiar and eaſy manner, he is aware of her diſpleaſure. Here, therefore, as in the former part of the ſcene, he muſt depend on his command of temper, and, on the ſame means, of artfully irritating her emotion till it entirely ſubſides. Accordingly, perſiſting in his adulation, he incenſes her anger to its utmoſt extreme: And, finally, by varying the attitude of his flatteries, by aſſuming an humble and ſuppliant addreſs, he ſubdues her ſoul to the dominion of guilty vanity.——In the

cloſe

cloſe of the dialogue, we may trace diſtinctly the decline of her emotion. It ſollows the ſame courſe as the paſſion ſhe expreſſes at the beginning of the ſcene. She is at firſt violent; becomes more violent; her paſſion ſubſides; yet ſome ideas of propriety wandering acroſs her mind, ſhe makes an effort to recal her reſentment: The effort is feeble; it amounts to no more than to expreſs contempt in her aſpect; it is baffled by a new attitude of adulation; and, by a pretended indirect appeal to her compaſſion, ſhe is totally vanquiſhed.

Through the whole of this ſcene, our abhorrence, our diſguſt and contempt, excited by cruelty, falſehood, meanneſs, and inſignificance of mind, are ſo counterbalanced by the feelings that ariſe on the view of ability, ſelf-poſſeſſion, knowledge of character, and the maſterly diſplay of human nature, as that, inſtead of impairing, they rather contribute force to the general ſenſation of pleaſure. The conduct of *Richard* towards a character of more determined virtue, or of more ſtubborn paſſions, would have been abſurd: Towards *Lady Anne* it was natural, and attended with that ſucceſs which it was calculated to obtain.

N° 67. TUESDAY, *December* 28, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR predeceſſor, *The Spectator*, uſed to be conſulted in caſes of difficulty. I know not if you, Mr. MIRROR, ſet up on the ſame footing. I am reſolved, however, to try; and, although you ſhould refuſe to preſcribe, I ſhall at leaſt have the ſatisfaction of communicating my diſtreſs.

I am between the age of a young man, and what the ladies call an old bachelor, not many years under forty, of no inconſiderable family, with an opulent fortune. I was educated like moſt other young heirs, that is, very indifferently. My teachers, it is true, were eminent in their different branches. My father obliged me to give regular attendance to their inſtructions; but another part of the family ſeemed to think the reſtraint I was kept in too ſevere. The knowledge of this encouraged my want of attention at the time, though the recollection has, of late, given me much regret. I ſucceeded to my fortune at the age of eighteen, and engaged deeply in thoſe purſuits which are ſtigmatiſed

matiſed with the name of vices, by thoſe who are unable to attain them. Having run on in the uſual career, I became tired with the ſameneſs and inſipidity of the ſcenes in which I had ſo often been a ſpectator, or an actor. I began to look on my conduct as bordering on the contemptible, and wiſhed to change it for ſomething more rational and reſpectable. I wiſhed to change it while I had a ſound conſtitution, which I owed to Nature, and an unimpaired fortune, which I owed to a ſpirit of independence, inſtilled by a worthy father, from whoſe counſels and example I ought never to have departed. The good effects of theſe, if not wholly obliterated, have at leaſt been long obſcured by intemperance and diſſipation.

A man who, from being idle and diſſipated, becomes ſober and regular in his conduct, is immediately marked out for marriage by his former companions. Mine certainly thought of it for me long before I did ſo for myſelf. Many of my relations ſeemed to entertain the ſame opinion. They had long wiſhed me to marry, to prevent a conſiderable part of my fortune from going to a worthleſs and diſtant relation; and ſhowed ſo much ſatisfaction at my ſuppoſed reſolution, that I adopted it in earneſt.

You, who ſet up for an inſtructor, are, I preſume, better acquainted with the world

than to imagine that I would firſt turn my views to thoſe young ladies with whom I was moſt intimately acquainted, and in whoſe ſociety I had paſſed a conſiderable part of my time. The giddy and frivolous purſuits in which I ſaw them conſtantly engaged, left no room for that domeſtic tenderneſs which I looked for in a wife. The gloſs of faſhion might ſuffice for the tranſient intercourſe of gaiety; but ſome more intrinſic excellence was neceſſary to fix an attachment for life.

I reſolved, therefore, to pay my addreſſes only to young ladies who had received a leſs public education; and with that view I determined to cultivate an acquaintance in thoſe families that were moſt remarkable for their prudence and moderation. I now began to look upon it as not one of the leaſt misfortunes attending a young man in the faſhionable world, that he is, in ſome degree, excluded from the opportunity of forming connections with the beſt and moſt virtuous of the other ſex at an early period of life, while the warm feelings of benevolence remain unblunted by thoſe artificial manners, the conſequences of which to ſociety go near to overbalance the advantages ariſing from the refinements that produce them.

In the courſe of my reſearches I became acquainted with *Neriſſa*, an only daughter, who

had been educated under the eye of a mother famed for her prudence and œconomy. She was at this time about twenty; though not a perfect beauty, ſhe was agreeable, with an air of ſimplicity that is always engaging. Her converſation was ſenſible, and her eaſe of manner, and the facility with which ſhe expreſſed herſelf, aſtoniſhed me in one who had had ſo little intercourſe with the world; but *Neriſſa*'s converſation furniſhed not one generous ſentiment. The tear of compaſſion never ſtarted in her eye at a tale of ſorrow; nor did the glow of pleaſure ever ſparkle in her countenance at the ſucceſs of merit. In the ſociety in which I had lived, ſelf-gratification ſeemed to be the ſtudy of every individual, without giving the leaſt attention to the pleaſure and enjoyment of others. It was only the outward conduct of *Neriſſa* that was different; her diſpoſition was the ſame; and, as I had reſolved to be attentive to the happineſs of a wife, I wiſhed not to chuſe one who would be regardleſs of that of a huſband. We were not ſuited to each other; the only objects of *Neriſſa* were rank and fortune; ſhe has ſince attained her wiſhes, having been lately married to a title and a ſettlement.

I next became acquainted in the houſe of Sir *George Edwin*, a man of very moderate fortune, who had lived ſome years in town for the

education of his family. With Sir *George* I had but little intercourſe, though he too was a man of the world; but he moved in an inferior ſphere, his pleaſures being chiefly confined to the bottle. He had three daughters, of whom I had that ſort of acquaintance one neceſſarily acquires in a narrow country like this, by meeting frequently at places of public reſort, as well as at private entertainments; but, as they were always attended by their mother Lady *Edwin*, a grave matron, ſhe never permitted them to engage in thoſe familiar parties, amongſt whom, or at the tavern, I generally paſſed my evenings.

The Miſs *Edwins* were juſtly eſteemed handſome; their manners were eaſy, not elegant; their converſation was, for the moſt part, confined to the occurrences of the day, and never went farther than obſervations on the laſt ball or the laſt dinner. Theſe they were ſo eager to communicate, that they commonly ſpoke all at once, each of them afraid, no doubt, leſt her ſiſter ſhould have the merit of her important diſcoveries. The only object of the mother ſeemed to be to get her girls well married. For this purpoſe ſhe had truſted entirely to the external accompliſhments of their perſons, and thoſe little arts which experienced matrons know well how to uſe, to entrap the amorous and unwary. I hope ſhe will ſucceed; the Miſs *Edwins* appear

pear to be good ſort of girls, and will, I have no doubt, make excellent wives to ſome honeſt country ſquire, or ſome plodding man of buſineſs, who has no other idea of a wife than as a breeder or a houſekeeper. Lady *Edwin* ſays ſhe is an excellent œconomiſt, and her daughters have had the benefit of her example.

In the houſe of Sir *George Edwin* I firſt heard of *Cordelia*, and not much to her advantage. This, for cenſure will often defeat its purpoſe, gave me a ſtrong deſire to be acquainted with her. I ſoon learned that ſhe was an only daughter; that ſhe was now in her twenty-ſecond year; that her father died when ſhe was a child, leaving her a handſome fortune, which, being placed in the hands of a relation in the mercantile line, was ſo much impaired by his failure, that her mother found it neceſſary to cut ſhort her plan of a faſhionable and expenſive education, and to take the chief care of her daughter's inſtruction upon herſelf. They had lived together in a decent retirement for five or ſix years, except a few months which they paſſed in town every winter, with the only one of their opulent relations who received them with the ſame affection as in their proſperity. *Cordelia* and her mother were upon one of theſe annual viſits when I was introduced to her. I will not pretend to deſcribe the ſenſations I then felt, nor

the "mind-illumined face" that produced them; from that moment I was unhappy but in her company, and found in her converſation that elegance of mind, that cheerful ſweetneſs and ſenſibility of temper, which was diffuſed upon her countenance. I rejoiced at that rank and fortune of which I was poſſeſſed, as giving me the power of making *Cordelia* happy, and of raiſing her to a ſtation leſs unworthy her diſtinguiſhed merit and accompliſhments. The lady with whom ſhe lived gave me every opportunity I could wiſh of cultivating a more intimate acquaintance, and ſhewing the ſincerity of my attachment; nor did her mother ſeem averſe to the connection, though there was, at times, an anxious ſolicitude in her countenance at thoſe approaches to the familiarity which I had been accuſtomed to indulge, both in manner and converſation, among my female acquaintance; a habit which the ſincerity of my paſſion for *Cordelia* could not, at all times, repreſs. *Cordelia* herſelf always received me with affability; and, though I could not pretend to diſcover any partiality in my favour, I attributed this to her compliance with the cautious prudence of a mother, which would be removed by an open declaration of my attachment, and a propoſal of marriage in form.

Deſirous to intereſt the mother in my favour I made my firſt application to her, convinced that

that ſhe could not heſitate to approve of a match which was ſo favourable in point of fortune, Contrary to my hopes, ſhe at once referred me to her daughter, with an obſervation, in which there was more truth than politeneſs: "That, "being the perſon principally intereſted, ſhe was "the firſt to be applied to." Having endeavoured to make an apology for this part of my conduct, of which a better notion of female delicacy than was to be acquired among my former companions had taught me the impropriety, I was ſhewn into *Cordelia*'s dreſſing-room; where, after a ſhort pauſe, I entered on the purpoſe of my viſit, and made offer of myſelf and fortune, with all the ardour which the ſtrength and ſincerity of my paſſion inſpired, and with all the attention that was due to her beauty and accompliſhments. She heard me, not without emotion; and, as ſhe ſeemed unable to give an immediate anſwer, I interpreted her ſilence favourably; and, ſeizing her hand, preſſed my ſuit with all the earneſtneſs of which I was capable. She ſoon recovered her tranquillity, and, withdrawing her hand, anſwered with her uſual unaffected modeſty, but with a firmneſs I had never before obſerved, "That ſhe was "obliged to me for my favourable opinion; but, "as our affections were not in our power, and "as the mode of life to which I had been ac-

"cuſtomed

" cuſtomed was little ſuited to her inclinations, " or to create that reſpect for the ſex which ſhe " hoped to find in a huſband, it was impoſſible " I could ever be her's." In vain did I join with her in blaming my paſt conduct; in vain did I aſſure her of the ſettled purpoſe I had formed to alter my mode of life; that I had actually done ſo; that, as all my wiſhes were centred in an union with her, it ſhould be the future buſineſs of my life to promote her happineſs. She remained inflexible; ſhe doubted not, ſhe ſaid, the ſincerity of my intentions; but her reſolution was taken; and ſhe repeatedly aſſured me, that her motives made it unalterable. Some of the family coming in, I retired in a ſtate of mind which I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe.

This incident, Mr. MIRROR, has made me look into myſelf, into my paſt conduct, and into the errors or misfortunes, call them by what name you pleaſe, which have been the chief cauſe of my preſent anxiety and uneaſineſs. That I was the heir of an opulent fortune, was no fault of mine; neither can I be anſwerable for having ſucceeded to it at the early age of eighteen, when the paſſions were contending for gratification, when the means were in my power, and novelty heightened the enjoyment. The ſocieties I frequented were compoſed of the firſt names of the kingdom, both for rank and fortune; our knowledge

knowledge of men was not confined to the narrow circle of our own country; we were acquainted with the faces of the principal potentates of *Europe*, and with thoſe of many of their miniſters; we could diſcourſe of muſic and painting in the language of a connoiſſeur, and re-echo the opinions we had heard of the moſt celebrated ſingers of *Florence*, *Naples*, and *Rome*. Was I to blame for accommodating myſelf to the eſtabliſhed manners of my country, in that rank of life to which I belonged? Even the attention that was paid to my education, before the death of an excellent father, has been a ſource of misfortune; it can only be from the impreſſions I then received, that I acquired a confuſed idea of a conduct more becoming a being who found himſelf capable of reaſoning and reflection. This idea often obtruded itſelf in the hours of languor and inactivity, and ſometimes even embittered the cup of enjoyment. Reſtrained, for a time, by thoſe habits which remain after the paſſions that produced them are extinguiſhed, I at laſt found means to break the charm, and to form plans of rational and domeſtic enjoyment. Diſappointed in theſe, I feel the moſt poignant regret that I was not born a younger brother, and compelled to ſeek that diſtinction from merit which I enjoyed from fortune; or that my father had not allowed me to remain equally ignorant

norant and uncultivated as the generality of my companions, whoſe affections centre in themſelves, whoſe ambition conſiſts in frequenting the *beſt* company, and whoſe knowledge is confined to the kitchen or the gaming-table. Diſpleaſed with myſelf, diſguſted with the world, and rejected by *Cordelia*, I am preparing to ſink at once into retirement and oblivion. What my occupations are to be, I know not; an hundred ſchemes have been formed and rejected. If it be in your power to ſuggeſt any thing I can ſteadily adhere to, and which will make me leſs contemptible in my own eyes, you will do good to one; but if you can exhibit in your MIRROR a preventative to the errors by which I have been undone, you may do good to thouſands.

I am, &c.

LORENZO.

N° 68. SATURDAY, *January* 1, 1780.

I can make ſpeeches in the ſenate too, Nacky.
OTWAY'S VENICE PRESERV'D.

ONE morning, during my late viſit to Mr. *Umphraville*, as that gentleman, his ſiſter, and I, were ſitting at breakfaſt, my old friend *John* came in, and delivered a ſealed card to his maſter. After putting on his ſpectacles, and reading it with attention, "Ay," ſaid *Umphraville*, "this is one of your modern improve-"ments. I remember the time when one neigh-"bour could have gone to dine with another "without any fuſs or ceremony; but now, "forſooth, you muſt announce your intention "ſo many days before; and, by and by, I ſup-"poſe, the intercourſe between two country-"gentlemen will be carried on with the ſame "ſtiffneſs of ceremonial that prevails among "your little *German* princes. Siſter, you muſt "prepare a feaſt on *Thurſday*; Colonel *Plum* "ſays he intends to have the honour of waiting "on us." "Brother," replied Miſs *Umphraville*, "you know we don't deal in giving feaſts; "but if Colonel *Plum* can dine on a plain din-"ner, without his foreign diſhes and *French* "ſauces,

" ſauces, I can promiſe him a bit of good mut-
" ton, and hearty welcome."

On the day appointed, Colonel *Plum* arrived, and, along with him, the gay, the ſprightly, Sir *Bobby Button*, who had poſted down to the country to enjoy two days ſhooting at Colonel *Plum*'s, where he arrived juſt as that gentleman was ſetting out for Mr. *Umphraville*'s. Sir *Bobby*, always eaſy, and who, in every ſociety, is the ſame, proteſted againſt the *Colonel*'s putting off his viſit, and declared he would be happy to attend him.

Though I had but little knowledge of Sir *Bobby*, I was perfectly acquainted with his character; but to *Umphraville* he was altogether unknown, and I promiſed myſelf ſome amuſement from the contraſt of two perſons ſo oppoſite in ſentiments, in manner, and in opinions. When he was preſented, I obſerved *Umphraville* ſomewhat ſhocked with his dreſs and figure; in both which, it muſt be owned, he reſembled a monkey of a larger ſize. Sir *Bobby*, however, did not allow him much time to contemplate his external appearance; for he immediately, without any preparation or apology, began to attack the old gentleman on the bad taſte of his houſe, and of every thing about it. " Why the devil," ſaid he, " don't you enlarge your windows, and " cut down thoſe damned hedges and trees that

" ſpoil

" ſpoil your lawn ſo miſerably? If you would " allow me, I would undertake, in a week's " time, to give you a clever place. This is, " for all the world, juſt ſuch a *chateau* as my " friend Lord ——— (you know Lord ———, " the fineſt fellow on earth) ſucceeded to laſt " year, by the death of an uncle, a queer old " prig, who had lived locked up in his caſtle for " half a century:—he died damned rich though; " and as ſoon as Lord ——— knew for certain " that his breath was out, he and I went down " to take poſſeſſion; and in a ſtrange condition, " to be ſure we found things; but, in leſs than " a month, we turned all *topſy-turvy*, and it is " now in the way of being as fine a place as " any in *England*."—To this *Umphraville* made no anſwer; and indeed the Baronet was ſo fond of hearing himſelf talk, and chattered away at ſuch a rate, that he neither ſeemed to deſire nor to expect an anſwer.

On Miſs *Umphraville*'s coming in, he addreſſed himſelf to her; and, after diſplaying his dreſs, and explaining ſome particulars with regard to it, he began to entertain her with an account of the gallantries in which he had been engaged the preceding winter in *London*. He talked as if no woman could reſiſt his perſuaſive addreſs, and elegant figure—as if *London* were one great ſeraglio, and he himſelf the mighty maſter of it.—

This

This topic he was ſo fond of, that he enlarged upon it after Miſs *Umphraville* had retired, and uſed a *groſſieretè* of expreſſion in his deſcriptions, which, of late, has been very much affected by our *fine gentlemen*; but which ſhocked *Umphraville*, to whom it was altogether new, and who has ever entertained the higheſt veneration for the ſex.

To put an end to this converſation, Colonel *Plum*, who ſeemed to be tired of it, as we were, mentioned the very ſingular ſituation this country was in when the combined fleets of *France* and *Spain* lay off *Plymouth*; and took occaſion to obſerve, that, if our fleet ſhould be vanquiſhed, if our *wooden walls* ſhould fail us, he was afraid our country, thus laid open to the invaſion of thoſe hoſtile powers, could not eaſily reſiſt their force. *Umphraville* entertained a very different opinion. He ſaid, that a naval force might perhaps be neceſſary to maintain and defend an extenſive foreign commerce; but he did not ſee how it was at all connected with the internal defence of a ſtate, or why a nation might not be reſpectable, both at home and abroad, without any great fleet? "Were the *Engliſh*," ſaid he, "indebted to their *wooden walls* for the victory of *Creſſy*, of *Poictiers*, and of *Agincourt*? "Was it by a naval force that the great *Guſtavus* was enabled to take ſo deciſive a part in

"the

" the affairs of *Europe*, and to render the power " of *Sweden* ſo reſpectable? Is it by ſhips that " the brave *Swiſs* have defended their liberties " for ſo many ages? What fleets did our own " country poſſeſs, while ſhe boldly maintained " her independence, for ſo many centuries, " againſt the conſtant and unremitted attacks " of *England?* Did we poſſeſs a ſingle ſhip of " force, when the gallant *Bruce* almoſt annihi- " lated the power of *England* on the field of " *Bannockburn?* Believe me, gentlemen," continued he, " it is not an eaſy matter to ſubdue " a free people fighting for their country. In " ſuch a cauſe, every man would ſtand forth. " Old as I am, I would not heſitate a moment " to draw my ſword againſt our foes, ſhould " they ever be deſperate enough to make an at- " tempt on theſe iſlands." " You may, if you " pleaſe," ſaid Sir *Bobby* (who ſeemed to be awed for a time into ſilence, by the elevated tone *Umphraville* had aſſumed), " but I'll be curſed " if I would. Damn it, what does it ſignify? " If the *French* were to conquer us, I don't " think we could loſe much by it; and, in ſome " reſpects, we ſhould gain. We ſhould drink " better Burgundy; and we ſhould have clothes " fit for a gentleman to wear, without running " the riſque of their being ſeized by theſe damn- " ed locuſts of cuſtom-houſe officers.—I ſhould

" not

" not like, though, to loſe my ſeat in the Houſe. " If the French leave us that, they may come " again when they pleaſe for me."—*Umphraville*, who had not the moſt diſtant conception of his being in parliament, aſked Sir *Bobby* gravely, what *ſeat*, what *houſe* he meant? " Why, damn " it, our Houſe, the Houſe of Commons, to be " ſure;—there is no living out of parliament " now; it is the *ton* for a gentleman to be in " it, and it is the pleaſanteſt thing in the world. " There are *Jack* ———, *Dick* ———, *Lord* " ———, and I are always together. At " firſt, we uſed to tire confoundedly of their " late nights, and long debates; but now the " miniſter is ſo obliging as to tell us when he " thinks the queſtion will be put, and away we " go to dinner, to the opera, or ſomewhere, " and contrive to return juſt in time to vote, " or, as Lord ——— calls it, to be in at the " death."

Hitherto *Umphraville*'s countenance had diſcovered no emotion but that of contempt; now he could not conceal his aſtoniſhment and indignation. Recollecting himſelf, however, he aſked the Baronet, if he never thought of his conſtituents, and of the purpoſes for which they ſent him to parliament?—" As to that," ſaid he, " there is no man ſo attentive to his conſtitu- " ents as I am. I ſpend ſome months among

" them

" them every ſummer, where I keep open houſe " for the ſavages, and make love to their wives " and daughters. Beſides, I am always making " preſents to the women of ſome little faſhion- " able trinket. The laſt time I came from " *London* I brought down a parcel of *ſpring gar-* " *ters*, that coſt me thirty ſhillings a pair, by " Gad! which I diſtributed among them, tak- " ing care, at the ſame time, to tell each of " them, that nothing ſhewed a fine ankle to " ſuch advantage as a ſpring garter."

In the evening, after our viſitors had left us, I found *Umphraville* ſitting in his elbow-chair, in a graver mood than uſual. " I am thinking, " my friend," ſaid he, " of the ſtrange times " we live in. You know I am not much of a " politician; and, living retired as I do, ab- " ſtracted from the world, I have little acceſs " to be acquainted with the ſprings that move " the wheels of government, or the cauſes of " national proſperity or adverſity. For ſome " time paſt, however, I have been endeavour- " ing, in vain, to inveſtigate the latent ſources " of the ſudden and almoſt inſtantaneous decline " of our empire, unexampled, I believe, in the " hiſtory of nations. The ſcene you have this " day witneſſed, has given me more light on that " ſubject than any thing I have yet met with. " If ſuch men are to conduct and to regulate the

" great affairs of ſtate, are we to wonder at our
" want of ſucceſs? If our ſenate is to be filled
" with beings, mean as they are worthleſs, alike
" deſtitute of public virtue and of private ho-
" nour, we may ceaſe to be ſurpriſed at any ca-
" lamity that befalls us. Of ſuch creatures, I
" preſume, the Roman ſenate was compoſed,
" when, by the groundleſs jealouſy of an em-
" peror (*Gallienus*, if I miſtake not), the ſena-
" tors were prohibited from holding any military
" employment: and they conſidered the exemp-
" tion as a favour, not as an affront; ſo loſt were
" they to every principle of honour, ſo void of
" every generous and manly feeling. But what
" aſtoniſhes me moſt is, that, in times like theſe,
" when the empire is ſhook to its foundation,
" the people ſhould be ſo infatuated as to truſt
" their beſt, their deareſt rights, in ſuch hands.
" Had the *Congreſs* been compoſed of *Bobby But-*
" *tons*, would *America* ever have made ſuch a
" ſtand againſt us?"

How long this Philippic might have laſted I cannot ſay, had not Miſs *Umphraville* come in and put an end to it, by challenging me to play a game at backgammon.

N° 69. TUESDAY, *January* 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a pretty conſtant reader of your publications; by what means, you ſhall know before I have finiſhed this letter. Among other papers of your publiſhing, I have read one marked N° 65. written by a lady, who ſubſcribes herſelf S. M. That lady is pleaſed to complain of her ſituation, and to repreſent herſelf as unfortunate. I cannot think ſhe has the leaſt title to do ſo. She was received and entertained by a kind brother; but, forſooth, ſhe took it into her head to quarrel with him becauſe he married, and ſeemed to like his wife better than her, and to be diſpleaſed with the lady, becauſe ſhe appeared to have more vanity than ſhe ought to have had. Pray, what right had ſhe to find fault with thoſe who ſo hoſpitably entertained her? or, how did ſhe ſhew ſuperior ſenſe by thus quarrelling with her bread and butter?—I am, Sir, the younger brother of Sir *George Fielding*. I live comfortably and contentedly in

his houſe; and yet, I could lay a wager, were Madam *S. M.* in my ſituation, ſhe would be fretful and diſcontented; but I ſhall appeal to you, Sir, if ſhe would have any reaſon for her diſcontent.

My father, Sir *Robert*, ſent me, when a young man, to the Univerſity; but, as I had no taſte for ſtudy, I ſpent moſt of my time at the billiard-table, at cards, in hunting, playing at golf, or in public diverſions. I was more gaily dreſſed than any of my companions, and I united many of the qualities of a beau and a buck.—During the vacation, I reſided at my father's houſe; and the elegant and expenſive manner in which he lived, increaſed my turn for pleaſure and amuſement.

I was in my twentieth year when my father, who had ſupplied me liberally with money, died, leaving me the ſmall patrimony of one thouſand pounds. Fifty pounds a-year could not ſupport the expence of one who had been accuſtomed to ſpend four times that ſum. In this ſituation it was thought neceſſary that I ſhould do ſomething for myſelf. Amidſt the various ſchemes that were propoſed, it was determined that I ſhould become a merchant. My brother, Sir *George*, generouſly diſcharged all the debts I had contracted; for, notwithſtanding my father's liberality while he was living, I had contracted

ſeveral; and I was bound apprentice to an eminent trader. He was a ſober, induſtrious, thriving man; but I ſoon found it impoſſible to accommodate myſelf to his frugal and œconomical ideas; and my inclination for amuſement and pleaſure, which he uſed to call diſſipation and idleneſs, could not give way to his habits of induſtry and attention.

Accordingly, before the term of my apprenticeſhip was elapſed, my maſter wrote to Sir *George*, informing him that I had taken up with bad company; that I had neglected my buſineſs; that I had not profited by his inſtructions; and recommending to him to try me in ſomething elſe, and, in all events, to remove me to ſome other place.

After a good deal of deliberation, it was reſolved to try to ſet me up as a farmer; and I entered upon the management of a conſiderable farm. But in this buſineſs I found I did not ſucceed any better than in my former. Notwithſtanding the good inſtructions I received at a club of very honeſt fellows, at which we met every week to talk about farming and improvements, ſomehow or other, my crops never paid for the expence of raiſing them; and, in a few years, I found that I had improved away every ſhilling of my capital. Sir *George* then propoſed to me that I ſhould quit

all thoughts of buſineſs, and take up my reſidence in his houſe; I cheerfully accepted his propoſal, and have lived with him for fourteen years paſt.

In his houſe I find every thing provided for me, and I am perfectly contented, having nothing to care for. Sir *George*, who is beloved and reſpected by all the neighbourhood, has frequently crowds of company who reſort to his houſe; but, as he does not drink himſelf, whenever the company wiſh to drink a little more than uſual, he deputes me to act his part as a landlord. In that capacity I do not fail to puſh about the bottle; and I find myſelf in a ſituation perfectly to my wiſh. As I am a good ſhot, I ſpend great part of my time in ſhooting; and Mr. *Joſeph*, for that is the name I go by, is made a welcome gueſt at all the gentlemen's houſes in the neighbourhood; the more ſo, as I ſeldom make a viſit without carrying along with me ſome of the game I have killed. I never fail to make one at all the ſports in the neighbourhood. At a village-wedding I am a conſiderable perſonage; and there is not a country-girl who does not think it an honour to dance with Mr. *Joſeph*. When Lady *Fielding* makes a viſit, I generally attend her in the abſence of Sir *George*. The only part of my employment which I find diſagree-

able

able is, that ſometimes, in the winter-evenings, I am ſet a-reading to my Lady; and, among other publications, I have read over to her moſt of the MIRRORS. My Lady likes them exceedingly; ſo do I too, but not for the ſame reaſon that ſhe does; I like them,—becauſe they are ſhort.—In the courſe of this employment, I read S. M.'s letter, and have already given you my reaſons for being much diſſatisfied with what ſhe writes.

I can make no doubt, that, were ſhe in my ſituation, ſhe would think ſhe had much reaſon to be unhappy. She would, perhaps, complain that her brother was ſo rich, and ſhe ſo poor; ſhe would ſay, that it was an employment below her to act as toaſt-maſter to her brother's drunken company; that it was deſpicable to be known only by the name of Mr. *Joſeph*; that ſhe could not but conſider herſelf as in a contemptible ſituation, being unfit for any employment, or to act any higher part than that of a ſportſman, a dancer at a country-wedding, or an humble attendant on my Lady *Fielding*. But I am of a very different opinion. I certainly neither have the fortune, nor do I meet with the ſame reſpect that my brother Sir *George* does;—but what does that ſignify?——I eat, drink, and am merry, enjoy good health and good ſpirits; and I have neither the trouble of

managing a great eſtate, nor am I obliged to be circumſpect in my conduct, in order that I may act up, as I hear my brother and ſome of his friends expreſs it, to a certain dignity of character. In a word, I am happy enough, and I think Madam S. M. might have been ſo too, if ſhe had had a mind.

I am, &c.

JOSEPH FIELDING.

The ſituation which is deſcribed in the above letter is not, I believe, altogether an uncommon one. I ſhould be very unwilling to make Mr. *Joſeph* diſpleaſed with it; on the contrary, I think his cheerfulneſs and good-humour are to be envied. At the ſame time, without expreſſing thoſe ſentiments which, I doubt not, will occur to many of my readers upon the peruſal of his letter, I cannot but obſerve, that I have ſometimes felt regret, that, in certain circumſtances, a more equal diſtribution of fortune were not made among the children of ſome great landed proprietors, or that care were not taken to moderate their education to that ſtyle of life in which their circumſtances are likely

to

to place them. A young man, who is left a ſmall patrimony, ought not ſurely to be accuſtomed to habits of extravagance and diſſipation, but ought to be early inured to œconomy, and be qualified for ſome buſineſs. Without this, (though accident may ſometimes conduct ſuch young men to fortune or to eminence), there muſt be always great danger of their proving unfit for any valuable purpoſe in life, of their deſerving no higher appellation than that of Mr. *Joſeph*.

A

N° 70. SATURDAY, *January* 8, 1780.

Ingentes Dominos, et claræ nomina famæ
Illuſtrique graves nobilitate domos
Devita. SENECA.

IN an excurſion I made ſome months ago to the county of ——, I paid a viſit to *Antonio*, an old acquaintance of my father's, whom I had known from my infancy. He had been exceedingly attentive to me when a boy; and, as he was ſomething of a ſportſman, my guardians often permitted me to accompany him to the field, where, as indeed on every occaſion, he treated me with the eaſe and freedom of a companion and an equal. This behaviour, ſo different from that to which boys are generally accuſtomed, while it flattered my ſelf-importance, gave me ſo much favour and affection for *Antonio*, that I never ſaw him afterwards, without feeling thoſe agreeable ſenſations which accompany the recollection of that happy period of life, when we catch the pleaſures of the moment, equally regardleſs of what is paſt or to come.

I had

I had not heard of *Antonio* for many months. When I arrived at the village where he lived, I haſtened to his houſe, without any previous inquiry. The countenance of the ſervant made me ſuſpect all was not well; and, when I entered his apartment, I found him in the laſt ſtage of a dropſy. The ſenſations that crowded on my mind at the ſqualid and death-like appearance of the good old man, ſo different from thoſe in which I was prepared to indulge, had almoſt overcome me; but the growing emotion was checked by the countenance with which he beheld it. No ſooner was I ſeated, than, taking my hand, "What a change," ſaid he, with a look of melancholy compoſure, "is here, ſince you laſt ſaw "me!—I was two years older than your father; "had he been alive, he would have been ſeventy-"four next Chriſtmas."

The particulars of the converſation, though they have made a laſting impreſſion on my mind, would be unintereſting to many of my readers; but, as the life of *Antonio* will afford an important leſſon to the younger part of them, I give the following ſhort account of it, as the ſubject of this and the ſubſequent paper.

"The father of *Antonio* was one of the firſt "men of family in *Scotland*, who had been bred "to the profeſſion of a merchant; in which "he was ſo ſucceſsful, that about the begin-

" ning of this century, he had acquired the ſum " of twenty thouſand pounds, which was, at " that time, reckoned no inconſiderable for- " tune. He had two children who ſurvived " him; *Antonio*, and a daughter, *Leonora*, who " was ſeveral years younger than her brother. " As the father had received a liberal education, " he was attentive to beſtow the ſame benefit " upon his ſon; but, being equally ſenſible of " the advantages of induſtry, he was, at the " ſame time, determined, that he ſhould be " educated to ſome profeſſion or employment, " though he did not reſtrain him in his choice. " *Antonio*, on his part, ſeconded his father's " views. His genius was inferior to none of " his contemporaries; allowing for ſome little " exceſſes, which the livelineſs and pliancy of " his diſpoſition engaged him in, he exceeded " them all in the aſſiduity of his application; " and, as his manners were at the ſame time " mild and ſpirited, he was both beloved and re- " ſpected by his companions.

" Being arrived at an age which made it ne- " ceſſary to regulate his ſtudies by the profeſ- " ſion he was to follow, he made choice of " that of phyſic, which, including the differ- " ent branches of ſcience uſually connected " with it, may be ſaid to embrace the whole " ſtudy of Nature: To theſe he applied rather

" as

" as a philoſopher than as one who intended " to be a practitioner in the art; he was, " nevertheleſs, preparing to take his degree, " when the death of his father left him, at the " age of twenty, poſſeſſed of a handſome for- " tune.

" *Antonio* continued his ſtudies for ſome time " with his uſual aſſiduity; but, finding his in- " come more than ſufficient for his wants, he " gave up all thoughts of engaging in practice. " His houſe became the rendezvous of his for- " mer ſchool-companions, many of them the " ſons of the firſt families in the kingdom, " who were now entering into life (I ſpeak of " a period above fifty years ago), and who " found themſelves flattered by thoſe engaging " manners in the man, which had attached " them to the boy.

" In conſequence of theſe connections, *An-* " *tonio* found himſelf engaged in a line of life " to which he had been little accuſtomed; but, " as he had mixed the ſtudy of polite literature " with ſcience, and was maſter of the exerciſes " of dancing, fencing, and riding, he ſoon ac- " quired that eaſe in his addreſs and converſa- " tion, which mark the gentleman, while they " hide the man of learning from a common " obſerver. His good-nature and benevolence, " proceeding from an enlarged and liberal

" mind,

" mind, prevented him from viewing, with " too ſevere an eye, the occaſional exceſſes of " ſome of his companions; an elegant taſte, " and a ſound underſtanding, prevented him " from engaging in them too deeply.

" *Antonio*'s time was now moſtly ſpent among " the great. He made long and frequent viſits " at their ſeats in the country; he joined them " in excurſions from time to time to the differ- " ent courts on the continent; and, when he " was not abroad, he reſided almoſt conſtantly " in *London*, or the neighbourhood; ſo that he " became, in a great meaſure, a ſtranger in his " own country.

" Among the companions of *Antonio* were " two ſons of the Earl of *W* ——, who were " particularly attached to him. Their father " was not more envied by the ambitious for " the diſtinguiſhed rank he held in the coun- " cils of his Sovereign, than by the wiſe and " moderate for being father to two of the " moſt promiſing young men of the age. " They had been acquainted with *Antonio* from " their infancy. They had grown up at the " ſame ſchools, and ſtudied under the ſame " maſters. After an abſence of three years, " they happened to meet at *Venice*, where " *Antonio* had the good fortune to render them

" eſſential

" eſſential ſervice, in extricating them from " difficulties in which the impetuoſity of the " beſt-conditioned young men will ſometimes " involve them, eſpecially in a foreign country. " They returned together to *Britain*. Their " father, who knew their former connection " with *Antonio*, and had heard of their recent " obligation to him, expreſſed his ſenſe of it in " very flattering terms, and earneſtly wiſhed " for an opportunity to reward it.

" I have ſeen few men who were proof " againſt the attention of miniſters. Though " it does not always gratify, it ſeldom fails to " excite three of the moſt powerful paſſions, " vanity, ambition, and avarice. *Antonio*, I " am afraid, did not form an exception to the " rule. Though naturally an economiſt, his " mode of life had conſiderably impaired his " fortune. He knew this; but he knew not " exactly to what extent. He received gentle " remonſtrances on the ſubject from ſome of " his relations in *Scotland*, who remembered his " virtues. In the letters of his ſiſter *Leonora* " (who ſtill retained that affection and attach- " ment to her brother which his attention to " her, both before and after her father's death, " had impreſſed upon her mind), he perceived " an anxiety, for which he could not other-

" wiſe

" wiſe account than from her apprehenſions
" about the ſituation of his affairs. The pa-
" tronage of the Earl of *W*——— preſented
" itſelf as a remedy. To him, therefore, he
" determined to apply. The intimacy in which
" he lived with his ſons, the friendly manner
" in which the Earl himſelf always behaved to
" him, made this appear an eaſy matter to *Anto-*
" *nio*; but he was unaccuſtomed to aſk favours
" even from the great. His ſpirit roſe at the
" conſciouſneſs of their having become neceſ-
" ſary; and he ſunk in his own eſteem, in
" being reduced to uſe the language of ſoli-
" citation for ſomething like a pecuniary favour.
" After ſeveral fruitleſs attempts, he could bring
" himſelf no farther than to give a diſtant hint
" to his companions, the ſons of the Earl. It
" was ſufficient to them; and, at the next in-
" terview with their father, *Antonio* received
" the moſt friendly aſſurances of being ſoon
" provided for in ſome way ſuited to his taſte
" and diſpoſition.

" Elated with theſe hopes, he returned, af-
" ter a ten years abſence, to viſit his friends in
" *Scotland*, and to examine into the ſituation of
" his affairs. Of the £ 20,000 left by his
" father, there was little more than £ 10,000
" remaining; and the half of that ſum belong-

" ed

" ed to his ſiſter *Leonora*. The knowledge of
" this made no great impreſſion on his mind,
" as he was certain of being amply provided
" for; meanwhile, he thought it his duty to
" put his ſiſter's fortune in ſafety; and, by his
" whole behaviour to her during a nine months
" reſidence in *Scotland*, he confirmed that love
" and affection which his more early conduct
" had juſtly merited."

N° 71. TUESDAY, *January* 11, 1780.

" *ANTONIO* returned to *London* about
" the breaking out of the *Spaniſh* war
" in 1739. The parties in the ſtate ran high;
" the miniſter was attacked on all ſides, in a
" language ſomewhat more decent than what
" is in uſe among the patriots of the preſent
" day, though it was not, on that account,
" leſs poignant and ſevere. *Antonio*'s patron,
" the earl of *W*———, took part with the
" miniſter, and both he and his ſons, who
" were by this time in parliament, ſeemed ſo
" much occupied with the affairs of the pub-
" lic, that *Antonio* was unwilling to diſturb
" them with any private application for him-
" ſelf, until the ferment was ſomewhat ſubſid-
" ed. In the mean time, he continued his
" uſual mode of life; and, though he could
" not help obſerving, that many of the great
" men with whom he had been accuſtomed to
" converſe on the moſt eaſy and familiar
" terms, began to treat him with a forbidding
" ceremony, more diſguſting to a mind of
" ſenſibility than downright inſolence, ſtill

" the

" the conſciouſneſs of his ſituation prevented " him from renouncing a ſociety in which " the ſecret admonitions of his heart frequently " told him he could not continue, without for- " feiting the ſtrongeſt ſupport of virtue and " honour, *a proper reſpect for himſelf.*

" Sir *Robert Walpole* was at laſt obliged to " reſign, and along with him a few of his " friends who were moſt obnoxious to the " leaders of the ſucceſsful party. The Earl " of *W*——— was not of the number; he " ſtill preſerved his place in the cabinet; and " the new and the old miniſters having adjuſt- " ed their different pretenſions, a calm tran- " quillity ſucceeded, as the leſs powerful and " diſappointed patriots, rendered ſuſpicious by " the defection of their principal leaders, could " not at once connect themſelves into a formi- " dable oppoſition.

" *Antonio* thought this a proper time to re- " new his application. That delicacy which " made him formerly ſhrink at the idea of aſk- " ing a pecuniary favour, was now no more; " his growing neceſſities, and the habits of " ſubmiſſion they produced, had blunted the " fine feelings of independence, and he could " now, though unnoticed, dance attendance " at the levees of the great, like one who had " never felt himſelf their equal. Fortunately

" there

" there ſoon happened a vacancy in an office in
" the department of the Earl of *W*——,
" which was every way ſuited to *Antonio*. He
" modeſtly reminded the Earl of his former
" promiſes; and, having made the firſt appli-
" cation, his requeſt was inſtantly granted.
" At that moment Lord *C*——, who was ſup-
" poſed to be Prime Miniſter, arrived to aſk
" the office for a ſon of a butcher in *Kent*,
" who was returning officer in a borough where
" there was a conteſted election. The Earl of
" *W*—— told the miniſter, that he had juſt
" now promiſed it to that gentleman, pointing
" to *Antonio*. The miniſter had frequently
" ſeen *Antonio*, and was not unacquainted with
" his character;—congratulated him with much
" ſeeming cordiality; and, turning to the Earl
" of *W*——, paid him many compliments
" on his beſtowing the office upon one of ſo
" diſtinguiſhed merit: " That conſideration,"
added he, " can compenſate for the diſap-
" pointment I feel in not having obtained it
" for the perſon I mentioned to your Lord-
" ſhip." *Antonio* was too well acquainted
" with the language of the court not to un-
" derſtand the tendency of all this. The Earl
" of *W*—— immediately obſerved, that, to
" oblige his Lordſhip, he had no doubt *An-*
" *tonio* would readily give up the promiſe.

" This

" This was inſtantly done; and theſe two no-
" ble perſons vied with each other in their of-
" fers of ſervice; he was given to underſtand,
" that the firſt opportunity ſhould be taken to
" provide for him in a manner exceeding his
" wiſhes.

" Though *Antonio* was not, upon the whole
" very well pleaſed with this incident, he en-
" deavoured to comfort himſelf with reflecting,
" that he had now acquired a right of going
" directly to the miniſter, which was ſo much
" the more agreeable, as he plainly perceived
" that the ſons of the Earl of *W*——,
" though they ſtill behaved to him with more
" eaſe and attention than many others of his
" former companions, would, like the reſt,
" ſoon be eſtranged from him. At ſchool, at
" college, on their travels, and even for ſome
" time after their return, their purſuits were the
" ſame. Whether it was inſtruction or enter-
" tainment, they were mutually aſſiſting to
" each other, and they found *Antonio* to be in
" every thing their equal, perhaps in ſome
" things their ſuperior. The ſcene was now
" changed. In the midſt of their family and
" relations, poſſeſſed of the adventitious, tho'
" dazzling qualities of rank and fortune, the
" real merit of *Antonio* was hardly perceived.
" They now found him to be in ſome things

" their

" their inferior. This alone would have, in " time, put an end to their intimacy, unleſs, " like many others, he would have contented " himſelf with acting the part of *an humble at-* " *tendant*. Having once opened to their views " the career of ambition, and the proſpect of " riſing in the ſtate, they eſtimated their friend- " ſhips by the extent of their political influ- " ence. Virtue and merit were now out of the " queſtion, or were at beſt but ſecondary con- " ſiderations. Former ſervices, compared to " the objects in which they were now engaged, " ſunk to nothing; at the ſame time, a con- " ſciouſneſs of duty led them to behave civilly " to a man they had once eſteemed, and who " had done nothing to forfeit their good opi- " nion. Perhaps, even if applied to in a for- " tunate moment, when impelled by a ſud- " den emanation of half-extinguiſhed virtue, " they might have exerted themſelves to ſerve " him; but theſe exertions would not have " been of long continuance; they would ſoon " have been ſmothered by cold political pru- " dence.

" After two years ſolicitation, during which " his patrons ſometimes cajoled him with pro- " miſes, and, at others, hardly deigned to take " notice of his requeſt, *Antonio* gave up all " hopes of ſucceſs. His fortune was now to-

" tally

" tally gone. His friends in *Scotland* had fre-
" quently informed him of this; but he conti-
" nued to ſolicit and to receive ſmall ſums of
" money from time to time, which he was in
" hopes of being ſoon able to repay. Theſe
" hopes being extinguiſhed, he could not aſk
" for more. He had alſo contracted ſeveral
" debts to the different tradeſmen he employed.
" He frankly told them his ſituation; but they
" remembered the liberality of his conduct and
" behaviour in the days of his proſperity, and
" would not uſe the barbarous right of impri-
" ſonment to increaſe his calamities.

" The accumulated diſtreſs to which *Antonio*
" was now expoſed, was more than he could
" bear. After combating ſome time with the
" agitation of his mind, he was ſeized with a
" ſlow fever, attended with a delirium, which
" made it neceſſary to acquaint his friends.
" His ſiſter *Leonora* haſtened to his relief. At
" the end of ſome weeks, his health was ſo far
" re-eſtabliſhed, that ſhe ventured to propoſe
" his undertaking a journey to *Scotland*; to
" which he at laſt conſented, but not without
" reluctance.

" He learned, by degrees, that the money
" he received for the laſt two years he reſided
" in *London*, had come from *Leonora*; that ſhe

" had paid all his debts there, and, with the
" ſmall remains of her fortune, had purchaſed
" an annuity of an hundred and fifty pounds
" for his and her own life. In a ſhort time,
" they retired to a village in the county of
" ———, not far from my father's reſidence,
" who had been an early acquaintance of *Anto-*
" *nio*'s. My father joined his endeavours to
" thoſe of *Leonora* to recover him from that
" depreſſion of ſpirits into which his misfor-
" tunes, and the reflection on his paſt conduct,
" had thrown him. They at laſt ſucceeded;
" and ſaw him, with pleaſure, regain thoſe
" mild and engaging manners which they had
" formerly admired. But his ſpirit and viva-
" city could not be reſtored. He ſeemed to
" engage in the uſual paſtimes and occupations
" of a country life, rather with patience than
" ſatisfaction, and to *ſuffer* ſociety as a duty
" which he owed to a ſiſter who had preſerved
" him, and to thoſe friends who ſhewed ſo
" much ſolicitude for his happineſs, rather
" than to *enjoy* it as a ſource of pleaſure and
" entertainment to himſelf. If ever he was
" animated, it was in the company of a few
" young men who looked up to him for inſtruc-
" tion. He entertained them, not with mur-
" murings againſt the world, or complaints of

" the

" the injuſtice or depravity of mankind. His " pictures of ſociety were flattering and agree- " able, as giving the moſt extenſive ſcope for " the exerciſe of the active virtues. " My " young friends," he was wont to ſay, " car- " ry with you into the world a ſpirit of inde- " pendence, and a proper reſpect for your- " ſelves. Theſe are the guardians of virtue. " No man can truſt to others for his ſupport, " or forfeit his own good opinion with impu- " nity. Extravagant deſires and ill-founded " hopes pave the way for diſappointment, and " diſpoſe us to cover our own errors with the " unjuſt accuſation of others. Society is ſup- " ported by a reciprocation of good offices; " and, though virtue and humanity will *give*, " juſtice cannot *demand*, a favour, without a " recompence. Warm and generous friend- " ſhips are ſometimes, nay, I hope, often " found in the world; but, in thoſe changes " and viciſſitudes of life which open new views, " and form new connections, the old are apt " to be weakened or forgotten. Family and " domeſtic friendſhips," would he add, with a ſigh, " will generally be found the moſt laſting " and ſincere; but here, my friends, you will " think me prejudiced; you all know my obli- " gations to *Leonora*.

" *Antonio* and *Leonora* are now no more; he " died a few days after my laſt viſit. His ſiſter " he had buried about a twelvemonth before; " and I have often heard him mention, with a " kind of melancholy ſatisfaction, that, to her " other diſtreſſes, there had not been added the " regret of being left behind him."

N° 72. SATURDAY, *January* 15, 1780.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

THE conſideration of death has been always made uſe of, by the moraliſt and the divine, as a powerful incentive to virtue and to piety. From the uncertainty of life, they have endeavoured to ſink the eſtimation of its pleaſures, and, if they could not ſtrip the ſeductions of vice of their preſent enjoyment, at leaſt to load them with the fear of their end.

Voluptuaries, on the other hand, have, from a ſimilar reflection, endeavoured to enhance the value, and perſuade to the enjoyment, of temporal delights. They have adviſed us to pluck the roſes which would otherwiſe ſoon wither of themſelves, to ſeize the moments which we could not long command, and, ſince time was unavoidably fleeting, to crown its flight with joy.

Of neither of theſe perſuaſives, whether of the moral or the licentious, the ſevere or the gay, have the effects been great. Life muſt neceſſarily conſiſt of active ſcenes, which exclude from

its general tenor the leiſure of meditation, and the influence of thought. The ſchemes of the buſy will not be checked by the uncertainty of their event, nor the amuſements of the diſſipated be either controlled or endeared by the ſhortneſs of their duration. Even the cell of the Anchorite, and the cloiſter of the Monk, have their buſineſs and their pleaſures; for ſtudy may become buſineſs, and abſtraction pleaſure, when they engage the mind, and occupy the time. A man may even enjoy the preſent, and forget the future, at the very moment in which he is writing of the inſignificancy of the former, and the importance of the latter.

It were eaſy to ſhew the wiſdom and benignity of Providence, Providence ever wiſe and benign, in this particular of our conſtitution; but it would be trite to repeat arguments too obvious not to have been often obſerved, and too juſt not to have been always allowed.

But, though neither the ſituation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a conſtant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may ſurely ſometimes, not unſeaſonably, preſs upon our imagination; even excluſive of their moral or religious uſe, there is a ſympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only *better*, but more delightful, *to go to the houſe of mourning, than to the houſe of feaſting*.

Perhaps

Perhaps I felt it ſo, when, but a few days ſince, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doted on her, of a family by whom ſhe was adored; I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at the time, for all the mirth which gaiety could inſpire, or all the pleaſure which luxury could beſtow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural diſpoſition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fulleſt juſtice. To accompliſh her perſon, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been uſed; and they had been attended with that ſucceſs which they commonly meet with, when not prevented by miſtaken fondneſs or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration; none ever felt it leſs: with all the charms of beauty, and the poliſh of education, the plaineſt were not leſs affected, nor the moſt ignorant leſs aſſuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by ſuch private and domeſtic diſtreſſes, that the ſofter emotions of the heart are moſt ſtrongly excited. The fall of more important perſonages is commonly diſtant from our obſer-

vation; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compaſſion is weakened. The eminently great, or extenſively uſeful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and diſappointed expectations, by which the diſtreſs is complicated beyond the ſimplicity of pity. But the death of one who, like *Maria*, was to ſhed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of her ſiſters, preſents to us a little view of family-affliction, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On ſcenes of public ſorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon thoſe gallery-pictures which ſtrike us with wonder and admiration; domeſtic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our boſoms, and keep for ſecret looks and ſolitary enjoyment.

The laſt time I ſaw *Maria* was in the midſt of a crowded aſſembly of the faſhionable and the gay, where ſhe fixed all eyes by the gracefulneſs of her motion, and the native dignity of her mien; yet ſo tempered was that ſuperiority which they conferred with gentleneſs and modeſty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalſhip of beauty, or the envy of homelineſs. From that ſcene the tranſition was ſo violent to the hearſe and the pall, the grave and the ſod, that once or twice my imagination turned

turned rebel to my ſenſes: I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of *Maria* as living ſtill.

I was ſoon, however, recalled to the ſad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the ſilent ſuffering compoſure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whoſe grief was light, and capable of tears; theſe gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I ſhould ſee her no more. There was a flow of ſorrow with which I ſuffered myſelf to be borne along, with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his *Maria* in the earth, its ſound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment.—He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to ſtop the aſſiſtants who were throwing the earth into it; then ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, claſped his hands together, threw up his eyes to Heaven; and then firſt I ſaw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It ſpoke a leſſon of faith, and piety, and reſignation. I went away ſorrowful, but my ſorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; caſt on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next, a look of humbleneſs and hope!

Such, I am perſuaded, will commonly be the effect of ſcenes like that I have deſcribed, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for, of feelings like theſe, the gloom of the aſcetic is as little ſuſceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of mind, which ſociety alone can give, though its vices often deſtroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes ſorrow pleaſant, and affliction uſeful.

It is not from a melancholy of this ſort, that men are prompted to the cold unfruitful virtues of monkiſh ſolitude. Theſe are often the effects rather of paſſion ſecluded than repreſſed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The *crucifix* and the *roſary*, the *death's head* and the *bones*, if cuſtom has not made them indifferent, will rather chill deſire than excite virtue; but, amidſt the warmth of ſocial affection, and of ſocial ſympathy, the heart will feel the weakneſs, and enjoy the duties, of humanity.

Perhaps it will be ſaid, that ſuch ſituations, and ſuch reflections as the foregoing, will only affect minds already too tender, and be diſregarded by thoſe who need the leſſons they impart. But this, I apprehend, is to allow too much to the force of habit, and the reſiſtance of prejudice. I will not pretend to aſſert, that rooted principles, and long-eſtabliſhed conduct,

are

are ſuddenly to be changed by the effects of ſituation, or the eloquence of ſentiment; but if it be granted that ſuch change ever took place, who ſhall determine by what imperceptible motive, or accidental impreſſion, it was firſt begun? And, even if the influence of ſuch a call to thought can only ſmother, in its birth, one allurement to evil, or confirm one wavering purpoſe to virtue, I ſhall not have unjuſtly commended that occaſional indulgence of penſiveneſs and ſorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements, of life.

Z.

N° 73. TUESDAY, *January* 18, 1780.

THE Eſſay contained in this and the following Number, was ſome time ago received from a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed name in the literary world.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN the courſe of his various inquiries into human nature, your illuſtrious kinſman the SPECTATOR did not overlook DREAMING; on which he has given us many ingenious and uſeful obſervations. Having all my life been a great dreamer of dreams, I alſo have made ſome remarks upon that myſterious phænomenon, which, I flatter myſelf, may be acceptable to the Author of the MIRROR, as I believe ſome of them are new, and not unworthy of notice.

I ſhall not take up much of your time with the opinions of the ancients in regard to the immediate cauſe of dreaming. *Epicurus* fancied,

cied, that an infinite multitude of ſubtle images, ſome flowing from bodies, ſome formed of their own accord, and others made up of different things variouſly combined, were continually moving up and down in the air about us; and that theſe images, being of extreme fineneſs, penetrate our bodies; and, ſtriking upon the mind, give riſe to that mode of perception which we call Imagination, and to which he refers the origin both of our waking thoughts and of our dreams. *Ariſtotle* ſeems to think, that every object of outward ſenſe makes upon the human ſoul, or upon ſome other part of our frame, a certain impreſſion, which remains for ſome time after the object that made it is gone, and which, being afterwards recogniſed by the mind in ſleep, gives riſe to thoſe viſions that then preſent themſelves. Theſe opinions, if one were to examine them, would be found either to amount to nothing that can be underſtood, or to aſcribe to human thought a ſort of material nature, which is perfectly inconceivable.

Neither ſhall I trouble you with enumerating five different ſpecies of dreams acknowledged by ſome of the ancients, and particularly deſcribed by *Macrobius*. Dreams are, indeed, of different ſorts and characters; but I ſee no reaſon why they may not be divided into five hun-

dred claſſes, as well as into five. My own remarks I ſhall ſet down without method, and in the order in which they occur to me.

Though ſome of our dreams are exceedingly wild and extravagant, others are more regular, and more like real life. When the mind is at eaſe, and the body in health, we are apt to dream of our ordinary buſineſs. The paſſions too, which occupy the mind when awake, and the objects and cauſes of thoſe paſſions, are apt to recur in ſleep, though, for the moſt part, under ſome diſguiſe; accompanied with painful circumſtances when we are in trouble, and with more pleaſing ideas when we are happy. To this the poets attend; and, in deſcribing the dreams of their heroes and heroines, are careful to give them a reſemblance to their real fortune. *Dido*, when forſaken by *Æneas*, dreams that ſhe is going a long journey alone, and ſeeking her *Tyrians* in a deſert land;

——longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam, *Tyrioſque* deſertâ quærere terrâ.

Thus uniting, as it were, in one image, the two paſſions that ingroſſed her through the day, love to her people, and a ſenſe of her forlorn condition. *Eloiſa*, ſeparated for ever from her friend, dreams of being again happy

in

in his company; but the next moment, ſays ſhe,

——Methinks we wandering go
Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps:
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.

On theſe occaſions, the poet will not deſcribe a dream exactly like the real circumſtances of the dreamer; he makes it only a ſort of dark allegorical ſimilitude: And this we approve of, becauſe we know that it is according to nature. For a reaſon to be given in the ſequel, it will appear to be mercifully ordered by Providence, that our dreams ſhould thus *differ* from our waking thoughts: And, from what we know of the influence of our paſſions upon the general tenor of our thinking, we need not wonder that there ſhould be, notwithſtanding, ſome *analogy* between them. It is this mixture of reſemblance and diverſity, that makes ſome of our dreams *allegorical*. But, when

when that happens, an attentive obſerver, who is free from ſuperſtition, will find that they allude not to what is future, but to what is preſent or paſt, unleſs where we have been anticipating ſome future event; in which caſe our dreams may poſſibly reſemble our conjectures. Now, if our conjectures be right, and if our dreams reſemble them, it may happen that there ſhall be a likeneſs between a certain dream and a future occurrence: But in this there is nothing more ſupernatural than that I ſhould dream to-night of what I have been employed in to-day; for this is nothing more than a particular train of thought, impreſſed upon us in ſleep, by a certain *previous* train of thought, into which reaſon and experience had led us when awake. For example, When I ſee a man diſſipating his fortune by debauchery, I may, with reaſon, apprehend that diſeaſe and poverty will ſoon overtake him. If this conjecture trouble me in the day-time, it may alſo recur in ſleep, accompanied with ſome viſionary circumſtances; and I ſhall dream, perhaps, that I ſee him in rags and miſery. Suppoſe this really to happen ſoon after, what opinion am I to entertain concerning my dream? Surely I have no more reaſon to conſider it as prophetical, than I have to look upon the conjecture which gave riſe to it as the effect of inſpiration.

Some

Some of our dreams bear little or no reſemblance to any thing that ever before occurred to our ſenſes or fancy. But this is not common, except in bad health. It holds true in general, that dreams are an intimation, though often a very extravagant one, of reality.

There are people who obſerve, that one particular dream frequently returns upon them. *Socrates*, in the *Phædo* of *Plato*, tells his friend, that he had all his life been haunted with a viſion of this kind, in which one ſeemed to ſay to him, that he ought to ſtudy muſic. If this repetition of dreams be the effect of habit, which is not unlikely, we may from it learn the expediency of concealing ſuch as are diſagreeable, and baniſhing them from our thoughts as ſoon as we can. Indeed, it is a vulgar obſervation, that they who never ſpeak of dreams are not often troubled with them.

Intemperance of every kind, in eating or drinking, in ſleep or watching, in reſt or exerciſe, tends to make dreams diſagreeable; and, therefore, one end of dreaming may be, to recommend ſobriety and moderation. For the time we may employ in ſleep bears a great proportion to the whole of human life; and, if there be any expedient for rendering that portion of our time agreeable, it is ſurely worth while

while to put it in practice. Habits of virtue and ſoberneſs, the repreſſion of turbulent deſires, and the indulgence of pious, ſocial, and cheerful diſpoſitions, are, for the moſt part, effectual in giving that lightneſs to the animal ſpirits, and that calm temperature to the blood, which promote thoughts pleaſurable through the day, and ſweet ſlumber and eaſy dreams by night.

The ancients thought, that morning-dreams come neareſt the truth. In the morning, no doubt, the perſpiration and digeſtion continued through the night will make the ſtomach, and the whole frame of the body, more compoſed and cool than when we go to ſleep: And hence, perhaps, it is not abſurd to ſay, that dreams may be more regular then, and more like real life. But, if we have paſſed the earlier hours of the morning without ſleep, and fall a-dozing about the time we uſually riſe, our dreams are ſeldom agreeable, and our ſlumber is rather ſtupifying than ſalutary; whence we may, perhaps, infer, that it is the intention of Nature that we ſhould riſe early, and at a ſtated hour.

As agreeable thoughts accompany good health; as violent paſſions, and even phrenſy, are the attendants of certain diſeaſes; as dullneſs and confuſion of thought may be occaſioned

ſioned by a loaded ſtomach; and, as the ſwallowing of much ſtrong liquor produces a temporary madneſs;—as our thoughts, I ſay, when we are awake, are ſo much determined by our bodily habit, it is no wonder that they ſhould be ſtill more liable to ſuch influence when we are aſleep. Accordingly, certain dreams do, for the moſt part, accompany certain poſitions and ſtates of the body. When our breathing is in any degree interrupted, by our head falling awry, by the bed-clothes preſſing on our mouth and noſtrils, or by any internal diſorder, we are apt to dream of going, with great uneaſineſs, through narrow paſſages, where we are in danger of ſuffocation. When the ſtate of the ſtomach and bowels occaſions any convulſive motion in the jaws, a thing not uncommon in ſleep, and which frequently produces a ſtrong compreſſion and grinding of the teeth, we are apt to dream that the teeth are looſe, or falling out, or that our mouth is full of pins, or of ſomething very diſagreeable. In cold weather, too, when by any accident we throw aſide the bed-clothes, we ſometimes dream of going naked. Of all theſe facts I have often had experience; and, if the thing could be accurately attended to, I make no doubt but many of our dreams might be accounted for in the ſame manner: and, therefore, when we

have

have an uncommon dream, we ought not to look forward with apprehenſion, as if it were to be the forerunner of calamity; but rather backward, to ſee whether we can diſcover its cauſe, and whether, from ſuch a diſcovery, we may not learn ſomething that may be profitable to our health.

In ſome conſtitutions, certain dreams do generally go before, or accompany the beginnings of certain diſeaſes. When, for example, there is any tendency to fever, we are apt to dream of performing, with great labour, ſome work, we know not preciſely what, in which we never make any progreſs. This imagination will occur in ſleep, even while one has no means of obſerving, when awake, any ſymptom that could lead one to ſuſpect one's health to be in danger; and, when it does occur, may it not give warning to make ſome change in the ordinary regimen, to eat or drink leſs than uſual, or have recourſe to ſome of thoſe other methods whereby acute diſtempers are prevented? In general, when one is haunted more than uſual with diſagreeable dreams, it may, I think, be taken as a ſign that ſomething is wrong in the conſtitution; and therefore, that temperance, faſting, or exerciſe, may be requiſite to avert the impending evil. And theſe are remedies which one may have recourſe

recourſe to; and in regard to which one may venture to make a few experiments, in almoſt any circumſtances. Agreeable dreams I would take for the ſigns of health, and accordingly conſider them as good, and not evil.

If you approve of theſe remarks, you ſhall have more on the ſame ſubject, in a few days, from

Yours, &c.

INSOMNIOSUS.

N° 74. SATURDAY, *January* 22, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN my laſt, I hinted that dreams may be uſeful, as phyſical admonitions. What if I ſhould go a ſtep further, and ſay, that they may be ſerviceable as means of our moral improvement? I will not affirm, however, as ſome have done, that by them we may make a more accurate diſcovery of our temper and ruling paſſions, than by obſerving what paſſes in our minds when awake: For, in ſleep, we are very incompetent judges of ourſelves, and of every thing elſe; and one will dream of commiting crimes with little remorſe, which, if awake, one could not think of without horror. But, as many of our paſſions are inflamed or allayed by the temperature of the body, this, I think, may be ſaid with truth, that, by attending to what paſſes in ſleep, we may ſometimes diſcern what paſſions are predominant,

and,

and, conſequently, receive ſome uſeful cautions for the regulation of them. A man dreams, for example, that he is in a violent anger, and that he ſtrikes a blow which knocks a perſon down, and kills him. He awakes in horror at the thought of what he has done, and of the puniſhment he thinks he has reaſon to apprehend; and while, after a moment's recollection, he rejoices to find that it is but a dream, he will alſo be inclinable to form reſolutions againſt violent anger, leſt it ſhould, one time or other, hurry him on to a real perpetration of a like nature. If we ever derive this advantage from a dream, we cannot pronounce it uſeleſs. And this, or a ſimilar advantage, may ſometimes be derived from dreaming. For why may we not, in this way, reap improvement from a fiction of our own fancy, as well as from a novel, or a fable of Æſop?

One of the fineſt moral tales I ever read, is an account of a dream in the TATLER, which, though it has every appearance of a real dream, comprehends a moral ſo ſublime and ſo intereſting, that I queſtion whether any man who attends to it can ever forget it; and, if he remembers, whether he can ever ceaſe to be the better for it. ADDISON

is the author of the paper; and I ſhall give the ſtory in his own elegant words.

"I was once," ſays the TATLER, "in "agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in "ſo great a diſtraction of mind, that I thought "myſelf even out of the poſſibility of receiv- "ing comfort. The occaſion was as fol- "lows: When I was a youth, in a part of "the army which was then quartered at Do- "ver, I fell in love with an agreeable young "woman, of a good family in thoſe parts, "and had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing my ad- "dreſſes kindly received, which occaſioned "the perplexity I am going to relate. We "were, in a calm evening, diverting our- "ſelves, on the top of a cliff, with the pro- "ſpect of the ſea; and trifling away the time "in ſuch little fondneſſes as are moſt ridi- "culous to people in buſineſs, and moſt agree- "able to thoſe in love. In the midſt of "theſe our innocent endearments, ſhe ſnatch- "ed a paper of verſes out of my hand, and "ran away with them. I was following her; "when, on a ſudden, the ground, though at "a conſiderable diſtance from the verge of "the precipice, ſunk under her, and threw "her down, from ſo prodigious an height, "upon ſuch a range of rocks, as would have "daſhed

" daſhed her into ten thouſand pieces, had " her body been made of adamant. It is " much eaſier for my reader to imagine my " ſtate of mind upon ſuch an occaſion, than " for me to expreſs it. I ſaid to myſelf, " It is not in the power of Heaven to re- " lieve me—when I awaked, equally tranſ- " ported and aſtoniſhed, to ſee myſelf drawn " out of an affliction, which, the very mo- " ment before, appeared to be altogether in- " extricable."

What fable of Æſop, nay of Homer, or of Virgil, conveys ſo fine a moral! Yet moſt people have, if I miſtake not, met with ſuch deliverances by means of a dream. And ſuch a deliverance will every good man meet with at laſt, when he is taken away from the evils of life, and awakes in the regions of everlaſting light and peace; looking back upon the world, and all its troubles, with a ſurpriſe and a ſatisfaction, ſimilar in kind, though incomparably higher in degree, to that which we now feel, when we eſcape from a terrifying dream, and open our eyes upon the ſweet ſerenity of a ſummer morning. Let us not deſpiſe inſtruction, how mean ſoever the vehicle may be that brings it. Even if it be a dream, let us learn to profit by it. For, whether aſleep

or

or awake, we are equally the care of Providence; and neither a dream, nor a waking thought can occur to us, without the permiſſion of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

Some men dream more, and others leſs; and ſome, perhaps, though theſe are few, none at all. This cannot be fully accounted for, from the different degrees of health which different men enjoy, nor from their different ways of life; though theſe, and the like peculiarities, may no doubt have ſome influence. Perſons who think much, and take little bodily exerciſe, will, perhaps, be found to be the greateſt dreamers; eſpecially if their imagination be active, and their nervous ſyſtem very ſenſible; which laſt is too common an infirmity among men of learning. The ſleep of the labouring man is ſweet and ſound; and his dreams he rarely remembers: for the faculties of his mind are not much employed, his nerves are ſtrong, and the ſphere of his imagination is narrow. As Nature does nothing in vain, is it not probable that, to the conſtitutions of ſome people, dreaming may be more neceſſary, as a mental recreation, than to thoſe of others? To meditate continually on one ſet of objects, is detrimental to health,

health, and even to reaſon; and, when one is oppreſſed with low ſpirits, which often proceed from this very cauſe, the phyſician never fails to recommend amuſements, company, travelling, ſea-voyages, and other expedients, for leading the mind out of its old gloomy track, refreſhing it with new ideas, and forcing it to exert itſelf with unuſual energy, and in a new direction.

Go, ſoft enthuſiaſt, quit the cypreſs groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your ſad complaint. Go, ſeek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the buſtling crowd.
Lay ſchemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wiſh
Of nobler minds, and puſh them night and day.
Or join the caravan, in queſt of ſcenes
New to the eye, and ſhifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appenines.
Or, more adventurous, ruſh into the field
Where war grows hot, and raging through the ſky
The lofty trumpet ſwells the maddening ſoul;

And in the hardy camp, and toilſome march,
Forget all ſofter, and leſs manly cares.

ARMSTRONG.

Men, therefore, who think more than others, may have more need than others have, of that amuſement and variety which is produced by dreaming. Certain it is, that dreams are often a relief to thoſe who are in perplexity, or who have long been ruminating upon diſagreeable objects, or upon any one ſet of ideas which they cannot eaſily get rid of. Nor is it neceſſary, in order to effect this, that a dream ſhould in itſelf be pleaſing. Scenes of difficulty, and even of danger, are, as we have ſeen, recommended to the patient oppreſſed with melancholy; and, if a dream ſhall only give a new impulſe, even for a ſhort time, to the minds of thoſe perſons of whom I now ſpeak, it may do them an important ſervice, however diſagreeable in itſelf. Seldom, indeed, are they happy in their dreams, whoſe faculties are worn out with much thinking.

Dreams depend, in part, on the ſtate of the air. That which has power over the paſſions, may reaſonably be preſumed to have power over the thoughts of men. For the thoughts that

that occur to a mind actuated by any paſſion, are always congenial to that paſſion, and tend to encourage it. Now, moſt people know by experience, how effectual, in producing joy and hope, are pure ſkies and ſunſhine, and that a long continuance of dark weather brings on ſolicitude and melancholy. This is particularly the caſe with thoſe perſons whoſe nervous ſyſtem has been weakened by a ſedentary life and much thinking; and they, as I hinted formerly, are moſt ſubject to troubleſome dreams. If the external air can affect the motions of ſo heavy a ſubſtance as mercury, in the tube of the barometer, we need not wonder that it ſhould affect thoſe finer liquids that circulate through the human body. And if our paſſions and thoughts, when we are awake, may be variouſly modified by the conſiſtency, defect, or redundance of theſe liquids, and by the ſtate of the tubes through which they circulate, need we wonder that the ſame thing ſhould happen in ſleep, when our ideas, diſengaged from the controul of reaſon, may be ſuppoſed to be more obſequious to material impulſe? When the air is loaded with groſs vapour, dreams are generally diſagreeable to perſons of a delicate conſtitution.

If, then, our thoughts in ſleep may receive form and colour from ſo many circumſtances; from the general ſtate of our health, from the preſent ſtate of the ſtomach and fluids, from the temperature of the air, from the poſition of external objects in contact with our body, and from the tenour of our thoughts through the day*; ſhall we be ſurpriſed at the variety of our dreams? and when any uncommon or diſagreeable dream occurs, is it not more rational to refer it to one or other of theſe cauſes, than to terrify ourſelves with a fooliſh conceit, that it is ſupernatural, and betokens calamity? How often, during the day, do thoughts ariſe, which we cannot account for, as uncommon, perhaps, and incongruous, as thoſe which compoſe our dreams? Once, after riding thirty miles in a very high wind, I remember to have paſſed a night of dreams that were, beyond deſcription, terrible; inſomuch that I at laſt found it expedient to keep myſelf awake, that I might no more be tormented with them. Had I been ſuperſtitious, I ſhould have thought that ſome diſaſter was impending. But it occurred to me, that the tempeſtuous weather I had encountered the preceding day might be the occaſion of all thoſe horrors; and I have ſince, in ſome medical author, met with a remark to juſtify the

* See Number 73.

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conjecture. A very ſlight cauſe may check that inſenſible perſpiration which is ſo neceſſary to health; and, when this happens, we cannot expect that our dreams ſhould be ſo eaſy as at other times. Let no one, then, be alarmed at an uncommon dream. It is probably nothing more than a ſymptom of a trifling bodily diſorder: and, if ſo, it has nothing more to do with futurity, nor is one whit more ſupernatural, than a cut finger, or a pang of the tooth-ach.

Concerning the opinion, which ſome have entertained, of our dreams being ſuggeſted by inviſible beings, I ſhall only ſay, that I think it very improbable. For, firſt, I ſee no reaſon for believing that the Deity would employ "millions "of ſpiritual creatures" in ſuch an office as that of ſuggeſting our ordinary dreams. Secondly, I cannot conceive how thoſe creatures ſhould be affected, in ſuch an operation, by the external air, or by the ſtate of our health, which are known to have great influence on our thoughts, both in ſleep and when we are awake. And, thirdly, from what we know of the rapidity of our fancy when awake, we need not ſuppoſe any foreign impulſe neceſſary to produce the various appearances of dreaming; as the ſoul ſeems to poſſeſs in herſelf powers ſufficient for that purpoſe. Madneſs, melancholy, and many other diſeaſes,

diſeaſes, give an extravagance to the thoughts of waking men, equal, or even ſuperior, to what happens in ſleep. If the agency of unſeen beings is not ſuppoſed to produce the firſt, why ſhould we have recourſe to it in order to account for the laſt? But it is urged, that, in ſleep, the ſoul is paſſive, and is haunted by viſions, which ſhe would gladly get rid of if ſhe could. And it may be urged, in anſwer, for it is no leſs true, that perſons afflicted with anxiety and melancholy, too often find, to their ſad experience, that their ſoul is almoſt equally paſſive when they are awake; for that they are, even then, haunted with the moſt tormenting thoughts, from which all their powers of reaſon, all the exertions of their will, and all the exhortations of their friends, cannot effectually relieve them.

To conclude: Providence certainly ſuperintends the affairs of men; and often, we know not how often, interpoſes for our preſervation. It would, therefore, be preſumptuous to affirm, that ſupernatural cautions, in regard to futurity, are never communicated in dreams. The deſign of theſe remarks, is not to contradict any authentic experience, or hiſtorical fact, but only to ſhow, that dreams may proceed from a variety of cauſes that have nothing ſupernatural in them; and that, though we are not much acquainted

acquainted with the nature of this wonderful mode of perception, we know enough of it to ſee that it is not uſeleſs or ſuperfluous, but may, on the contrary, anſwer ſome purpoſes of great importance to our welfare both in ſoul and body.

I am yours, &c.

INSOMNIOSUS.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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